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THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 42 EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1908 NO. 44.

32 PAGES

Masonic Banquet.

The members of the Masonic Lodge, No. 382, enjoyed a royal good time last Monday evening, in connection with the installation of their officers for the ensuing year. commencing with St. John's day next. The following officers were installed by District Deputy, Joseph Kaye, W. M., C. Jay Goodnough, S. W., H. G. Tompkins; J. W., Edward D. White; Treasurer, Geo. F. Balcom; Secretary, John D. Logan; Trustees, M. M. Larrabee, Hon. Geo. J. LaBar and E. W. Gaskill.

Mr. Thos. Norris, the retiring worshipful Master, was presented with a beautiful gold Jewel, the presentation speech being made by Mr. M. M. Larabee. It is needless to say that Mr. Norris highly prizes his gift and well may he, for few men ever received a like testimonial.

After the Lodge work had been completed, the members and visiting brothers repaired to their large and spacious banquet Hall, especially fitted for their convenience. Here the Emmanuel Episcopal ladies of served one of the most elaborate and bountiful suppers that the heart could desire When all had eaten plentifully and cigars were passed, the Toast Master, Hon. B. W. Green, called upon those present for short timely topics. The addresses were well received and brought some healthful sentiments. The banquet was a success in every particular.

This fraternity is very rapidly increasing in membership and is considered one of the best working bodies in the State and is composed of many of our best citizens. Their commodious rooms (used by both Blue Lodge and Chapter) cover the entire third floor of the large brick block opposite the New Warner, familiarly known as the Walker & Howard block before it was partially destroyed by fire. The comfortable home of the Masonic fraternity is largely due to the liberality and the interest taken by our townsman, Mr. Joseph Kaye, who takes pride in "doing things" in his quiet way. He recently presented a large quantity of china dishes, etc., in fact a full equipment for the kitchen and banquet room. His kindness and liberality is greatly appreciated by the fraters.

Keep Up Interest.

Keep up the interest in the Doll contest at the Theatorium and do not get discouraged if even you are far down the list, but dig in and work and you may win the prize in the end. A gradual increase in votes every night, if only a few at a time, will help swell the number of your votes and may bring success. Remember all have equal chances to win. Keep up your interest.

Gas Rates Reduced,

The St. Marys Gas Co., have made a liberal reduction in the gas rates to the Emporium churches, making the flat rate of 18c per thousand, commencing Jan. 1st, 1909. This is very good and certainly will be pleasing news to all church members.

Wide Awake.

Just take a peep at the beautiful show windows. Our merchants are certainly getting a move on and standing up to be counted. A few remain in the old rut but they, like the kittens, will soon get their eyes open.

For Eczema, Tetter and Salt Rheum.

The intense itching, characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by L. Taggart.

Agency Secured.

Mrs. G. S. Allen, wishes to annouuce that she has secured the Agency for the American Vacuum Cleaner and Sweeper. Call at her residence on West Fourth Street and see it demonstrated. 43-tf

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable. 44-tf.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup stops the cough and drives the cold from the system. Children use it. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

English Spavin Liniment removed Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stifles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs. etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-6m

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Wopo ford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-6m.

SHOT WHILE HUNTING.

Accidental Discharge of Gun Caused Death of Thos. A. Wylie of Oklahoma.

St. Marys Gazette.

On Sunday morning the sad news of the accidental death of Mr. Thomas Anderson Wylie of Cale, Oklahoma, reached this city. When it became known the hearts of his friends were touched with sympathy for his mother, his brothers and sisters.

The remains, accompanied by his brother, Mr. John Wylie of Atoka, Oka., Mr. J. R. Patton and Mr. Ed Applegate of Atlanta, Ill., and Mr. H. W. Gibson of McAllister, Okla., all of whom were business associates of the deceased, arrived in this city on the noon train from Erie, reaching here at 11:11 yesterday. At the station the remains were met by relatives and friends and were taken to the home of Mrs. David Puncheon of Washington Ave., a sister of the deceased.

In the afternoon at 2:30 the funeral was held, services being conducted at the home by Rev. J. H. Graybill and continued at the Presbyterian church. The funeral was in charge of the F. & A. M. George E. Wagner Lodge No. 639, who conducted services at the Presbyterian cemetery where the remains were laid to rest.

Mr. Wylie's death was caused by the accidental discharge of a gun. In company with a friend he had set out hunting last Saturday morning. At noon they started to drive to a spring for water and while enroute in their buggy the jolting in some manner caused the gun to discharge, the bullet piercing through his left arm and striking his companion on the head. Before they could receive any medical aid they had to drive seven miles to Cale, and from where they were taken to the hospital at Sherman, Texas, where Mr. Wylie died at 2 a. m. the following morning. The wound inflicted was not a serious one in itself but it is thought the loss of blood and shock caused his death. His companion survives.

Thomas Anderson Wylie was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Christiana Wylie now a resident of Beechwood, Pa. He was born at St. Marys on June 2nd, 1869. Here he was reared and here he grew to manhood. Possessing a pleasing disposition andtem perament he drew to him the good fellowship of all who knew him. Some years ago Mr. Wylie went to Atlanta, Ill., and about three years ago went from there to Oklahoma to look after the building of the new Railroad line of the M K. & T. from a point in Oklahoma to Jonesboro, Arkansas, the deceased having been interested in the firm of Patton & Gibson, who are constructing the same.

The deceased is survived by his mother and the following brothers and sisters: John of Atoka, Okla.. Robert L. of Beechwood, James L. of Willimantic, Conn.; Mrs. John Bennett of Philadelphia, Mrs. David Puncheon and Miss Margaret Wylie of St. Marys.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were: Mr. Robert Wylie and wife of Beechwood, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Wylie of Willimantic, Conn,; Mr. John Wylie of Atoka, Okla.; Mr. J. R. Patton and Mr. Ed. Applegate of Atlanta, Ill.; Mr. H. W. Gibson of McAllister, Okla.; Messrs. James and Joseph Stratton and Mr. Robert Patterson of Pnnxutawney; Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. C. Golden of Ridgway; Mr. Archie Anderson and sister Elizabeth, of Dagus Mines; Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. Cole of Beechwood.

Sock Social A Success.

The Sock Social and Entertainment given at the Opera house last Thursday evening for the benefit of Mrs. Clara Kibe and children, under the direction of several Emporium ladies, was a success, both in attendance and financially. A pleasing musical entertainment was given, also a light and bountiful lunch was served to all who remained. About $70.00 was realized over and above expenses, made possible by the liberal donation of Mr. T. J. Butler, lessee of the opera house, who donated $20.00. The kindness of Mr. L. S. Fisk and his juvenile band also aided very materially in the success of the occasion. The ladies desire us to thank all who took part in the afiair, as well as those who contributed. The ladies certainly did well, taking everything in consideration.

If you want a first-class young imported canary, order it this week from R. C. Dodson. 43-2t.

Just received a large supply of picture frame moulding. Have your Christmas framing done now.

W. G. BAIR.

Driftwood Masons.

Abont fifteen or more of Emporium's mighty feeders attended the Masonic Banquet at Driftwood last Friday evening and returned home the following morning early, not being able to sleep one wink. Why? The feed prepared by those good ladies of Driftwood—they continue to wear the diamond medal—fed them too "sufficiently." Now comes another banquet this evening. Whew! Turkey supper at that. Christmas time comes only once a year. Let us be thankful and whilst we do be merry remember the less fortunate and be generous and make some other person happy. Would that we had the millions of the great wealthy for only this month.

Elegant People.

Our sanctum was highly honored Saturday evening with a call from Mr. and Mrs. Roland A. Eick of Woodland Avenue. Mr. E., who comes from a family of tanners is Supt. of the Emporium plant and is only just recovering from a long siege of that awful disease called anthrax, so terribly dangerous. His friends are pleased to see him again able to be about and doing. This month is one of deep significance to him and his pleasant wife. They celebrated, on the 8th, the birth of their twin babies; on the 20th will observe the ninth anniversary of their marriage and on the 27th will be in honor of Mrs. E's birth. We hope their future will be all sunshine and strewn with roses.

Continue to Boil Water.

Typhoid fever hangs on in Ridgway, we notice by the papers of that burg. We hope Emporium citizens will hang to Sizerville water for months to come and if you must drink the city (and many persist in defying fate) water for gracious sake boil it, every drop of it. Use boiled water even to clean your teeth or person.

Council Proceedings.

Regular meeting Borough Council, Emporium, Dec. 7, 1908. Present:—Messrs. Marshall, White, Goodnough, Mumford; absent Messrs. Friendel and Cummings.

In the absence of Mr. Friendel, Mr. Goodnough was called to the Chair

Minutes of last regular and special meetings read and approved.

On report of Committee on Watt meters, Mr. White moved, seconded by Mr. Marshall, that on and after January 1st, 1909, all commercial lighting furnished by this Borough be furnished through meters furnished by Borough, price of same to be deposited by consumer, and to be refunded on discontinuance of use of current at following prices: 200,000 watts per month, 9c. per per 1000 watts; 200,000 to 300,000 watts per month, 8 cents per 1000 watts; 300,000 to 400,000 per month, 7 cents per 1000 watts; in excess of 400,000 watts per month 6 cents per 1,000 watts. Subject to a discount of 5 per cent. if paid on or before the 15th of the following month. Unanimously carried.

Moved by Mr. Rishell, seconded by Marshall, that an appropriation of $50. for each of the four Fire Companies in the Borough, be made. Unanimously carried. The bills were read and Mr. Marshall moved, seconded by Mumford, that the following bills be paid:

D. C. Hayes,	Hauling hose cart	$ 6 00
Owen Dinninny,	Work on Streets,	24 00
John Welsh,		12 25
James Murry,		12 25
James Davin,		6 43
Owen Nangle,		3 00
F. D. Logan,		3 20
James Logan,		1 40
Dan Shugart,		6 00
Emporium Concrete Co.,	Cement,	14 40
C. B. Howard Co.,	Invoice,	70 20
F. V. Heilman & Co.,		11 20
F. G. Judd,	Board of Health,	6 80
Alice O'Halloran (Nurse),	do.	70 50
Wm. Schutte,	do.	22 50
Union Petroleum Co.,	Invoice,	10 40
J. E. Rhodes & Sons,	do.	3 86
St. Marys Gas Co,,	do.	28 65
E. D. White,	Express bills,	2 60

Burgess and Treasurer's reports read and ordered filed; amounts as follows: Balance on hand Nov. 1st, $4,733.18.—Receipts, $122.25; Expenditures, $449,96. Balance on hand December, 1st, $4,405-47.

Moved by Norris, seconded by Mumford, that payment of bill of Johnson & McNarney for professional services, amounting to $162.85, be held over until next regular meeting. Carried.

On motion Council then adjourned.

R. C. MOORE, Sec'y.

Remember Uncle Peter.

Don't forget, when you are making purchases for Christmas, to include a box or two of those good cigars sold by Uncle Peter Beattie; you will be aiding thereby, a worthy gentleman and at the same time purchasing a fine cigar for your husband, brother or son—or your "best fellow." Do not forget it and do so at once, "lest you forget."

Hand Squeezed.

About two o'clock Tuesday Tony Krentz, employed at Emporium tannery, had the misfortune to get his right hand in the leather squeezer. Dr. Falk attended him promptly.

Injured While Coasting.

A accident which resulted quite seriously for Masters John Creighton and Whiteley Howard, happened last Tuesday morning, just before nine o'clock, on East Allegany Avenue, while the boys were coasting. They were riding on a pair of bobs and had ridden down the hill several times. The mishap was caused by running into John Bauer's milk wagon which threw the boys from the bobs. John Creighton received a very bad cut around the knee-cap, which will affect his walking for some time; also severe bruises, while Whiteley Howard was cut below the knee and is laid up at home under Dr. Heilman's care.

Drs. Smith, Falk and Bush hurried to the Primary School, where they had carried, dressed the cuts and bruises, when the boys were taken to their homes, where they received special care. They are both doing as well as can be expected at this time. Their many friends wish them a speedy recovery. Young America will be Americans, regardless of accidents.

From Emporium to The West Indies and the Spanish Main.

Frank T. Beers and wife have just returned from a trip to the land of continual summer. Mr. Beers kindly consented to give us the following short account of their trip:

Leaving Emporium on Nov. 5th they sailed from New York on the seventh on the Hamburg American Liner Prinz August Wilhelm, arriving at Kingston, Jamaica, on the twelvth, having made a short stop at Fortune Island.

After spending two days at Kingston, they proceeded to Colon, where they spent one day, going across the Isthmus by rail to the city of Panama, thus affording them an opportunity of seeing the Panama Canal under construction.

From Colon they went to Savanilla, in the Republic of Columbia. At this point a stop of one day is made, which affords ample opportunity to go by rail to Bananquilla, one of the principal cities of the Republic and where unpaved streets and adobe huts give a faint indication of how little progress they have made towards civilization. The next stop was at Port Limon, in Costa Rica, where they spent three days visiting the capital San Jose, which lies one hundred miles back in the interior at an altitude of five thousand feet This is one of the best of the Spanish-American cities, being thoroughly sanitary and said to be one of the best policed cities in the world. The climate is one of perpetual spring rather than summer, as it is always delightfully cool and yet warm enough to produce the tropical fruits and luxuriant vegetation.

From Port Limon the ship started on her return voyage, touching at Colon and arriving at Kingston on the twenty-sixth, where they left the Printz August Wilhelm

After spending nine days at the delightful winter resort, Constant Spring, about six miles from Kingston, they took the Royal Mail steamer Atrato for New York.

The trip was a most delightful one but only he who has experienced it can know the sense of pride and satisfaction which one feels after visiting such countries to again sight the land of Uncle Sam and the number of products of American manufacture which one sees on every hand is abundant proof that our neighbors to the South realize our worth and onr position among the nations.

Suddenly Ill.

Last Thursday afternoon, our respected townsman, and manager of the Emporium Furniture Company, Mr. Bernard Egan, was stricken with a slight paralytic stroke, while in the store. Dr. S. S. Smith was hastily summoned and rendered every assistance possible and much alarm was caused at the time of the trouble. At present, we are pleased to state, Mr. Egan is able to be up and around the store. On Wednesday in company with the Rev. Father Downey, Mr. Egan went to Buffalo, for medical advice.

The Old Standby.

The City Bakery, so successfully conducted by Mrs. C. G. Schmidt, at the old stand, opposite the Adams Express office, is one of the reliable, old-time establishments of the county. You will need Ice Cream and Fancy Baking for Xmas week. Leave your orders early, then you will be promptly served. Call and see.

Photographs as Christmas presents At BAIR'S STUDIO.

If you wish to please your friends, give them one of your photographs made on one of the latest folders, at BAIR'S STUDIO.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1908.

With both houses of Congress in session and both the President and the President-elect in the city, with the addition of three numerously attended important conventions, discussing water-ways, forest conservation and other matters of the greatest national importance, that there is so much to write about that the main difficulty is one of selection.

The President and the President-elect, as is well known are the closest of friends. The latter bears a relation to the former that is closely analogous to of heir apparent, or crown prince. He is politically the well-beloved son of the former, although they are nearly the same age, President Roosevelt being less than a year older than Judge Taft. But so busy has been President Roosevelt, talking and scolding and so much occupied has Judge Taft been in dining, breakfasting and lunching with his many friends and discussing political questions with Speaker Cannon and the members of the Ways and Means committee, that he and the President have not been able to spend much time together. In a few days, Taft will go South to Augusta, Ga., where he will be the guest of a prominent and wealthy Southerner and where he will remain a greater part of the time until the fourth of March. Then he will, of course, take up a temporary residence, for four years at least, in the White House, while the President will cross the seas and deserts and plunge into the depths of the dark continent, where politics and visiting delegations will trouble him no more.

Judge Taft expressed the belief last night that the House of Representatives would make an honest and thorough revision of the tariff revision, immediately after his inauguration. He bases this statement on an interview which he had with Speaker Cannon about the middle of the week and with the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee the following day at the residence of the President's son-in-law, Hon. Nicholas Longworth. Mr. Taft has not yet consulted Republican Senators who will no doubt have something to say about the tariff bill after it comes from the House, but he gave an intimation that he might even veto a bill a bill that had received the imprimatur of both the House and the Senate, if it did not conform with his views as a fulfillment of his pledges made in the Republican platform at Chicago and himself, when he said in an address at Milwaukee:

"Mr. Bryan says there has been no indication that the revision may be upward rather than downward. In answer I can say that the party is pledged to a genuine revision and as the temporary head of that party and President of the United States, if it be successful in November, I expect to use the influence that I have by calling immediately a special session and by recommending to Congress to secure a genuine and honest revision of the tariff in accordance with the principle of protection laid down in the platform, based upon the examination of appropriate evidence and impartial as between consumer and manufacturer."

There is doubtless some opposition to Speaker Cannon and to his re-election in his own party in Congress. This opposition, however, is not as strong and universal as is the feeling in the White House and probably through the country. The President, as is well known, believes in the present and the future. He favors young men in the Army and the Navy and doubtless thinks there should be more young men in Congress. He perhaps would accede to such wisdom as may be in the old maxim "Old men for counsel and young men for war." But statesmanship or counsel according to his theory, is no longer in diplomacy and chicanery of the Macchiavellian type, but war and contention against stationary stand pat and retrogressive tendencies. The speaker belongs to a past generation and the ways of the fathers and their grandfathers, the old time religion, is good enough for him. There is no doubt but that the President-elect is in sympathy with the President-elect both as to his likes and dislikes, though his temper is less explosive and he has greater patience, more geniality and tact than Roosevelt, but it is a mistake to suppose his 'suavitor in modo' in any way regatives his 'fortiter in re.'

The special Chinese envoy sent to thank this government for the return of the $11,000,000 Boxer indemnity has sent to the White House as a present to Mrs. Roosevelt a tiger skin and many bales of Chinese silk.

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Rain or Snow.
SATURDAY, Snow Flurries.
SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business Dec. 16, 1908,

$778,931.18

1909

At sight pay to the patrons of this bank 365 Happy Days. Value received in your confidence and charge to our appreciation.

$1.00 Starts an Account.

3% INTEREST PAID ON CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store,
Emporium, Pa 12y

Offficial Board Entertained.

On last Thursday night the members of the official Board with their wives, of the Methodist Church, were entertertained by Rev. and Mrs. Anderson at the parsonage.

In the early part of the evening the Fourth Quarterly Conference was held, presided over by Rev. T. S. Wilcox, D. D., District Superintendent, after which a social evening was spent and refreshments served. There were present about thirty representatives of the church Boards, and a most delightful time was spent together.

Remember Them.

Every paront should remember their children at this Xmas time. No matter how small the outlay may be, if your means will not permit your expending a sum equal to your desires, do the best you can. Good children will be happy if Santa remembers them.

Will Start Milk Route.

Mr. E. J. Rogers, desires to state that he will again open his milk route next week. Everything has been thoroughly fumigated about the premises and the water used by the cattle is brought from the Run above the house and is perfectly pure.

F. G. JUDD,
Health Officer.

A Hunting Trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Matley have returned to their home in this place, after a most delightful hunting trip in Potter county, which lasted about three weeks. They were in search of bear and although they failed to secure the coveted prize, yet Mrs. Matley was successful in shooting a coon which weighed about 23 pounds.

Emmanuel Church Notices.

Dec. 20: Fourth Sunday in Advent: 8 a. m., Holy Communion: 10:30 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon (on Peace.) 12:00 m, Sunday School; 7:30, p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

The offering, at the morning services will be for the Diocesan Missions.

Christmas-Day:

10:00 a. m., Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and Sermon. Offering for General Missions.

Sunday-school Festival and Christmas Tree at 7 o'clock Christmas Eve.

More Serious Than Was First Supposed.

PANAMA, DEC. 15.—The explosion at Bas Obispo was more serious than was at first supposed. Twenty five bodies had been recovered at noon yesterday and it is said there are more in the debris. More than 100 men were seriously injured.

The quantify of dynamite which exploded is said to have been fifteen tons. The damage done covers fifteen acres.

Among the dead are steam shovel engineers, cranemen and firemen, most of whom are Americans. Many of the victims are Spaniards.

A nice photogragh of yourself is at ways very acceptable as a Christmas Gift. Have them made now, don' wait. At BAIR'S STUDIO

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year, over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

To Teach Obedience.

Nearly every boy who enters business life without the advantages of a good education regards the position of office boy as the most natural, if not the only door; and in the main this is true. There must always be office boys, no matter how many new business appliances are invented; but the supply, although equal to the demand in quantity, is unsatisfactory in quality. In the hope of improving this condition somewhat, the Children's Aid society of New York has undertaken a school for office boys. The pupils will be taught many things, but above all, obedience. "The first thing we shall instil into a boy," says the head of the school, "is the understanding that he must do exactly as he is told." An office boy with the idea of obedience firmly fixed is already pretty well equipped for his duties, says the Youth's Companion. In a western city a boy lately entered the office of a business house from a good home. One day his employer told him to do a certain thing, and having found it undone later in the day, asked the boy why he had neglected it. "Oh, I didn't feel like it," was the answer, made naturally and without any thought of being impudent. But the employer promptly knocked the boy down. The interesting sequel to the story is that when the boy went home, it was not to complain of the employer, but to upbraid his parents for never having taught him to obey. His complaint was not unjust. To whom should a boy look for the great lesson of obedience, if not to his parents? A generation ago he might have got some knowledge of the value of discipline from the schools, but the abolition of corporal punishment and the changed public attitude toward punishment of any kind have robbed the schools of most of the disciplinary value they once had. Only the other day the old teacher died who was credited by the late Roscoe Conkling with having made him a United States senator by a thrashing he once gave him in school. The responsibility of parents in inculcating obedience is greater now than ever before. Not even a school for office boys can do all the work.

Frederick Peterson, nerve specialist, in Collier's, opines that the extent to which the influence of mind on bodily health may go is as yet little known, even among the medical fraternity. He tells af a Vienna physician who told a young woman patient that he would place a small plaster on her back which would produce a blister in a few hours. He actually put on only a postage stamp and the blister appeared, as suggested. This recalls the trick played by Dr. Morton Prince on a lady who always had a violent attack of hay fever whenever a rose was brought into the room. One day he brought in an artificial rose, and the usual symptoms followed. He then showed her it was made of paper and had no pollen, and ever after all symptoms of hay fever disappeared.

A favorite method of arousing one's country to progress is to show how much better they do things in other countries. It is a good method and applicable universally, for no nation is best at everything. Last month a scientific congress in France, in order to interest the government and the people in refrigeration, pointed out how much better cold storage is understood in America. Meanwhile the states of Illinois and Wisconsin and other regions rich in stock farms were hearing from experts how backward we are in measures to insure well-bred horses, as compared with what the French government has done for the Percheron.

Cooking schools are an old story, and special courses in domestic science have been in operation for some years in more than one city. Probably the first institution, already established for general culture, to undertake household economics for women is King's college, London. The university housewife will receive her degree for three years' work in all that a mistress of a home needs to know, from ratory practice in scrubbing to the of home decoration and the landlord and tenant.

HEAR MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT

DOCUMENT FROM CHIEF EXECUTIVE READ IN CONGRESS.

URGES CHANGES IN LAWS

Present Currency System Declared Imperfect—Control of Corporations the Province of the National Government—Conduct of Labor Leaders Criticised—For Postal Savings Banks.

Washington.—In his message to congress, read in both houses Tuesday, President Roosevelt makes important suggestions as to what he considers necessary legislation.

The president congratulates the nation on its present excellent financial standing, but calls attention to the need of remedying defects in the currency system. He says:

The financial standing of the nation at the present time is excellent, and the financial management of the nation's interests by the government during the last seven years has shown the most satisfactory results. But our currency system is imperfect, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the currency commission will be able to propose a thoroughly good system which will do away with the existing defects.

During the period from July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908, there was an increase in the amount of money in circulation of $902,991,399. The increase in the per capita during this period was $7.06. Within this time there were several occasions when it was necessary for the treasury department to come to the relief of the money market by purchases or redemptions of United States bonds; by increasing deposits in national banks; by stimulating additional issues of national bank notes, and by facilitating importations from abroad of gold. Our imperfect currency system has made these proceedings necessary, and they were effective until the monetary disturbance in the fall of 1907 immensely increased the difficulty of ordinary methods of relief. By the middle of November the available working balance in the treasury had been reduced to approximately $5,000,000. Clearing house associations throughout the country had been obliged to resort to the expedient of issuing clearing house certificates, to be used as money. In this emergency it was determined to invite subscriptions for $50,000,000 Panama canal bonds, and $100,000,000 three per cent. certificates of indebtedness authorized by the act of June 13, 1898. It was proposed to redeposit in the national banks the proceeds of these issues, and to permit their use as a basis for additional circulating notes of national banks. The moral effect of this procedure was so great that it was necessary to issue only $24,631,980 of the Panama bonds and $15,436,500 of the certificates of indebtedness.

During the period from July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908, the balance between the net ordinary receipts and the net ordinary expenses of the government showed a surplus in the four years 1902, 1903, 1906, and 1907, and a deficit in the years 1904, 1905, 1908 and a fractional part of the fiscal year 1909. The net result was a surplus of $99,283,413.54. The financial operations of the government during this period, based upon these differences between receipts and expenditures, resulted in a net reduction of the interest-bearing debt of the United States from $987,141,040 to $897,253,990, notwithstanding that there had been two sales of Panama canal bonds amounting in the aggregate to $54,631,980, and an issue of three per cent. certificates of indebtedness under the act of June 13, 1898, amounting to $15,436,500. Refunding operations of the treasury department under the act of March 14, 1900, resulted in the conversion into two per cent. consols of 1930 of $200,309,400 bonds bearing higher rates of interest. A decrease of $8,687,956 in the annual interest charge resulted from these operations.

In short, during the seven years and three months there has been a net surplus of nearly one hundred millions of receipts over expenditures, a reduction of the interest-bearing debt by ninety millions, in spite of the extraordinary expense of the Panama canal, and a saving of nearly nine millions on the annual interest charge.

The message reiterates the well-known views of the president that the control of great corporations, especially the railroads of the country, should be vested in the national government. He says:

I believe that it is worse than folly to attempt to prohibit all combinations as is done by the Sherman anti-trust law, because such a law can be enforced only imperfectly and unequally, and its enforcement works almost as much hardship as good. I strongly advocate that instead of an unwise effort to prohibit all combinations, there shall be substituted a law which shall expressly permit combinations which are in the interest of the public, but shall at the same time give to some agency in the national government full power of control and supervision over them.

The railways of the country should be put completely under the interstate commerce commission and removed from the domain of the anti-trust law. The power of the commission should be made thoroughgoing, so that it could exercise complete supervision and control over the issue of securities as well as over the raising and lowering of rates. As regards rates, at least, this power should be summary. . . . Rates must be made as low as is compatible with giving proper returns to all the employes of the railroad, from the highest to the lowest, and proper returns to the shareholders, but they must not, for instance, be reduced in such fashion as to necessitate a cut in the wages of the employes or the abolition of the proper and legitimate profits of honest shareholders.

Interests of the Wageworker.

Turning to conditions affecting the wageworker and the man of small means, the president says:

Postal Savings banks will make it easy for the poorest to keep their savings in absolute safety. The regulation of the national highways must be such that they shall serve all people with equal justice. Corporate finances must be supervised so as to make it far safer than at present for the man of small means to invest his money in stocks. There must be prohibition of child labor, diminution of women labor, shortening of hours of all mechanical labor; stock watering should be prohibited, and stock gambling so far as is possible discouraged. There should be a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes. Industrial education should be encouraged. As far as possible we should lighten the burden of taxation on the small man. There should no longer be any paltering with the question of taking care of the wageworkers who, under our present industrial system, become killed, crippled, or worn out as part of the regular incidents of a given business. As far as concerns those who have been worn out, I call your attention to the fact that definite steps toward providing old-age pensions have been taken in many of our private industries. These may be indefinitely extended through voluntary association and contributory schemes, or through the agency of savings banks, as under the Massachusetts plan.

Urgent Need of Reform.

Our present system, or rather no system, works dreadful wrong, and is of benefit to only one class of people—the lawyers. When a workman is injured what he needs is not an expensive and doubtful lawsuit, but the certainty of relief through immediate administrative action. No academic theory about "freedom of contract" or "constitutional liberty to contract" should be permitted to interfere with this and similar movements.

I renew my recommendation that the principle of the eight-hour day should as rapidly and as far as practicable be extended to the entire work being carried on by the government; the present law should be amended to embrace contracts on those public works which the present wording of the act seems to exclude.

Judges Too Poorly Paid.

Coupled with a eulogy of the judiciary of the nation the president urges that, beginning with the supreme court, the judges should have their salaries doubled.

As was to be expected, the attitude assumed by certain labor leaders during the recent election comes in for bitter criticism. The president asserts that demands made on congress for legislation were unjust and impractical and could but work harm to the cause of labor. While declaring that our judicial system is sound and effective at core, the president says:

There are certain decisions by various courts which have been exceedingly detrimental to the rights of wage-workers. This is true of all decisions that decide that men are, by the constitution, "guaranteed their liberty" to contract to enter a dangerous occupation, or to work an undesirable or improper number of hours, or to work in unhealthy surroundings; and therefore cannot recover damages when maimed in that occupation, and cannot be forbidden to work what the legislature decides is an excessive number of hours, or to carry on the work under conditions which the legislature decides to be unhealthy.

There is also, I think, ground for the belief that substantial injustice is often suffered by employes in consequence of the custom of courts issuing temporary injunctions without notice to them, and punishing them for contempt of court in instances where, as a matter of fact, they have no knowledge of any proceedings. Organized labor is chafing under the unjust restraint which comes from repeated resort to this plan of procedure.

Injunction Must Remain.

The power of injunction is a great equitable remedy, which should on no account be destroyed. But safeguards should be erected against its abuse. In substance, provision should be made that no injunction or temporary restraining order issue otherwise than on notice, except where irreparable injury would otherwise result; and in such case a hearing on the merits of the order should be had within a short fixed period, and, if not then continued after hearing, it should forthwith lapse. Decisions should be rendered immediately, and the chance of delay minimized in every way. Moreover, I believe that the procedure should be sharply defined, and the judge required minutely to state the particulars both of his action and of his reasons therefor, so that the congress can if it desires examine and investigate the same.

Harm Worked by Law.

Discussing measures necessary for the proper control of giant corporations operating in defiance of law, the president says:

Real damage has been done by the manifold and conflicting interpretations of the interstate commerce law. Control over the great corporations doing interstate business can be effective only if it is vested with full power in an administrative department, a branch of the federal executive, carrying out a federal law; it can never be effective if a divided responsibility is left in both the states and the nation; it can never be effective if left in the hands of the courts to be decided by lawsuits.

The courts hold a place of peculiar and deserved sanctity under our form of government. Respect for the law is essential to the permanence of our institutions; and respect for the law is largely conditioned upon respect for the courts. It is an offense against the republic to say anything which can weaken this respect, save for the gravest reason and in the most carefully guarded manner. In no other nation in the world do the courts wield such vast and far-reaching power as in the United States. All that is necessary is that the courts as a whole should exercise this power with the far-sighted wisdom already shown by those judges who scan the future while they act in the present.

Forest Preservation.

The manifest necessity for forest preservation is pointed out as a duty the present generation owes to its descendants, and the president cites the case of China, where reckless de-forestation has resulted in creating deserts, as an object lesson.

Inland Waterways.

Immediate action by the present session of congress for the improvement of our inland waterways the president declares to be imperative. He recommends the creation of a permanent commission authorized to coordinate the work of all the government departments relating to waterways, and to frame and supervise the execution of a comprehensive plan.

Postal Savings Banks.

Urging the immediate institution of postal savings banks, the message says:

I again renew my recommendation for postal savings banks, for depositing savings with the security of the government behind them. The object is to encourage thrift and economy in the wage-earner and person of moderate means. It is believed that in the aggregate vast sums of money would be brought into circulation through the instrumentality of the postal savings banks.

Parcel Post.

The much-discussed advisability of the establishment of a parcel post service is thus dealt with:

In my last annual message I commended the postmaster-general's recommendation for an extension of the parcel post on the rural routes. The establishment of a local parcel post on rural routes would be to the mutual benefit of the farmer and the country storekeeper, and it is desirable that the routes, serving more than 15,000,000 people, should be utilized to the fullest practicable extent.

Education.

Dealing with the important subject of education, the president says:

With the limited means hitherto provided, the bureau of education has rendered efficient service, but the congress has neglected to adequately supply the bureau with means to meet the educational growth of the country. I earnestly recommend that this unfortunate state of affairs as regards the national educational office be remedied by adequate appropriations. This recommendation is urged by the representatives of our common schools and great state universities and the leading educators, who all unite in requesting favorable consideration and action by the congress upon this subject.

The president points out the necessity of better organization of the various bureaus responsible for the public health, and urges the placing of all soldiers' homes under the jurisdiction of the war department.

Statehood.

On the question of statehood the president says:

I advocate the immediate admission of New Mexico and Arizona as states. This should be done at the present session of the congress. The people of the two territories have made it evident by their votes that they will not come in as one state. The only alternative is to admit them as two, and I trust that this will be done without delay.

Interstate Fisheries.

An international agreement concerning interstate fisheries is at present being attempted, and in this connection the message continues:

I call the attention of the congress to the importance of the problem of the fisheries in the interstate waters. On the Great Lakes we are now, under the very wise treaty of April 11 of this year, endeavoring to come to an international agreement for the preservation and satisfactory use of the fisheries of these waters which can not otherwise be achieved. Lake Erie, for example, has the richest fresh water fisheries in the world; but it is now controlled by the statutes of two nations, four states, and one province, and this province by two different ordinances in different counties. All these political divisions work at cross purposes, and in no case can they achieve protection to the fisheries, on the one hand, and justice to the localities and individuals on the other.

Country's Foreign Policy.

This nation's foreign policy is based on the theory that right must be done between nations precisely as between individuals, and in our actions for the last ten years we have in this matter proven our faith by our deeds. We have behaved, and are behaving, towards other nations, as in private life an honorable man would behave towards his fellows.

I take this opportunity publicly to state my appreciation of the way in which in Japan, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in all the states of South America, the battle fleet has been received on its practice voyage around the world. The American government can not too strongly express its appreciation of the abounding and generous hospitality shown our ships in every port they visited.

Our Southern Neighbors.

The commercial and material progress of the 20 Latin-American republics is worthy of the careful attention of the congress. The International Bureau of the American Republics is doing a useful work in making these nations and their resources better known to us, and in acquainting them not only with us as a people and with our purposes towards them, but with what we have to exchange for their goods.

Panama Canal Being Rushed.

The work on the Panama canal is being done with a speed, efficiency and entire devotion to duty, which make it a model for all work of the kind. The men on the Isthmus, from Col. Goethals and his fellow commissioners through the entire list of employes who are faithfully doing their duty, have won their right to the ungrudging respect and gratitude of the American people.

For Ocean Mail Lines.

I again recommend the extension of the ocean mail act of 1891 so that satisfactory American ocean mail lines to South America, Asia, the Philippines, and Australasia may be established.

Should Develop Hawaii.

I call particular attention to the Territory of Hawaii. The importance of those islands is apparent, and the need of improving their condition and developing their resources is urgent.

Progress in the Philippines.

Real progress toward self-government is being made in the Philippine islands. I trust that within a generation the time will arrive when the Filipinos can decide for themselves whether it is well for them to become independent, or to continue under the protection of a strong and disinterested power, able to guarantee to the islands order at home and protection from foreign invasion.

Good Work Done in Cuba.

In Cuba our occupancy will cease in about two months' time; the Cubans have in orderly manner elected their own governmental authorities, and the island will be turned over to them. Our occupation on this occasion has lasted a little over two years, and Cuba has thriven and prospered under it. Our earnest hope and one desire is that the people of the island shall now govern themselves with justice, so that peace and order may be secure.

The National Guard.

Urging continued efforts to increase the efficiency of the National Guard the president continues:

Now that the organized militia, the National Guard, has been incorporated with the army as a part of the national forces, it behooves the government to do every reasonable thing in its power to perfect its efficiency. It should be assisted in its instruction and otherwise aided more liberally than heretofore. The continuous services of many well-trained regular officers will be essential in this connection. A bill is now pending before the congress creating a number of extra officers in the army, which if passed, as it ought to be, will enable more officers to be trained as instructors of National Guard and assigned to that duty. In case of war it will be of the utmost importance to have a large number of trained officers to use for turning raw levies into good troops.

For More War Vessels.

The navy is the last subject dealt with. In that connection the president says:

I approve the recommendations of the general board for the increase of the navy, calling especial attention to the need of additional destroyers and colliers, and above all, of the four battleships. It is desirable to complete as soon as possible a squadron of eight battleships of the best existing type.

I most earnestly recommend that the general board be by law turned into a general staff. There is literally no excuse whatever for continuing the present bureau organization of the navy. The navy should be treated as a purely military organization, and everything should be subordinated to the one object of securing military efficiency. A system of promotion by merit, either by selection or by exclusion, or by both processes, should be introduced.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

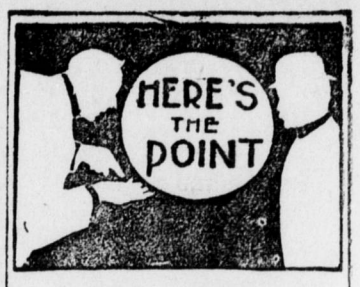
FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

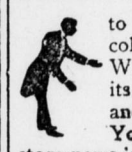
Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community *there's a reason.* People go where they are attracted — where they *know* what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL



to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUT
CONFECTIONERY
Daily Delivery.
All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Enlarging Your Business

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

JOB PRINTING We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

STATE GRANGE IS AFTER TRUST

MAY COMPETE WITH PROPOSED GIANT FERTILIZER COMBINE.

LAYLIN IS NAMED AS MASTER

Many Resolutions and Recommendations Adopted—Initiative and Referendum Ignored—Next Meeting at Springfield.

Columbus, O.—Resolutions calling for state prohibition, public inspection of all public service corporations, demanding a repeal of the mileage grab law passed by the last legislature, indorsing the state board of agriculture in its fertilizing trouble, indorsing the plans for the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people, requesting the reenactment of the inheritance tax law, and the removal of tariff on all raw goods were adopted amid a storm of applause Thursday by the Ohio State Grange.

Nearly the whole morning was given up listening to the report of the resolutions committee and in acting upon their recommendations. In no case was there any objection to any resolution offered. The initiative and referendum proposition was ignored entirely.

Among other important resolutions adopted was one calling for the enactment of the $1 hunter's license fee bill which was introduced at the last session of the general assembly by Senator Sites at the behest of the state fish and game commission. This resolution was quite expansive and in addition to the feature of the Sites law requests that the quail season be closed for five years and that the protection be taken from rabbits. This law in its license feature exempts those who hunt upon their own lands.

The state prohibition feature came along as a tail-end of a resolution calling upon farmers to support Rose county local option elections, that present temperance legislation be maintained, and that other measures be passed to strengthen the present laws and make them effective. Then the resolution requests state prohibition. The granger who was in charge of this resolution was the candidate for state treasurer on the Prohibition ticket at the recent election. The convention indorsed the establishment of manual training, domestic science and the teaching of agriculture in all rural schools as soon as trained teachers can be secured.

Out of a field of three, T. C. Laylin of Norwalk was the victorious candidate for master of the State Grange at the biennial election. He defeated F. A. Derthick of Mantua, candidate for re-election, and R. W. Dunlap, state dairy and food commissioner. The vote stood: Laylin 76, Derthick 51 and Dunlap 12.

ABE RUEF IS FOUND GUILTY

Arch Grafter Is Convicted of Bribery at San Francisco—Trial Lasted 106 Days.

San Francisco, Cal.—Abraham Ruef, former political boss of San Francisco, was convicted on Thursday of bribery. The verdict was returned exactly upon the stroke of 4 o'clock, when the deliberations of the jury had been prolonged throughout a period of 24 hours. The warnings of Judge William P. Lawlor and the vigilance of the police checked all attempted demonstration.

The trial, which has been in progress for 106 days, ended with surprising abruptness. The day had almost passed without sign or intimation from the jury room, and the hopes of Ruef and his attorneys had risen with every hour of delay.

Ruef sat between his father and Thomas B. Dozier of the defense when the verdict was returned. He had spent the greater part of the day in conversation with his aged parent and though his face paled and his eyes remained fixed for a long time upon the men who had pronounced his fate, almost his first thought was for the elder Mr. Ruef.

By previous agreement of counsel that the bill of exceptions should be settled later, the court set next Saturday, December 12, as the day for pronouncing judgment. Ruef's conviction renders him liable to a maximum penalty of 14 years in the penitentiary.

Congressional.

Washington.—On the 10th the senate held a short session. Senator Lodge gave notice he would speak on the Brownsville affair. Treaties with Peru, China, Brazil, Honduras and Uruguay were ratified. In the house the legislative appropriation bill was passed, and a bill providing for arbitration of labor disputes was discussed.

Indicted for Murder of Capt. Erb.

Media, Pa.—Mrs. M. Florence Erb and her sister, Mrs. Catherine Beisel, were indicted by the grand jury here Thursday for the murder of Capt. J. Clayton Erb, husband of the former, at his country home, "Red Gables."

More Machinery Started.

Boston, Mass.—The American Woolen Co., which owns 30 mills in New England and New York state, has increased its operations so that now but 35 per cent of the machinery is idle.

DUN'S WEEKLY TRADE RESUME

AMPLE RAIN HAS STARTED MUCH IDLE MACHINERY.

Retail Trade Is Active in Holiday Goods and Winter Apparel—Collections Are More Prompt.

New York City.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Retail trade is active in holiday goods and winter wearing apparel, while wholesale and jobbing departments are seasonably quiet as to new business, but there is a good movement on old orders, and manufacturing operations are not curtailed. Inventories are in progress, and those completed indicate no excessive stocks. Ample rain in many sections has started much idle machinery, while statements of building permits continue to show gratifying gains, although operations in the northwest are interrupted by severe weather. Mercantile collections are more prompt, and the steady gain in production of pig iron is a most encouraging indication of confidence in the leading industry.

Seasonably quiet conditions are reported in the primary markets for cotton goods, stocks being reduced as far as possible before taking inventories, but there is confidence in a normal revival in January unless raw material becomes unsettled. Export trade remains dull, conditions in China precluding any prospect of revival at present, and other foreign bids are below domestic quotations.

NO NEW TRIAL FOR GRAFTERS

Pennsylvania Capitol Furnishers Are Denied New Hearing at Harrisburg.

Harrisburg, Pa.—A new trial was refused to four of the defendants in the capitol conspiracy cases on Friday by Judge Kunkle in the Dauphin county court before which the men had been tried. The defendants are John H. Sanderson, Philadelphia, the contractor for the furnishings and decorations in the $13,000,000 capitol; James M. Shumaker, Johnstown, who was superintendent of the board of public grounds and buildings during the period of the furnishing of the building; William P. Snyder, Spring City, former auditor general of the state, and William L. Mathues, former state treasurer. These men, with Joseph M. Huston, Philadelphia, the architect of the great building, were charged with conspiracy to cheat and defraud the state in connection with furnishing and decorating the capitol, but Huston secured a severance and his trial has not yet come up. The four defendants were tried last spring and were convicted as charged.

MADMAN AMUCK WITH A GUN

Terrorizes a New Jersey Village—Is Finally Captured.

Edgewater, N. J.—Proclaiming himself "John the Baptist, come to save the world," an armed fanatic, wrought up to a high pitch of maniacial fury, terrorized this village for an hour late Friday, appearing suddenly on the main street waving a big revolver, holding up the proprietors of several stores, exchanging many shots with a hastily formed posse and at last being wounded himself when the police and a mob of citizens ran him down. In all the fusillade no one was hit but the maniac himself and his wounds are not regarded as dangerous.

After he had been taken into custody the man, gray whiskered and apparently about 55 years old, said he was Oscar S. Pomeroy, that his home was in Nebraska, but that he had been an inmate of a private sanitarium in Stamford, Conn. When it was found that his wounds were slight he was ordered taken to the state asylum at Morris Plains.

THE NATIONAL LAWMAKERS

Proceedings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

Washington.—The session of the senate on the 9th was chiefly devoted to the formal presentation of department reports and the introduction of bills. For nearly five hours the house considered the bill providing for the taking of the thirteenth and subsequent decennial censuses, and passed it without material change.

Washington.—On the 10th the senate held a short session. Senator Lodge gave notice he would speak on the Brownsville affair. Treaties with Peru, China, Brazil, Honduras and Uruguay were ratified. In the house the legislative appropriation bill was passed, and a bill providing for arbitration of labor disputes was discussed.

Washington.—The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was passed by the house on the 11th with little debate. The bill carries an appropriation of $31,664,320. The senate was not in session.

Another Banker Gone Wrong.

Beverly, Mass.—Albert S. Hoogs, teller of the Beverly Savings bank, for whose arrest a warrant was issued Friday, is charged with the responsibility for a shortage of $9,300 of the bank's funds.

Powder Trust Probe.

Cleveland, O.—Judge Scarlet and his associate government counsel finished their probe of the so-called powder trust so far as Cleveland is concerned on Friday. The hearing will be continued in New York.

POLICE CLASH WITH FANATICS

TWO KILLED AND THREE FATALLY WOUNDED AT KANSAS CITY.

STREET PREACHERS IN RIOT

Officers Met by Volley of Bullets When They Seek to Preserve Order—Bloody Fight Follows.

Kansas City, Mo.—In the shadow of the city hall a riot in which religious fanatics and policemen were participants and during which 100 shots were fired, Tuesday afternoon resulted in the death of Policeman A. O. Dalbow, probably fatal injuries to four persons and slight injuries to two others. Those probably fatally injured are John Sharp, known as Adam God, a street preacher; Michael Mullane, a patrolman; Patrick Clark, a police sergeant, and Lola Pratt.

Probation Officer Holt of the juvenile court on Tuesday went to investigate a case of alleged abduction. John Sharp, known as Adam God, was exhorting a crowd. With Sharp were A. J. Selzer, a woman and five children. Holt inquired as to the identity of the children and Adam God struck him a heavy blow behind the ear with a pistol, making an ugly wound. Holt then started for the police station for assistance. The preacher tried to shoot him, but the cartridge failed to explode. Holt rushed to the police station, followed by his assailant. Sharp and his companions were within 50 yards of the station when officers stepped into the street. The officers did not expect serious trouble and were not prepared for the volley of bullets which met them almost immediately after they appeared on the scene.

Dalbow was killed instantly and a bullet passed through Officer Stege's arm. Other officers, hearing the firing, rushed into the street and a general fight ensued. The officers refrained from shooting for fear of endangering the lives of innocent persons. Lieut. Clark, who had come into the street unarmed, was shot in the eye, and Patrolman Mullane was shot in the back. A riot call brought policemen from all directions. The officers closed in on Sharp and his followers, firing as they went. When the firing ceased Adam God lay fatally wounded, shot through the head and body.

The woman and the children fled to a houseboat in which they lived on the Missouri river. The woman barricaded herself in the houseboat, and with a shotgun in hand she defied 50 policemen. The boat was only a few feet from the bank of the river and several officers dashed toward it. The woman dropped her weapon, and seizing two of the children she sprang into a rowboat and began to row into the middle of the river. The officers called to her to stop and then fired a volley at the rowboat. One shot struck Lola Pratt, tearing away the greater part of her face and proving fatal. The woman then surrendered.

Federal Council of Churches.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The first Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, organized to further the movement of unity of action among the Protestant denominations in the interest of spreading the gospel, adjourned Tuesday to meet in December, 1912, at a place to be selected by the executive council. Strong resolutions were adopted at the final session in opposition to increased armament by the nations of the earth. A feature of the session was an address by Prof. Henry W. Rogers of Yale university, who said the time was at hand for obligatory arbitration of disputes between the nations. Resolutions were adopted condemning the divorce evil; also a resolution calling upon school authorities to give children more time during the week for religious instruction in their homes and churches.

Diplomats in Auto Smash.

Washington, D. C.—Senor Don Juan Barrios, Guatemala's minister of foreign affairs, who is in Washington on a special mission for his government, was probably fatally injured, and Senor Dr. Don Luis Toledo Herrarte, Guatemalan minister to the United States, and Gen. John Drummond, a wealthy coffee planter in South America, were badly hurt in an automobile accident late Tuesday.

Congressional Proceedings.

Washington.—The business of both houses of congress was confined on the 8th largely to listening to the reading of the president's message, but in addition a few bills were introduced both in the senate and the house and in the house a number of bills were sent to conference.

$75,000 Fire Loss.

Muskegon, Mich.—The Indiana Box Co.'s factory was destroyed on Tuesday night by a fire which for a time threatened to sweep through a residence section on the west side of Muskegon. Loss $75,000; insured.

British Squadron Leaves Rio.

Rio de Janeiro.—The British cruiser squadron under the command of Rear Admiral Sir Percy Scott left here Tuesday night after a week's stay, during which time many entertainments were given the visitors.

POLICE CANNOT FIND KIERAN

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO SETTLE CASES IN PITTSBURG.

Victims Being Heard from in Various Places—Suits for Collection of Notes Begun.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Several men representing themselves to be representatives of P. J. Kieran, head of the defunct Fidelity Funding Co., were here Wednesday attempting to effect a compromise with the several Catholic societies of this diocese who have been made defendants in suits to collect money growing out of loans placed through Kieran and his company. One of the men was clothed in the garb of a bishop of the church. Attorneys for the organizations informed their callers that the matter was now in the hands of the police and would take its course.

Rev. Father John A. Rykaczwski, pastor of the Sacred Heart Polish Catholic church of Braddock, a suburb, is among the alleged victims of Kieran. He had $6,000 worth of stock in the Fidelity Funding Co. and 300 shares of stock in a Cleveland bank which failed early in the year. Kieran, he alleges, persuaded him to turn over this stock to him, and as a result he is now involved with notes amounting to $90,000.

New York City.—William Nelson Cromwell, who it had been reported was requested by Cardinal Gibbons to take hold of the Fidelity Funding Co. and re-organize it, said Wednesday he would not reach his conclusion for at least a week as to whether he will act.

The Carnegie Trust Co. holds $410,000 of the notes of various Catholic societies which were discounted by the Fidelity Funding Co. These notes are secured by $600,000 worth of collateral and the trust company is awaiting the action of the receivers before attempting to recover any of the funds it has advanced to the client of the Fidelity Funding Co. The Windsor Trust Co. holds for its clients about $100,000 worth of notes discounted through the Fidelity Funding Co., amply secured.

Receiver Gilroy took exceptions to the statements of Kieran and his attorney, Bainbridge Colby, that the whereabouts of Kieran have been known all the time to the receiver. "I have not been able to find Kieran," said Mr. Gilroy. "Neither have I been able to find L. C. Royce, H. H. Van Deusen or W. B. Arundel, Kieran's associates."

New Castle, Pa.—Suits to recover money alleged to be due upon notes which were discounted by the Fidelity Funding Co. have been entered here by the Carnegie Trust Co. of New York against several Catholic societies. The sums asked total $140,000, about twice the amount received by the borrowers.

RIVER AND HARBOR CONGRESS

Notable Array of Prominent Men at the Sessions in Washington.

Washington, D. C.—Sentiment in favor of the issuance of government bonds for a comprehensive improvement of the rivers, harbors and canals of the country to the end that this nation shall have the greatest system of waterways in the world, gained considerable headway at the opening sessions of the annual meeting of the Rivers and Harbors congress here Wednesday.

The scheme contemplates the issuance of $500,000,000 worth of federal bonds for internal water courses, to be distributed over a ten-year period, or $50,000,000 annually.

The notable array of speakers included James Bryce, the British ambassador; Seth Low of New York, Champ Clark, Gov. Chamberlain of Oregon, Gov. Sanders of Louisiana and Samuel Gompers. Upwards of 3,500 delegates, representing 44 states and the territories of Alaska, New Mexico and Hawaii and Porto Rico were in attendance.

Bleached Flour Must Go.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture on Wednesday announced his decision in the bleached flour controversy, holding that flour bleached with nitrogen peroxide is an adulterated product under the law and that it cannot legally be sold in the District of Columbia or in the territories or be transported in interstate commerce. Owing to the immense quantity of bleached flour now on hand, the secretary will recommend no prosecutions of manufacturers or sellers for a period of six months from this date.

Congressional.

Washington.—The session of the senate on the 9th was chiefly devoted to the formal presentation of department reports and the introduction of bills. For nearly five hours the house considered the bill providing for the taking of the thirteenth and subsequent decennial censuses, and passed it without material change.

Brig. Gen. Jackson Dead.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Brig. Gen. Henry Jackson, retired, died at his home Wednesday night of cancer, aged 71 years. Gen. Jackson was a soldier in the Crimean war, the civil war and the Spanish war.

Women's River and Harbors Congress.

Washington, D. C.—The Women's National River and Harbors congress, an auxiliary of the National River and Harbors congress now in session, held its first annual convention Wednesday.

FLORIDA ATTRACTS OHIO MEN

FORTY-TWO FROM OHIO, SOME FROM KENTUCKY, WEST VIRGINIA, PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK WENT TO HILLIARD, FLORIDA, ON NOVEMBER 24.

IT WAS A TRIP TO INVESTIGATE AND BUY FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

It Is Reported That 114 Farms of Ten Acres Each Were Purchased by the Investigators After Carefully Going Over the Land, and Making Selections for Themselves and Their Friends.

There must be something more attractive about Northern Florida in late November than its warm sunny days, blooming roses, and the rich, luxuriant green of the pine and palmetto to cause a half hundred substantial intelligent farmers, business and professional men of the North to invest in from one to three ten-acre farms each, and one man bought ten farms.

These men went to Hilliard to find out for themselves and their friends whether the claims made in the printed matter sent out by a land company were all true. Many of these men have not yet returned to their homes in the North, but have taken advantage of the 21-day time limit on their home seekers' tickets to see something of the state of Florida, paying visits to the 1500-acre pecan, orange, grape fruit and semi-tropical nursery of the Griffing Brothers Company at Macclenny, 40 miles south of Hilliard, and visiting some of the old fruit and vegetable trucking sections that have made North Florida famous as the greatest of "America's Winter Gardens."

They found that the land within eight to ten miles of the old established trucking districts has, for many years, been held at such high prices as $100 to $500 per acre for uncleared land, which takes a small fortune for a man to get a start. But even at the high prices, the income every year of $100 to $600 an acre raising strawberries and vegetables, a man makes five to twenty times what he can raising oats and corn in the Northern states.

The several men who have already returned from the Florida trip are congratulating themselves on their good fortune of being able to secure truck farm land within two to five miles of that substantial little town, Hilliard, on the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, at $21 an acre. It is stated that this railway runs more passenger and freight trains, and carries more people in and out of Florida, than all other roads entering Florida put together.

It is reported by three of the men who visited Hilliard that all conditions are better, very much better, than they expected to find, and the literature sent them by the Cornwall Farm Land Company, owners of the North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms at Hilliard, does not in any way overdraw the facts as they found them, and some of the truck farmers they talked w th spoke of crops raised and money realized from vegetables largely in excess of the statements in the land company's descriptive books.

They also learned that winter grown vegetables command prices that, as stated by one, "made their eyes open," and that there is a demand for every box, basket, hamper and barrel of the products of the soil of North Florida the year around, largely in excess of the present production.

The climate, the pure and abundant water, and the general healthfulness of the Hilliard district impressed them, and as one doctor in the party stated: "There seems to be little chance for men in my profession," left no doubt in the minds of those whose first consideration is for the health of their families.

The land company made an agreement to credit the round trip railroad fare rate of November 25th on the purchase of a ten-acre farm. All those who went to Hilliard, and who could, took advantage of it, and as there was no expense to the buyers at the headquarters of the land company, while there, the trip was inexpensive, interesting, and certainly should prove profitable.

It is understood that the Cornwall Farm Land Company, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, makes an offer to pay the railroad fare to Hilliard, refunding it on his payments, to any man who buys one ten-acre farm any day during the month of December, 1908, from all towns in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, New York, Pennsylvania and Tennessee. Those who want to investigate should read the advertisement of this company on another page of this paper, and write for the terms and literature.

A Great Difference.

"Margaret, it was very naughty of you to make such a fuss. You said if I'd buy you that new dollie you'd go to the dentist's without a murmur."

"I didn't murmur, muvver, I screamed."—Lippincott's.

What Willie Saw.

When Willie saw the peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns, and a turkey underneath."—Delineator.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.

Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available.

Peruna Tablets can now be procured.

Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

Optimist and Pessimist.

Sydney Rosenfeld once wrote a comedy, entitled "The Optimist," which achieved success after the production, but was a long time reaching the stage. Manager after manager refused the manuscript, and one day Mr. Rosenfeld, whose patience was exhausted, blurted out to his sole auditor:

"Of course you don't appreciate the play! You don't even know the meaning of its name!"

"Yes, I do," protested the impresario.

"Well," insisted Rosenfeld, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

The manager barely hesitated: "An optimist is an eye doctor," he said; "a pessimist is a foot doctor."—Sunday Magazine.

Why He Remembered.

By some shuffling of the social cards the clergyman and the dog fancier were at the same afternoon tea. The wandering talk unexpectedly resolved itself into the question. Who were the 12 sons of Jacob? Even the cleric with the reversed collar had forgotten, but the doggy man reeled off the names without error, from Reuben down to Benjamin.

The clergyman looked surprised.

"Oh, I'm not great shakes on Scripture," said the man with the fox terriers, "but those are the names which some chap gave to a dozen puppies I'm willing to sell."

A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting: "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted: "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sidewise, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked: "Two of 'em?"—Delineator.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless.

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly, and as a last resort I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.—

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Publisher.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Emporium as second class matter.

Breezy County News

CAMERON.

H. W. Mitchell, dentist, Emporium.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Krape were Emporium visitors Tuesday.

Herman Anderson, Section Foreman, visited his brother in Ridgway, Tuesday.

Emporium visitors Tuesday were Mrs. Jack Clark, Mrs. William Greenalch, and Edw. McFadden, of Cameron, and Mrs. Fred Webster, of Canoe Run.

D. L. McFadden, who was kicked last week very severly by a horse, is again able to be around by the aid of crutches.

John McGrady, of Canoe Run, who has been suffering for some time with a very severe pain in the head, was taken to the Olean hospital Monday evening.

William Greenalch, Sr., of this place, is going to move to Snow Shoe with his family Wednesday. He is employed in the mines in that place and reports getting along nicely.

Our truant officer William McCann is doing very fine work for the board in this place ahd those who do not go to school are sure to board with Sheriff Swoop for a week or ten days.

Mrs. Geo. Stuart who had planned on moving to Dixonville, has changed her mind, and says Cameron is good enough for her, and intends to stay where she is.

Wm McVane has lately learned the carpenter trade, and built an extension to his house on Tuesday. You experienced carpenters had better set up and take notice.

Truant Officer Wm. McCann visited the absentees in Sterling Run and Canoe Run to-day. The Cameron boys had better look out, he is after you next.

LOUISE.

FIRST FORK.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin and son, Miss Jessie Johnson and Mrs. L. Johnson, who spent some time with relatives at the Haynes residence, returned to their homes at Austin, Pa.

Hon. John A. Wykoff, the Associate Judge-elect, transacted business at Emporium last week.

Mr. Jay Nusom, is employed by the B. & S. at Pepperhil, spent a few days at his home at Sabinsville, Pa.

Mr. J. E. Bowers, Brooks Lusbaugh and William Swank were Sinnemahoning visitors recently.

Mr. J. W. Buck & Son, who spent their vacation hunting in this vicinity, returned to their homes at Renovo. Mr. Buck is employed by the P. R. R. and Jan. 1, he assumes the position as Conductor on the flyer from Renovo to Emporium Junction.

Mr. J. H. Bierly of Sabinsville, Pa., spent Sunday at the home of his brother-in-law, Frank. L. Miller.

The social held at the Miller School House, Dec. 5, for the purpose of purchasing a Library was a success. Something over $37 was realized. The people deserve much credit and thanks for the help they have shown in this very important matter.

Miss Lizzie Miller who is taking a course at the Emporium High School, visited her parents at this place.

Mr. Christ Summerson and Clarence Smith, who are employed at Hammersly Fork, returned to their work, after visiting their parents here.

Mr. Amos Bennett is helping to move the saw mill from Cook's Run to Miles Smith's on First Fork.

We are sorry to say that the Sinnemahoning Valley Telephone Co. from Horton to Sinnemahoning has had bad luck. About twenty-five telephone poles have been sawed off by some of our unlawful citizens.

Messrs. Jessie Miller, Wm. Miller, Carlton Logue, and Forest Commissioner Crum are busily employed on Karthus mountain cutting out forest fire lines.

Mr. H. B. Muthersbaugh of Driftwood, health inspector, looked after our schools recently.

Teachers' Institute which was to, meet at Miller school Saturday afternoon Dec. 5, failed to meet, but on the next Saturday afternoon, a very valuable meeting was held at the Gilmore School House. A full attendance of teachers were present. Some interesting talks were given. A few visitors were also in attendance. Subject of the Institute was "History."

Mr. Ezra B. Smith, teacher of Haynes school, has received some furniture for his school. It certainly makes a grand appearance. "Ez" is bound to keep up with the times.

We must not forget that an entertainment will be given at the Gilmore School House, Friday evening, Dec. 18. Everybody should turn out and show their appreciation of Christmas. A large crowd always encourages those who give the entertainment. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

YOHONTAS.

Mr. Armstrong, boarding house keeper in the Hammersley, was down the last of the week and bought a half a dozen beef cattle and 100 hens. Mr. Swank had the contract to deliver them at Wharton Monday morning.

Wm. Logue jumped from the roof of his house to keep from falling, and injured one of his legs so badly that he is unable to walk.

Beet Welton of Hicks Run has his new hotel that he is building on the site of the one burned on the 19th Oct. last nearly completed and expects to get into it by the 1st of Jan. next. He was visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Williams at this place over Sunday.

The 19th of the month appears to be a kind of a "hoodo" day on the hotels on Bennett's Branch, as many as three of them having burned on that date.

M. J. Logue marketed his turkeys at Driftwood last week, at the butchers, at $2 per head. This seems like a pretty good price.

Winter appears to have set in pretty early time. Bert Welton seems to think times are pretty good at Hicks Run notwithstanding Bryan was'nt elected.

NUF SED.

HUNTLEY.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium

Edward Skinner of Howard Siding has moved his family into the Logue homestead and will reside there hereafter.

Mrs. John Jordan was a Driftwood caller Saturday.

Gladys and Carrie Hill of Grove Hill were down off the hill Sunday and took Miss Rotha Kreider, the teacher, back on the Hill with them.

Bear tracks were discovered around the residence of J. S. Jordan on River street Sunday morning—this is the second time that tracks have been discovered around Mr. Jordan's house and they always lead to Castle Garden. John says that he will get that bear if he has to call on the assistance of Jim Batchelder and Seth Nelson.

A. W. Smith has finished his fall plowing and has started to harrow.

Any one suffering from corns, bunions or other foot ailments will do well to call on or write to W. R. Smith. He has performed some marvelous cures in this section but has given up the job of trying to teach J. F. Sullivan how to sing.

Thomas Roberts has signed with the P. R. R. base ball team for the coming season. Tommy now parts his hair in the middle and is raising a beautiful abraison on his upper lip.

Lyle Jordan is learning to shoot a shot gun and is rapidly becoming a good shot as the stray cats and dogs will testify.

"Dick" Teats has a new recipe for baking pancakes and those who have sampled them say they are excellent.

Operator H. F. Foster is taking a course in the Scranton school and is now wrestling with the difficult problems in algebra.

Fireman Clyde Collins of Renovo is visiting at his home this week.

Mrs. Levi Smith while walking outside the house Sunday slipped and fell, injuring herself quite severely. It will be some time before she will be out again.

Signalman D. E. Spangler of Sterling Run was a business caller in town Monday.

Operators Reese any Jenkins posted at HY tower during the past week.

A series af revival meetings are being held in the M. E church at Sterling Run this week under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Bessey of Machias, N. Y. He is one of the most eloquent speakers that has ever graced the pulpits in this section of the country and his words seem to be inspired from above. Already a great number of people including a good proportion of our young men have testified to a change of heart and it is believed that a great majority if not all of the people here will be spiritually benefitted by Rev. Besseys earnest efforts in their behalf. Personally Mr. Bessey is a fine gentleman and is very popular with the people of all denominations and the PRESS congratulates him on his splendid work.

A pleasant party comprising the Huntley Historical Society met at the residence of W. H. Logue on River street Friday evening. Among those present were H. F. Foster, W. R. Smith, W. W. Johnson, Clarence Johnson, Thomas Roberts, Ruth and Johnny Sullivan. After the routine business was transacted, refreshments were served and a fine time was enjoyed by all. Excellent music was furnished by the Huntley Orchestra.

J. F. S.

What Some People Do.

Some people let a trifling thing like weak nerves run along because they think it will remedy itself. If they would take Sexine Pills in time they would save many a dollar, and strong and able to work besides. $1 a box, 6 boxes $5, with full guarantee for all forms of nerve weakness. Address or call on R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa., where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

CASTLE GARDEN.

Next big day is Christmas day.

Miss Bessie McPhee has returned from delightful visit to Penfield.

Mrs. Kate Murphy of Lancaster, attended Sunday school here Sunday and shook the hand of many of her old acquaintances. Mrs. M. was a resident of the Garden at one time.

Mrs. W. F. Hall, our pastor's wife, left here on Friday last for Angelica, N. Y., where she and her son Audry will spend the holidays with home folks.

Mrs. Austin Murry, of Linden, Pa., was the guest of her brother, R. W. Hix, one day last week.

Benj. Smith has bought out the blacksmith business of G. W. Gore. Benj. is a fine workman, very kind and obliging. Give him a call.

Mrs. C. M. Bailey and Miss Nellie Marsh, of Mason Hill, called on friends in the Garden Monday.

The teachers of our day school, Misses Nellie O'Keef and Lois Miller, did shopping in DuBois Saturday.

Mrs. G. W. Gore, Sr., of Picture Rocks, returned to the Garden last week, after an absence of five months, and was welcomed by her hubby. All is serene and lovely.

The Revival meeting starts up Thursday evening instead of Saturday eve. Pastor Hall will conduct the services until the arrival of the evangelists, who are E. E. Cookson, of Kansas, and C. A. Hendrick, of N. C. They will be accompanied by a sweet singer of Israel, David Scott, of Houghton, N. Y., who will have charge of the singing. Everybody come and hear the preaching and singing. A good time is expected.

J. L. Johnson, of Huntley, is a very sick man. The Dr. was called for him Monday. Will tell you next week how it is with him.

BLUE BELL.

SINNAMAHONING.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Mrs. A. R. Counsil returned last Friday from Lock Haven.

Mrs. A. H. Shafer, of Ridgway, visited relatives here, a couple of days last week.

Howard and Ellsworth Fry spent Sunday with their parents here.

Several of our townspeople attended the Masonic banquet at Driftwood, last Friday evening.

Nace H. Drum, who has been on the sick list for several days, is back on duty at the B. & S. Station.

Mrs. C. W. Dickson spent Monday in Renovo, shopping.

A. H. Shafer, C. E., of Ridgway, was in town between trains one day last week.

Mrs. Steward Chase, of Renovo, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mrs. Martha Beldin has gone to Austin to visit her sister, Mrs. Weed.

Joseph B. Counsil has returned from Laquin, after a short visit with relatives in that town.

Hon. C. F. Barclay is home from Washington on account of the illness of his wife.

The Sunday School is arranging for a Xmas entertainment to be held in the church, Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd.

Jno. Shirk has been quite sick but is now much better.

Quite a number of our people have the mumps.

Mrs. Harry Lupold came down from Emporium last Friday and is at the home of W. H. Lupold.

Last Saturday morning Frank Fisher's house was found to be on fire. The prompt work of the neighbors saved the house, although the contents of one room were burned and the other furniture in the house badly spoiled by water. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Dec. 16th, 1908.

X. X. X.

STERLING RUN.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Miss Minnie Furlong, of Pittsburg, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. A. Furlong.

Mrs. L. C. Summerson is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. E. A. Kissel, who is suffering with a cancer, is some better at this writing.

Met Barr, of Hicks Run, was a visitor in town over Sunday.

The Revival meetings are still in progress.

Mrs. Ethel Strawbridge has been quite ill but better at this writing.

Miss Barr, of Hicks Run, was the guest of Miss Gladys O'Keefe a few days the past week.

Nannie Spence, of Emporium, visited her mother, Mrs. L. W. Spence, over Sunday.

W. M. Summerson, of Hicks Run, attended the Maccabee lodge here Saturday evening.

James P. Furlong and wife, of Hornell, are the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. M. A. Furlong.

Rev. W. H. Allen was an Emporium visitor Tuesday.

George Herrick and daughter of St. Marys visited his mother, Mrs. Herrick Sunday.

Sed Bunce visited his parents Sunday.

Jack Killeen has been suffering with neuralgia the past week.

Mrs. Elmer Whiting and Nellie Whiting were Sinnemahoning visitors Tuesday.

BLUE BELL.

Tompkins & Norris

Our Annual Proclamation

UP-TO-DATE GOODS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

Lemons, Figs, Dates Oysters

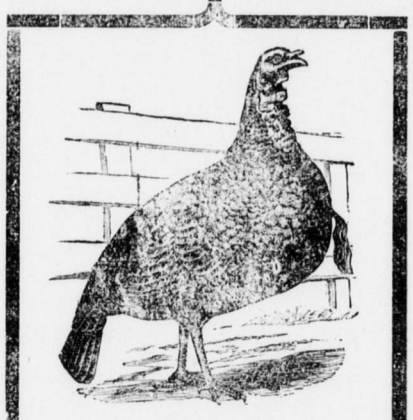
To all the People who Need Holiday Goods

WE cannot enumerate very many articles but specify a few and generalize all the balance OUR STOCK IS CHOCK FULL.

Grape Fruit, Oranges

THE STORE THAT KEEPS ABREAST WITH THE TIMES

For the Ladies	For the Children	For the Men
Corsets,	Dolls,	Sweaters,
Shirtwaists,	Toys,	Cigars,
Fine Underwear,	Candy,	Clothing,
Handkerchiefs, from 5c to 50c each.	Chairs, and Tables.	Gloves, Cuffs and Collars.



Turkeys, Chickens, Geese

Other Poultry in Abundance

FOR EVERYBODY---Dry Goods, Blankets Comforts, Shoes and Rubbers, Fresh and Salt Meats and Groceries in great quantities. Everything we have without competition.

Wishing all a Merry Chrittmas and Happy New Year, as well as unbounded prosperity,

We remain, yours for business,

TOMPKINS & NORRIS

EAST EMPORIUM, PA.

Absolutely PURE

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Comes from Grapes

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Imitation baking powders are made from harsh mineral acids and leave in the food unhealthful properties

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.

Miss Byrde O'Byrne, of Boston, is visiting her father at this place.

Carl Swanson went to Erie last Monday to transact business.

Jas. M. Davison was in Jersey Shore the first part of the week, visiting friends.

Dr. S. S. Smith is entertaining his brother George, from Canada, this week.

Michael Murphy, of Bolivar, N. Y., was a business caller at this place from Saturday to Monday.

Miss Anna Smith of Binghampton N. Y., is visitieg her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hayes, an Fifth street.

Mrs. H. R. Manette, of Brockport, was a social and business caller to this place. this week.

Miss Mildred Green, of this place, was a business caller at Ridgway the last of the week.

Mrs. Alice Faucette, of East Allegany Ave., is confined to her home by sickness.

Thomas Waddington, an old time employee on this paper, is now helping us out during the holiday rush of work

Miss Mollie Stephens and Mr. John Geese, of St. Marys, drove to Emporium last Sunday and visited friends here for the afternoon.

Hon. F. D. Councilman, of Sizerville, manager of the Magnetic Mineral Water Co., was a business caller at this place last Saturday.

Mrs. D. H. Robertson and Mrs. W. H. G. Walker, of Calder, were business callers at Emporium last Saturday.

Misses Theresa and Francis Blumle, were guests of friends at Buffalo last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Branson, of DuBois, are guests at the home of A. A. McDonald and family on Fifth street

Miss Encie Howard, departed for Batavia last Saturday, where she is the guest of Miss Florence Judd.

Misses Edna and Ellen Auchu and Christy MacDonald, of this place, were visitors to-day (Thursday) at Cameron, and were guests of Miss Lena Bair.

William Dalrymple who has been confined to his home for the past seven weeks is able to be out and made the PRESS office a social call on Saturday.

Associate Judge John McDonald, Roy T. Kreider, A. L. Ensign, J. H. Fry, Sinnemahoning; J. H. Darrin, Edward Whiting, Sterling Run; W. R. Sizer, Sizerville and George Smith, Canada, took in the Masonic Banquet Monday evening.

A card from Mr. John Gubbins, a former resident of this place, and a valued subscriber to the PRESS, announces the fact that he has purchased a blacksmith shop at Delevan, N. Y., and has moved from Arcade to Delevan.

Charles Pappazonia, departed for New York City last Tuesday to spend the holidays with relatives.

Miss Mildred Shotzbarger, who has been assisting in the care of Max F. Balcom, during his run of typhoid fever, departed for her home at DuBois last Tuesday. Miss Shotzbarg is a very successful nurse and very pleasant in the sick room.

Mrs. Jasper Harris departed for Syracuse, N. Y., last Sunday where she will be the guest of her parents for the holidays. Before returning home she will visit relatives at Utica and New York city. Mr. Harris accompanied his wife as far as Rochester.

In a personal item last week we stated that "Mr. W. O. Hilliard, of Bradford, visited his daughter, Mrs. Byron Jones." The item should have said, "he visited his daughter Miss Mabel, who is staying at Mr. Byron Jones' on East Third Street.

Take Notice.

If the parties who took my choice fruit out of cellar along with Mrs P E Lewis's my next door neighbor—about a month ago—do not return the same—or its equivalent, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. A word to the "wise" is sufficient

THOS. WADDINGTON.

Death Watch.

Albert Murray, who for months was night watch over Odell, who murdered his wife, is now filling the same position during the incarceration of the Italian, who recently murdered John Kibe.

School Report.

Honor Roll Plank Road School High School, Mr. Gehring, Teacher:—Rose Lawson, Dora Bonner, Rena Housler, Lena Kinsler, Belle Wray, Bessie Van Wert, Lena Zwald, Susan Nick'er, Ethel Housler, George Piper, Fred Minard, Henry Segee, Carl Zimmer.

Intermediate.—Miss Quigley, Teacher.

Theresa Lawson, Martha Zwald, Florence Nelson, Nellie Piper, Kathryn Kinsler, Albert Zwald, John Bauer, Carl Blumle.

Primary.—Miss Heidick.

Emma Zwald. Mary Bauer, Mary Kinsler, Bertha Segee, Samuel Lindsay, Joseph Bauer, Frank Ruberto.

A fancy Xmas box of cigars with either 12 or 25 cigars in a box, will make an ideal present; inquire at Taggart's Pharmacy.

Lost.

Between the electric light plant and Sixth street, about two weeks ago, a lady's hunting case watch; monogram "D. E. C." engraved on one side and the head of deer on other. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at PRESS office.

Young girls usually have poor judgment in selecting gifts for their sweethearts. They should cut out the collar and necktie boxes and retain the love and respect of their swains by buying them a fancy pipe or a Xmas package of cigars at Taggart's..

Wide Awake.

Just take a peep at the beautiful show windows. Our merchants are certainly getting a move on and standing up to be counted. A few remain in the old rut but they, like the kittens, will soon get their eyes open. The day has gone when business men can expect to prosper without liberal and judicious advertising Nothing helps a town more than wide-awake business men. The columns of the PRESS displays vividly, a large number of wide gauge firms, ladies and gentlemen who believe in judicious advertising. You do not have to be an expert we can and would be glad to assist you. Let every business man start the new year on a broader scale. Wake up and demonstrate to the world that Emporium business firms do things.

For Rent.

A very desirable front room for rent with use of bath, on Allegany Ave. Apply to Mrs. E. S. Coppersmith.

44-3t.

Improving.

The family of E. J. Smith, who have been sorely officted with sickness for the past six weeks are now slowly improving. Kirk, the young son, was able to be up for the first time last Tuesday.

Girl Wanted.

A competent girl to do general house work. Good wages to right party. Apply to

41-tf. MRS. FRANK SHIVES.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. Best Salve for burns, scratches and hurts. It is especially good for piles. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Agreeably Surprised.

Wednesday evening Nov. 25, the Pastor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Osgood, on Cameron charge, were agreeably surprised by 75 members and neighbors gathering at the Rich Valley Parsonage.

After singing and pleasant conversation, light refreshments were served by some of the ladies. Then followed prayer and and a short talk by the pastor, Rev. Osgood.

The company departed leaving $38.00 in provisions and clothing, $31.00 in money and an overcoat for the minister.

God bless and prosper all such gatherings. X. X.

The Theatorium is crowded nightly.

Fresh Candies every day at Sugar Bowl. 2t

Fancy Baskets of Fruit for Christmas at Sugar Bowl. 2t

Buy a handsome mereschaum pipe for the husband, sweetheart or brother. For right goods and prices consult Taggart

Leave your order for Buffalo Ice Cream at Sugar Bowl. 2t.

Xmas at the Old Reliable is dollars saved to the Holiday purchaser.

Holiday Goods to be closed out at cost and less at Taggart's Pharmacy.

We have an extra fine line of Booth's Chocolates, from 25c to $10.00 per box

Sweeping reduction in our entire line of fancy china, the stock must be disposed of At Taggart's drug store

Leather Goods will be cut in two as far as Xmas prices are concerned. Get them at Taggart's.

At Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Chas. Carroll Watker, of Philadelphia, will preach in the Presbyterian Church on December 20th and 27th, both morning and evening. Rev. Watker will also officiate at the midweek service and at Christmas.

REACHING THE SPOT.

It can be done, So Scores of Emporium Citizens Say

To cure an aching back.

The pains of rheumatism.

The tired-out feelings.

You must reach the spot—get at the cause.

In most cases 'tis the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys

Mrs. John Summerson, W. Sixth St. Emporium, Pa., say: "I suffered from nagging backaches and pains in my sides and kidneys for a long time, caused by disorded kidneys. I also suffered from rheumatism in my limbs, was langid and lacked ambition. I used many remedies but obtained no relief until I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box from L. Taggart's drug store. They gave me relief from the backaches and pains, regulated the kidney secretions and improved my general health. I obtained more relief from this remedy than I had ever hoped for and I am therefore glad to recommend it to other kidney sufferers.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Do You Want a Steady Income each month? Would you invest $50, in a safe established business, if you could make $4. cash profit each month? Write for proofs, and particulars to:

HALLOWELL & NASH,
819, Tribune Building, New York City.

For Sale.

A desirable property, on East Fourth St., Emporium. Lot 60x120; improved by two dwelling houses. Excellent location; next door to Schlecht's Greenhouse. Apply to

MRS. ELLA MCSWANN,
37-tf. Emporium Pa.

Trying To Save His Life.

When we say that Sexine Pills are responsible for many a happy person in this world to-day we are not exaggerating a bit. There is no tonic builder equal to Sexine Pills. Show me a person who cannot be restored to strength and steady nerves with Sexine Pills, and I will show you that it will not cost you a cent to try them. They are guaranteed. Price, $1 a box. 6 boxes $5. Sold by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium.

Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are antiseptic and soothe pain quickly. Insist upon DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Regular size 50c. Sold here by R. C. Dodson.

WANTED!

Men to represent us either locally or traveling, in the sale of a full line of easy selling specialties. Apply quick and secure territory.

ALLEN NURSERY CO.,
33-16t. Rochester, N. Y.

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of LEONARD TAGGART, Deceased.

LETTERS Testamentary having been granted by the Register of Wills of Cameron County to the undersigned upon the estate of Leonard Taggart, late of Emporium, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to the Executrix.

Emporium, Pa. HELEN M. TAGGART,
December 12th, 1908.—6t. Executrix

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED to secure subscriptions and advertising for the New Amstel Magazine—a monthly, whose mission is "to uplift and enliven and cut out the bad."

Satisfactory acknowledgments have been received from many distinguihsed men, including Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan, Secretaries Root and Cortelyou, Attorney General Bonaparte, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Julian Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Henry Hanby Hay, Hiram W. Hayes.

Write at once for terms. Sample copy upon request.

NEW AMSTEL MAGAZINE COMPANY,
44-3t 1025 Market Street, Wilmington, Del.

Watch This Store for Bargains in all Departments.

All the Delicacies of the Season

DAY'S

The Satisfactory Store

Christmas Holly and Wreahs

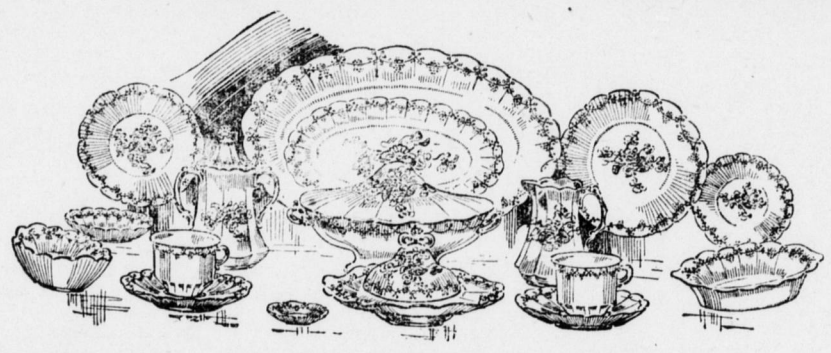
The Particular Aim of This Store

Has always been to serve the public a little better than any other in its line. How well it has succeeded we leave for others to say. We are sparing no pains to provide for your wants—particular or otherwise. So if there is anything that you particularly want for the Christmas Occasion, which we do not have in our well provided stock, let us know in time and we will take pleasure in providing it if possible.

Our Line of Christmas Groceries and Accessories

Is complete, everything needful for the complete enjoyment of the Yule Tide Season. We invite you to come to the store, make a comparison in anyway that you choose and if pleased, leave an order which we will guarantee to execute to your entire satisfaction. If not convenient for you to call at the store, use the 'phone or ask for the order clerk to call. Our service is at your command.

Gift Suggestions for Christmas



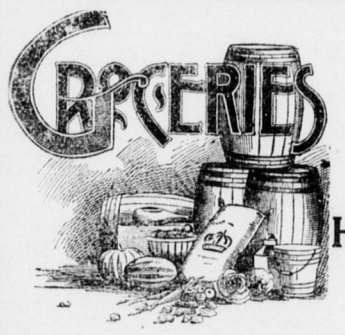
Nothing will be more appreciated as a gift than a beautiful piece of China. Our stock is large and varied. Our prices are made to sell the goods. Call and look them over.

Novelties in Burnt Wood

Here are many gift suggestions, useful as well as ornamental, ranging in price from a beautifully designed Picture Frame at 50c to a Waste Paper Basket or Tobourett at $4.00. Come in and inspect this now line before you do your purchasing.

House Furnishing Goods

This department is well stocked with the things needful to make house keeping a success and therefore a pleasure. Practical Christmas Gifts, something that can be used and enjoyed every day bringing with its use memories of the giver. They are to be had at surprisingly small cost.



OUR
Christmas Grocery Sale
GOES ON
Here's the List for Friday and Saturday THIS WEEK
GET YOUR SHARE.

Sugar
25 pound bag best Granulated Sugar,
$1.55

Chocolate Drops
Reymer's 25c chocolate drops,
A Lb. 20c

Hams
California Hams (Trimmed Shoulder), Smoked
A Lb. 10c

Beans
California Lima Beans,
A Lb. 8c.

Macaroni
15c pkg., Imported Macaroni, any style,
12c

Soups
Armour's 25c Soups Assorted. The can
20c

Lemons
Best California Lemons,
A Dozen 25c

Corn
Extra quality, 10c Corn,
3 Cans 25c

Oranges
Large Juicy Florida Oranges,
Per dozen 25c

Apple Butter
Heinz's 25c Apple Butter,
The Can 20c

Pop Corn
1907 Pop Corn,
4 Lbs 25c

Pears
N. Y. State Bartlette Pears,
25c Can 20c

Baltimore Shucked Oysters. Fresh Caught Lake Fish. You Get Better Values Here

Prompt Delivery to all parts of Town.
Phone 6, Emporium, Pa.

J. H. DAY.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lords Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and foiling her pursuers. Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives, Seton confessing love for Debbie. Flagship Britannia overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by again taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Strathgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are in hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at swords from Strathgate, Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband. Carrington, immediately following the duel, was placed under arrest for refusing to obey his admirai's orders and Ellen, who had swooned during the duel, awoke to find him gone.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Lord Blythedale looked up as Sir Charles approached.

"Hello, Seton," he said. "You know Strathgate, I believe. He and Carrington have had it out here this morning."

"I understand," interrupted Sir Charles.

"Well, Strathgate's got it terribly. Dr. Nevinson here has just succeeded in stanching the blood. Will you call my head keeper, you'll find him over beyond the coppice yonder, and we'll have him bring a shutter and take Strathgate up to the house. It'll be touch and go with him, I'm sure. Demned unpleasant piece of business this and so early in the morning!"

"Did you find the ladies, Seton?" came in weak and faltering tones from Strathgate's pale lips as he recognized Sir Charles bending over him.

"No," replied Sir Charles. He hated the man, but he was terribly down and perhaps would soon be quite out and he could not get up the heart to treat him cruelly. He had played the fool, yes, and worse, the knave, but he was paying for it a high price. "No, they were not on that ship. They had gotten away somewhere."

"Devilish clever woman, that," faltered Strathgate, "and beautiful. Carrington's a damned fool—if he—did—run me through. You're another, Seton, and—I'm—"

But what Lord Strathgate was in his own opinion, he did not at that moment reveal, for the effort at speech had been too much for him. With a sort of ghastly chuckle, he fainted quite away again.

"We have no time to lose," said Nevinson, abruptly. "We must get him to the house at once."

"I'll call the keepers myself," said Blythedale, who should have done it at first, as he knew where he had posted them.

"Fetch me some water, if you will, Sir Charles," exclaimed the doctor, "from the brook yonder! Here's a cup."

Sir Charles did as he was bid, and although he went and came in the twinkling of an eye and extended to the surgeon the cup of water desired, he had time while he filled it to pick up something else that lay by the bank in the soft ooze of the border of the brook. He noticed the foot print of a woman's shoe and by the side of it another little knot of ribbon like that he wore, a knot of scarlet, the color Mistress Debbie affected and with which, he remembered—for he had met Lady Ellen when she came from the ship to England—the dress she wore on the ocean, which she had undoubtedly assumed for traveling, was trimmed. It matched that other knot of scarlet which he had worn next his heart since he took it from the carriage floor.

Ellen and Deborah had escaped! Why was it not possible for fortune to have brought them there? His eye swept the scene with the instinct of a trained soldier to whom the habit of seeking cover has become second nature. The coppice! They were there and he would see them; they should not escape him now. He hastily arranged his course.

In a few moments Blythedale came back with his keepers and a shutter from the nearest keeper's house over which blankets and comforts had been hastily thrown. With infinite care, they lifted the prostrate, senseless Strathgate upon it and started for the hall.

"If you'll forgive me, Blythedale," said Sir Charles in answer to an invitation to accompany them, "I have something to think about and I shall stay here alone for a few moments."

"Oh, very well, suit yourself," returned Blythedale, "but when you've had your thought out, come up to the hall and I'll give you some breakfast and something to drink to take the taste of this demned unpleasant business out of our mouths, and so early in the morning, too! Poor Strathgate!"

Seton stood quietly until he had satisfied himself that the party had got out of sight and sound. Then he turned to the coppice.

"Mistress Deborah," he cried softly, approaching the edge. "Lady Ellen!"

He listened. He detected a slight whimpering sound and then a sob.

"Mistress Deborah, I know your voice," cried Sir Charles forcing his way through the undergrowth regardless of his clothing, and in a moment he was by the side of Mistress Debbie.

Mistress Debbie had been lying upon her face. She lifted herself up on her arms and was staring at Sir Charles as well as she could stare at anvone with the tears streaming down her face. Leaves and bits of mold clung to her person, her eyes were heavy, her face was haggard. It is evidence of the quality of Sir Charles' passion that, even in this guise, he thought her beautiful.

He stooped over her instantly, caught her in his arms and drew her to her feet. Mistress Debbie fell against him, clung to him with an astonishing access of strength and cried the more.

In his excitement and rapture at this delightful contact, Sir Charles did not notice the other darker figure lying prone near the spot whence he had plucked his love. As soon as his

"My Lord Is Well?"

eye fell upon her, he quickly lifted his sweetheart's head and held her from him a little.

"Is that Lady Ellen?" he asked.

"Yes," said Debbie contritely, "I was so glad to see you, I forgot—"

"Is she dead?"

"Fainted, I think. You see we saw all that terrible battle—"

"We must get her out of here at once," said Sir Charles, releasing Deborah. He stooped down and, although Ellen was no light burden for any man, he picked her up and followed by Debbie forced his way through the coppice on to the sward which had already been the scene of such memorable events that morning. He laid her gently on the grass, bade Debbie loosen her collar, ran to the brook, came back with a hat full of water and splashed it, manlike, unceremoniously into Ellen's face. Then he drew from his pocket a small flask which he happened to have with him, and forced a few drops of liquor between Lady Ellen's pale lips. Then he and Deborah fell to chafing her hands. Presently, with a long sigh Lady Ellen opened her eyes.

She stared hard at Seton for a moment and then the color slowly came back into her cheeks. She strove weakly to rise upon her hand and Debbie slipped her arm behind her and supported her.

"Where is my lord?" she asked faintly. "I saw it all. Oh, my God, I saw it all!"

"Lord Carrington was not hurt," "I know," faltered Ellen. "Strathgate! How horribly he was punished," she murmured. "We have all suffered, but I must go to my lord now. You have run me down on a lee shore, Sir Charles. Will you take me to him?"

"Dear Lady Carrington," said Sir Charles, tenderly, "I would do so—You must prepare yourself for another shock."

This time Ellen sat bolt upright, disdaining Deborah's help and in spite of her restraining arm.

"My lord is well?" she cried in anguished tones.

"Perfectly well," said Sir Charles, "but arrested."

"For what? For the duel?"

"Nay, for disobedience of orders, for refusing to rejoin his ship, for—"

"And he was following me," cried Lady Ellen with a heavenly smile, "he cared more for me than orders, or—"

And then the thought of Lady Cecily swept into her mind and clouded her heart.

"Madam," said Seton, "believe me he cares more for you than anything under heaven."

"And am I not to go to him now?" asked Ellen. "I see how foolish I have been."

"If you will forgive me the suggestion," said Seton, "'tis Carrington who has played the fool and now he's in a grave situation. Admiral Kephard is his friend, but he is helpless. My lord must stand a court-martial and 'tis likely to go hard with him."

"What is to be done?" asked Ellen, seeing her new found cup of happiness about to be dashed from her lips.

"You must go to the king, tell him the whole story."

"Who will take me there?" asked Ellen, after a long pause.

"I will," returned Sir Charles. "Think you that having at last run you down, I would allow Mistress Debbie out of my sight again? Courage, madam, we will appeal to his majesty in person. He hath a kind heart for all his strange ways; God bless him! We will all go together and appeal to him, but first I must get you shelter"—and Sir Charles looked away as he spoke—"and clothes suitable for your sex. We will go to Blythedale hall."

"Have they taken Lord Strathgate there?"

"Ay," returned Sir Charles, "in a helpless, fainting condition."

"I will never go," said Ellen, decidedly, "under any roof in which he abides, living or dead."

"Very well," said Sir Charles. "Mistress Deborah shall stay here with you. I will get a carriage somewhere and we will go to the next posting station and at the first convenient stopping place the definite arrangements may be completed."

"And you and Debbie, Sir Charles?" queried Ellen.

"If Mistress Debbie will accept me," said Sir Charles, bowing ceremoniously, "I shall be proud to be her husband."

"Oh, Sir Charles," faltered Debbie, rising to her feet and blushing like the crimson ribbon with which her dress was trimmed, "I did not want to run away a bit," she said as Sir Charles, utterly oblivious to Lady Ellen, caught her in his arms.

"You found Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' a heavenly volume," says my lady, softly. "May it be peaceful and happy with you to the last page."

"Amen!" assented Sir Charles, cutting short Debbie's ejaculation in the most approved and delectable way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHT HE WANTED SNUFFBOX

Suspicion of Piper Not Very Flattering to His Grace.

At a dinner given by the marquis of Bute, among the guests was a well-known duke who, in full Highland dress, had his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to another of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuffbox could not be found anywhere, though a very thorough search was made. The duke was specially anxious about it, but with no result. Some months afterwards the duke again donned the kilt for another public ceremony—the first time he had worn it since the above dinner—and happening to put his hand into his sporran he, to his utmost astonishment, found there the snuffbox which had been lost at the public dinner. Turning to his piper, the duke said: "Why, this is the snuffbox we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace," replied the piper, "I did, but I thocht ye wushed tae keep it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Much Clothing.

The chief quarrel which hygiene has with clothing is that there is too much of it; garments come down too far, are too tight, too heavy, too hot, writes Dr. Woods Hutchinson. We do much more harm to our health by overloading ourselves with clothing and by overindulging ourselves in the luxury of warmth—cramping the movements of the body, interfering with the respiration, depriving the skin of its most inalienable right, the right to fresh air, absorbing the perspiration and making a refrigerating cold pack for the body after exercise—than is done by wearing tight stays or tight boots.

Cheap Home-Made Barometer.

A weather man described the other day a cheap home-made barometer.

He said it was only necessary to take a piece of string about 15 inches long and to soak it several hours in a strong solution of salt and water.

After being dried the string should have a light weight tied to one end and be hung up against a wall, a mark being made to show where the weight reaches.

The barometer is now complete. It is as accurate as a $100 instrument. The weight rises for wet weather and falls for fine.

The Necessary Requirement.

"Father," said the young woman, "I begin to realize that beauty is only skin deep."

"How's that?" questioned her pa.

"Nowadays," continued the girl, "a dowry is much deeper."

Whereupon her father resolved to add a little more water to the stock that a fund might be established to attract desirable young men.—Detroit Free Press.

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble

—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGLISH HUMOR.

She—Pooh! What is a kiss It is nothing.

He—Well you once said you could refuse me nothing, you know.—Chips.

The Changing Times.

Times have changed since 450 years ago, when Halley's comet, for whose reappearance astronomers are now looking, was in the heavens. Then the Christian world prayed to be delivered from "the devil, the Turk and the comet." Now it says the devil is not as black as he has been painted, the Turk is a negligible quantity and the comet would be rather welcome than otherwise.—Boston Transcript.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS - 50¢ per BOTTLE

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at $3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—*Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.*

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers $20.00 to $25.00 per acre. **Grain-raising,** mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

H. M. WILLIAMS,
Law Building. Toledo, Ohio.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PISO'S CURE

Keep It on Hand!

Coughs and colds may seize any member of the family any time. Many a bad cold has been averted and much sickness and suffering has been saved by the prompt use of Piso's Cure. There is nothing like it to break up coughs and colds. There is no bronchial or lung trouble that it will not relieve. Free from opiates or harmful ingredients. Fine for children.

At all druggists', 25 cts.

25 CTS.

No Married Men for Him.

H. Elvin, secretary of the National Union of Clerks, mentions that he once received this card from an employer who lives in the north of London: "I am a single man, employ two porters and five clerks. No married man shall ever enter my employ. As far as possible with my tradespeople I only deal with those who are single. What else I desire I order froom my stores. I will have nothing to do with dirty, careless, idle and mostly thieving married fools."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Aunt Harriet's Omnipotence.

In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at a playmate and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you, and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your man servant, nor your maid servant, nor your ox, nor your ass."

Her mother sternly reproved her, asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes, the ten commandmends."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child, looking disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."—Woman's Journal.

Bloom on the Egg.

"I know these eggs, at least, are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket, a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off my hands."

Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh.

"In that case," he said, "I will forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new-laid sort."

Anticipating Misfortune.

Not only do we suffer much in the anticipation of evil, as "Noah lived many years under the affliction of a flood, and Jerusalem was taken unto Jeremy before it was besieged," but we often distress ourselves greatly in the apprehension of misfortunes which, after all, never happen at all. We should do our best and wait calmly the result. We often hear of people breaking down from overwork, but in nine cases out of ten they are really suffering from worry and anxiety.—Sir John Lubbock.

Wanted the Painkiller.

Whenever two-year-old Ruland bumped his inquisitive head or bruised his adventurous body a bottle of some good old-fashioned lotion was brought out and some of its soothing contents applied to the injured part. Recently Ruland received his first spanking, an experience which was to him totally new, strange and mystifying. About all he understood of it was that it hurt and immediately after being allowed to wriggle off of the maternal knee he toddled toward the shelf on which stood his old friend, the bottle, and with hands upraised cried imploringly:

"Botty, botty, give Wuland botty twick."—Kansas City Times.

Rather Hard.

The messenger entered the palace with the dispatches.

"Brimstone and asphalt!" ejaculated Castro, as he read the yellow slip. "Holland threatens to spank us."

"Well, what of it, your excellency?" responded the secretary. "Other nations have threatened to do the same."

"Yes, but, confound it, this is a spanking that will hurt. The Dutch wear wooden shoes."

Lives Lost in the Industries.

The construction of every skyscraper claims an average of at least three victims, and of the 19,000,000 industrial workers in this country 500,000 are killed or maimed every year.

Trip to Florida Free

I will pay your railroad fare to Hilliard, Florida, from any point in Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, or Kentucky, any day during December, if you buy a 10-acre truck farm for $210 in the North Florida Fruit and Truck Farm District, 30 miles from Jacksonville, which will earn $2,000 to $3,000 a year.

Sixty-two men took advantage of the home-seekers' excursion to Hilliard on November 24th and they bought 114 farms. Each was given a lot in Hilliard free.

You are offered the same advantages. Write quick. The nearest unsold farm to town will be reserved and accommodations at our headquarters will be arranged for you.

Read Every Line of this Advertisement

I will send you full details of this offer, plat of the truck farms, portfolio of pictures of the farms, the new improvements and the town of Hilliard and a book about the wonderful development of truck farming in Northern Florida. I will reserve for you, the moment I get your postal or letter stating that you want particulars and may go to Hilliard, the nearest farm to the town of Hilliard then unsold and hold it until you make your trip.

My proposition to pay your railroad fare is good any day during December. I will arrange so you can secure 10 acres of this land in the heart of the North Florida Fruit and Truck Farm District near Jacksonville at $10 a month, and besides I will give you a building lot 25x125 feet absolutely free in the town of Hilliard adjoining these farms. Many fruit and truck farms in the Jacksonville district net $250 to $600 per acre every year.

This is the kind you buy at $10 per month. Do you know that the great Atlantic Coast cities and cities as far west as Omaha depend absolutely on the Florida Fruit and Truck farms for early February, March and April strawberries, celery, Irish potatoes, cabbage, lettuce and radishes? With one of these farms you can have an income that can be depended on year after year and you can get it if you save just $10 a month.

No interest and no taxes till payments are completed. You don't have to pioneer—these Fruit and Truck Farms are in the heart of civilization—near Jacksonville and less than two miles from the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, which has a big twenty-car switch track at Hilliard, a thrifty little city with telegraph, long distance telephone, two schools, churches, three general stores, and these North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms join on to and are a part of this growing town.

What 10 acres means to you: First—a money making investment and a home in the finest all year 'round climate in the world. Northern Florida is warm in winter and there are no extremes of heat in summer.

Second—you can make a good living, **eat June vegetables** and fruits in **January** and sell your crops for cash, and **earn** from **$2,000 to $3,000** each **year.**

Third—These North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms are all upland, no swamps, rich sand loam and will grow the finest fruits and vegetables surer, better and more to the acre than in any other section of the South. Every acre in every 10-acre farm is tillable land.

Fourth—You don't have to know farming to make one of these 10-acre farms pay you big money.

Fifth—You can hold it as an investment and sell at 100% advance by the end of the first year.

Here is what my company offers you:

I will have delivered to you immediately upon receipt of your application for one of these 10-acre North Florida Fruit and Truck farms a certificate of purchase which is issued by the **Chicago Title & Trust Co.; capital $5,000,000.**

The title to the entire tract is held in trust for the benefit of purchasers by the Chicago Title & Trust Company, one of the strongest, safest and best guarantee title and trust companies in the United States.

Ask your banker or lawyer about the safety of title to land issued under its guarantee by the Chicago Title & Trust Company, and satisfy yourself. The Chicago Title & Trust Company will issue a deed and guarantee title to the 10-acre tract and to the residence lot which we give you free.

You don't have to irrigate, fight crop pests, nor watch the heavens for rain. There is no chance for failure of crop. The rainfall in Northern Florida averages 80 inches and comes every month in the year. It always has rained 80 inches or more as long as any farmer, now living in Florida, can remember, and always will.

You owe it to yourself to take advantage of this opportunity. There never was a time when a land company would pay the railroad fare of a purchaser from his home town, of as small a tract as 10 acres at $21 an acre. More than 500 farms have been sold in less than 6 months, and we want to sell a thousand more farms during this winter. **I am, therefore, willing to apply the amount of your ticket from your town to Hilliard one way to your monthly payments if you buy a 10-acre farm from us because I know you can help me sell to a half dozen others in your neighborhood after you return from your trip of investigation and purchase.** Write a letter or postal and mail it to-day, and I will send the plat of the land and the book with pictures of the land, pictures of the town of Hilliard, and pictures of growing truck farms. I will do everything to give you the fullest assurance that an investigation of the opportunity we offer you is worth while, but space in this advertisement will not permit me to go further into detail.

I will give you full particulars regarding the payment of your railroad fare, how and why we do this, and will send you a schedule of the winter tourist railroad rates from your town in effect during December.

Please write at once—now. It will cost you but a 2c stamp to find out and satisfy yourself that this advertisement is true, every word of it, and that you can absolutely earn on this land from $2,000 to $3,000 yearly. Just say in your letter or postal: "Send me particulars about the North Florida Fruit and Truck Farms." Address me personally,

F. W. CORNWALL
President Cornwall Farm Land Company
1532 First National Bank Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

(Copyright, by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It was two o'clock when Le Pretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat—it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. 'Even if I'm dead, Marie,' he said, joking me, 'I will come to thee at Christmas.'"

On the farther side of L'Isle Madam the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that

"Yes, Yes; It's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fitful blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O, Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hadst a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madam was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madam. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed, over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the browned faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was La Bretagne, they know her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.

WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID?

"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say—"

"Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school—and you don't."

TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible — Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

News from the Settlement.

"We are not exactly happy on the way, but we are not too mean to shout 'Amen' when the rest of the world cries 'Halleluia!'

"Just how the editor knew we had 'possum for dinner last Tuesday is more than we can tell, but he came just in the nick of time and dined with us.

"We have much for which to be thankful. We raise our own turkeys, but turkey for dinner is so common in our settlement that we sometimes forget to thank Providence for it.

"There is no news to speak of, except that we'll all build up this old country if we keep the saw in the log, and keep the sawdust flying."—Atlanta Constitution.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Work with a Will.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—John Ruskin.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Split Skirt.

Patience—I see half of the people call them sheath skirts, and the other half call them directoire gowns.

Patrice—Yes; I was sure there'd be a split about it.

Every Woman Will Be Interested.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure, for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Picked His Studies.

"I understand your son is a hard student."

"Hard! Why his muscles are like iron."

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds its brightness everywhere.—Pascal.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

A poor appetite is a good thing—for the boarding house keeper.

LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

OF TWO EVILS, ETC.

Youngster Evidently Had His Own Idea as to the Choice.

My neighbor, writes a correspondent, has four young sons, whom he and his wife duly lead to church every Sunday. Just as the sermon was about to begin last Sunday one of the boys was observed to look very uncomfortable, and, having explained the nature of his sufferings, was sent home. His younger brother, in an urgent whisper, demanded of his mother: "Where's Tom gone?"

"He's gone home."

"What for?"

"The mother whispered, low: "He's got toothache."

And the lad, as he sat up to listen to the preacher, muttered, in a stage whisper: "Lucky dog!"

AMONGST THE BULL-RUSHES.

Lazy Larry—Woof! Just to think, with all this wasted effort, I could have won the Marathon race!

Sniffles and Nerves.

Keep to yourself during warm, nerve-irritating weather. It is related that an Atchison man and wife dearly love each other. She is a perfect lady, and apologizes when she says "shucks." But one night, when they were sitting on the porch, presumably enjoying the tender twilight, she suddenly picked up a stool and threw it at his head. "I am not insane," she said, calmly, when he turned a frightened gaze on her; "I am simply worn out by the manner in which you sniffle at the end of every sentence!"—Atchison Globe.

Not Anxious at All.

"One word of our language that is almost always misused," said the particular man, "is 'anxious.' You will hear people exclaim how anxious they are to see a certain play, or anxious to get a new hat, or anxious to take a trip to Europe, when they are not anxious at all, but eager or desirous. If anxious were used only in the right place we wouldn't hear it half so often."

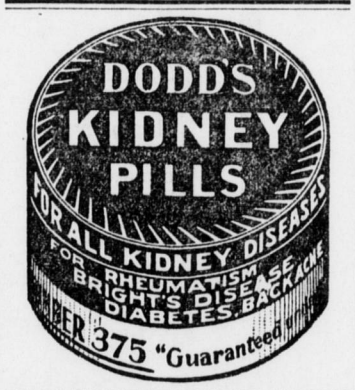
Noble Gentleman, This.

"No, I do not believe in indiscriminate charity-giving. Whenever a beggar tells me he is starving I put him to the test before believing him. I tell him to come back in two days."

"Well?"

"Well, if he comes back it's clear that he told a lie, so I refuse him. If it was the truth, he'd be dead."

A cheerful man is one who can present a smiling face to every turn of fortune, not one whose radiancy disappears for trifles of vexation.—Leigh Smith.



If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

A. N. K.—C (1908—50) 2260.

RECIPE FOR REAL TROUBLE.

Cheerfully Contributed to an Already Unhappy World.

Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain, the trouble maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the iron worker; and Eve got Adam into hot water long before the Boiler Makers' union began business.

There are three kinds of trouble—imaginary, borrowed and real.

Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, suicides, the poorhouse, death, and the grave, carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner, or a drop in the stock market.

Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turn the How-to-Be-Happy Philosopher, the Preacher of Physical Culture and the Apostle of Diet.—Puck.

THE QUARREL.

Her—Why on earth did you every marry me?

Him—Oh, don't be so bromidic! That's what everybody asks.

No Deception.

"I bought some boom lots in a coast town. Feller wrote me the land might all be gone in a week if I didn't buy quick."

"That's an old dodge."

"But he told the exact truth. The ocean is carrying it off in chunks."—S. Louis Republic.

A Solemn Responsibility.

"It's easy to be gay and make people about you forget their troubles."

"That's all you know about it," answered the professional comedian. "You never had a lot of people out in front wondering whether they were going to get their money's worth."

Reducing Weight.

Racehorse Owner—"William, you are too heavy. Can't you take something off?" Jockey—"I'm wearing my lightest suit, and haven't tasted food all day." Owner—"Then, for goodness' sake, go and get shaved."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A tiresome speech is apt to be a cheerless affair.

For Croup and Whooping Cough

there is no quicker, surer remedy known than Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Four generations of children have been relieved and cured by this old and reliable medicine.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

has been successfully employed for over 78 years in countless cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs and Chest, Pleurisy, and similar ailments.

For the sake of your children keep a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant in your home where you will have it at hand in an emergency. Sold by all druggists in three size bottles, $1.00, 50c and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is the ideal worm medicine, and an effective tonic for adults and children alike.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE (TRADE MARK)
PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES ETC.
DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c.
H. PLANTEN & SON 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Choice Mistletoe

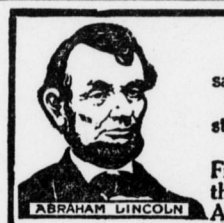
Beautiful foliage and berries, ideal for HOLIDAY SOUVENIR. Sent postage paid in 25 and 50 cent cartons, address,

W. T. CLEMONS, P. O. Box 115, Ft. Smith, Ark.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Railway School Teaches Freight, Ticket, Express and Telegraphy. Good positions guaranteed to our graduates. Write for catalog. Railway Com'l Training School, 156 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.



Are your shoes going down hill? They haven't lived up to the salesman's say-so.

Take our say-so this time. Get stylish White House Shoes.

They fit from tip to counter. From welt to top face, they meet the graceful shape of your foot. And they hold that shape.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES.

FOR MEN, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00.
FOR WOMEN, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes for youngsters. Ask your dealer for them.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers
ST. LOUIS

BROWN'S ★5★ MARK MEANS QUALITY

To California
Across Salt Lake by Rail
Via
The Overland Limited
Famous Here and Abroad
Leaves Chicago Daily

Composite Observation Car, Pullman Drawing-room and Compartment Cars, Dining Cars; all electric lighted and well ventilated. Library, Smoking Rooms—everything pleasant—makes your journey delightful. No excess fare.

Union Pacific, Southern Pacific
Electric Block Signal Protection—the safe road to travel

Send twelve cents in postage for book entitled, "The Overland Route to the Road of a Thousand Wonders."

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Omaha, Neb.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

5¢ BLOCH BROS. WEST VIRGINIA MAIL POUCH TOBACCO COARSE CUT CHEWING
THE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR SIGNATURE Bloch Brothers
NOTICE—The Manufacturers of this Tobacco have complied with all the requirements of law. Every person is cautioned under the penalties of the law not to counterfeit package for Tobacco again.
Factory No. 16 The District of West Virginia
MAIL POUCH
COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

CHEW AND SMOKE
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
STANDARD FOR OVER 30 YEARS

R. KUEHNE

Cameron County's Largest and Finest Store.

Free! Free!

From now till Christmas we will give a handsome Satin Underskirt with every Ladies Suit, absolutely FREE.

Ladies Fur Turbans

Special good values in a variety of furs.

$2.25 to $5.00

Imitation Cut Glass in many shapes almost as fine as the real cut glass 15c and 19c.

R. KUEHNE

Emporium's Most Up-to-Date Store.

Free! Free!

With every Child's Coat sold we will give a pretty dressed Doll FREE.

Coats, Suits, Skirts

We have the largest variety and the most up-to-date styles in town. All marked at very special low prices.

Golden iridescent Glassware, entirely new, vases compots, saucers, etc. Price 10c, 12c, 15c, 19c and 25c.

Something Unusual

From now till Christmas we will make a present to every one of our customers buying Dolls or Toys from us. With every dollars worth of Toys or Dolls you may take your choice of a dolls saque, kimona, petticoat, apron or sun bonnet FREE.

Here is a List of Suitable Gifts for Every Member in the Family

For the Mother, Sister or Sweetheart

Black Silks for Dresses, special values at 75, 90, $1.00 a yd.
Plaid Silk for Waists, special values at 49 and 85c per yd.
Fine Dress Goods, in patterns, special values at 8.00 to $14.00.
Stylish Dress Goods by the yard, 29, 50, 75c, and $1.00.
Crepe de Chene for Scarfs, all colors, per yard 65c.
Messaline Silk in Evening Shades, 35 in. wide, $1.25 per yd.
Perrins celebrated Kid Gloves, 1 00, 1.50 to $3.50.
Ladies Manish Leather Gloves, per pair $1.25.
Ladies Gauntlet Kid Gloves, per pair 1.25 to $2.00.
Ladies Lined Fabric Gloves, 25 to 50c.
Ladies Knit Gloves and Mittens, 25c to 50c.
Ladies Silk Underskirts, 5.00, 6.50 to $9.00.
Ladies Heatherbloom Underskirts, 2.00, 3.co, $3.75.
Ladies Sateen Underskirts, 79, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, $2.00.
Beautiful Silk Scarfs, latest patterns, 50c to $2.50.
Elegant Neckwear, the new high Ruching, 25c to $1.50.
Real Lace Handkerchiefs, 1.25 to $4.00.
Equisite Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 10, 25 and 50c.
Initial Handkerchiefs, 10 and 25c.
Fancy Handkerchiefs, 5, 10, 15 and 25c.
Fur Scarfs and Muffs, 1.50 to $25.00.
Fur Turbans to match fur sets, 2.25 to $5.00.
Trimmed Hats now selling at half price.
Elegant Leather Hand Bags, 50c to $5.00.
Silver Purses on chains, 25c to $2.00.
Rich Belts in all colors, 25c to $3.50.
Fine Gold, Silver and Pearl Handle Umbrellas, 1.00 to $5.00,
Beautiful Manicure Sets in fancy boxes, 2.00 to $6.50.
Fine Traveling Sets in leather cases, 2.50 to $6.50.
Rich Jewelled Back Combs, 1.00 to $3.50.
Colgate's Perfumes and Toilet Articles.
Fine Papetrie in fancy boxes, 10c to $2.00.
Brush and Comb Sets, 1.00 to $3.50.
Fine Hosiery in Evening Shades, 50c to $1.50.
Knit Scarfs and Fascinators, 25c to $3.50.
Duchess Walking Skirts, finest made, 5.00 to $13.50.
Stylish Tailor Made Suits, 10.00 to $25.00.
The latest in Coats, 3.95 to $25.00.
Magnificent Lace Shirtwaists, 3.98 to $10.00.
Fine White Lawn Shirtwaists, 69c to $5.00.
Splendid Knit Sweater Coats, 2.00, 2.50, $3.00.

Extra

special sale of magnificent all over Lace Waists, also fine Lawn and White Batiste waists, much under price.

Regular $5.98
Beautiful Ecru Lace Waists, very latest styles. Special at **$4.69**

Regular $2.98
Cream Batiste Waists with rich embroidered front Special at **$1.98**

Regular $2.50
Fine White Lawn Waists, handsome embroidered fronts Special at **$1.79**

Millinery

Remember you can buy any Trimmed Hat in our stock at exactly.

Half Price

For the Father, Husband or Brother

Fine Umbrellas, fancy handles, 1.00 to $5.00.
Traveling Sets in leather cases, 3.00 to $6.00,
Shaving Sets, 69c to $3.00.
Leather Gloves, 1.00 to $1.25.
Collar and Cuff Boxes, 1.00 to $1 25.
Suspenders in Fancy Boxes, 25 to 50c.
Elegant Neckties in Fancy Boxes, 25 to 50c.
Comb and brush Sets, 1.00 to $3.50.
Knit Cardigan Jackets, 1.50 to $3.75.
Silk Mufflers, $1.00.
Handkerchief with Initials, 10 to 25c.
Silk Handkerchiefs, 25 to 50c.
Emporium Sofa Pillows, with 12 Views of the town 50c.
Fancy Blankets for Bath Robes, 2.50 to $3.00.
Cuff Links, 25c to $2.00.
Plaster Paris Bust and Figures, 39 to 50c.
Fine Half Hose, 10 to 50c.
Gilted Photo Frames, 50c.
Dress and Night Shirts 50c to $1.00.
Linen Collars and Cuffs.
Fine Underwear, 50c to $1.50.

For the Children and Infants

Postal Card Albums, 10 to 50c.
Spinning Tops, filled with candy, 10c.
Sewing Boxes, 25, 50c and $1.00.
Writing Tablets, 25, 50, 1.00, $1.25.
Angora and Crochet Bonnets, 50c to $2.00.
Pearl and Fancy Neck Chains, 25c to $2.00.
Colgate's Juvenile Perfume Boxes, 25c.
Bear Skin and Cloth Coats, 2.98 to $15.00.
Leggins, 25c to $1.00.
Fascinators, 1.25 to $10.00.
Dolls of all kinds 5c to $5.50.
Knit or Leather Gloves and Mittens, 25 to 50c.
Sweater Coats 1.50 to $2.50.
Fancy Handkerchiefs, 5 to 25c.
Baby Baskets, nicely lined, $1.00.
Baby Toilet Sets in Fancy boxes, 50c, 1.00, $1.25.
Baby's Long and Short Dresses, 75c to $3.00.
Baby's Long Coats, 1.50 to $5.00.
Dolls Go-Carts, 1.25 to $6.00.
Elexible Flyers, 2.00 and $3.00.

Hundreds of Fancy Articles and Novelties Displayed on our Center Tables. Books at Special Low Prices and then the Toys of all Kinds.

CHILD JESUS IN ART

BY REV. ELLIS E. DRAKE.

ALL know that the story of the birth and childhood of Jesus the Christ, told with such wonderful simplicity in the New Testament, had taken deep hold upon the heart and the imagination of Christians the world over. No other part of the gospel history has given so many themes to poet and painter. No other narrative in the world has been illustrated by so many famous artists. It is easy to see some of the reasons which have made it a favorite subject.

First, there is the religious interest which centers in the entrance of the Divine Saviour into the world. Such an event, for all who believe in the Christian religion, must have a profound significance. It is the sunrise of faith, the beginning of a new spiritual world, the laying of the cornerstone of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Even if the artist himself were not sure of this, did not altogether believe it, he would know that other people believed it; and by the imagination he could see what a supreme importance was given by the faith of Christendom to the brief and simple story of the birth at Bethlehem.

Second, there is the human interest which clings to the ever beautiful relation of motherhood and childhood. The tenderest and most unselfish love is that with which a true mother looks upon her little child; the most perfect innocence and trustful joy are revealed in the deep eyes of the baby who smiles into the face of his mother bending over him. The paintings of the Child Jesus and the Virgin Mary have drawn into themselves the best thoughts of men concerning the gracious secret of maternity and the unstained bliss of infancy.

Fantastic Legends.

Third, there is the poetic and pictorial interest which grows out of the incidents of the story, the strange contrast between the heavenly significance of the birth of Christ and its outward circumstances, the blending of light and shade, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, angelic songs and earthly persecutions. All these varied elements, centering about a single figure, afford a field of illumination and illustration such as art loves.

My first advice, then, to those who wish thoroughly to appreciate and enjoy these pictures would be to read and re-read the gospel of St. Matthew from the eighteenth verse of the first chapter to the end of the second chapter, and the first two chapters of St. Luke's gospel. Then it would be wise to read some of the later legends which were woven in the apocryphal books, and in the mediaeval poems and narratives about the birth and childhood of Christ. Many of these legends are curious and fantastic, evidently allegorical and symbolical. They have none of the simple directness and quiet restraint of the Biblical history. They are, in effect, clear illustrations of that native trait of the human mind—familiar to every one who has tried to tell a true story to a child—the craving for picturesque detail. "How did it happen? Where did it happen? Who was there? How did they look? What did they do afterwards?" These are the questions that children ask when they hear a story; and these are the questions to which men have given fanciful answers in the apocryphal and mediaeval legends, such as the protevangelium of St. James, the gospel of St. Thomas, the gospel of the pseudo-Matthew. The history of the nativity of Mary, the golden legend of Jacobus de Voragine, the poems of Konrad of Fussesbrunn, Walther af Rheinau, Abbess Kroswitha, and the traditions given by Justin Martyr, St. Jerome, St. Bernard and many other writers.

Much of this legendary and symbolist material was taken up quite naively by the painters and embodied in their pictures. Suppose you have a picture of the Annunciation which represents Mary as passing through a garden when the angel came to her; that is in accordance with the Protevangelium, which says that Mary was chosen by lot from among the virgins of Nazareth to spin the royal purple of the Temple veil; one day, as she was returning from the fountain with her pitcher of water, the angel met her and said: "Hail, thou who art full of grace!" and when she went back to her spinning he came again to her to complete his message. If the picture represents Mary in the house, working at the veil, the artist has chosen to show us the second appearance of the angel. The emblems which the artists put into their pictures are significant. The pot of lilies at Mary's side, the lily-branch in the angel's hand symbolize purity. The olive-bough borne by the dove means peace.

Or here is a picture of the nativity which shows the Child and his mother and Joseph in a cave. This is according to the account of Justin Martyr (and quite in harmony with the customs of Palestine), that the stable of the inn where Christ was born was a grotto in the rocks. Here perhaps you see the ox and the ass bowing their heads before the child. This is told by the gospel of the pseudo Matthew in fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." Here, again, is a dazzling supernatural light radiating from the child, so that shepherds who have just entered must shade their eyes. This detail is given in many legends.

How the Story Develops.

The five chief points around which the paintings of the birth and childhood of Christ naturally group themselves are (1) The Annunciation; (2) The Nativity; (3) The Adoration of the Magi; (4) The Flight Into Egypt; (5) The Home at Nazareth.

1. The Annunciation comes from the first chapter of St. Luke, and with it are associated two minor incidents, the visit of Mary to her cousin Elizabeth, and the birth of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ. The painters have delighted to show us the virginal beauty and meekness of Mary; the joy with which the angel brought his message, and the awe and wonder with which she received the new conception of her son as the Son of the Highest, the Saviour of his people. No picture of the Annunciation is good in which this wonder and this joy are not expressed. If in addition the painter has chosen to put in many details to make us feel the innocence and lovely grace of Mary's life; if he has shown us the quiet work with which she is busy; the sweet order of her room which images the tranquillity of her soul; this also is well. But the great thing is that he should perceive and show, as simply as possible, the charm of that perfect figure of maidenhood, no rude peasant girl, but one with royal blood in her veins and heavenly thoughts in her heart.

The Nativity.

2. The pictures of the Nativity have a greater variety of incidents and of modes of presentation. The simplest are those which show Mary and Joseph in the stable with the child; then come those in which the angels appear, or the shepherds came to pay their adoration; another conception represents the mother alone with her babe adoring him or nursing him. Pictures of the presentation in the temple, and perhaps some of the Madonna and Child belong to the general theme of the Nativity because their central idea is the advent of Christ as a little babe.

Here the painters have found a wide field for imagination, and have used large liberty in expressing the feelings with which different persons drew near to the holy child. Mary is almost always shown as wondrously happy; sometimes, as in Murillo's "Adoration of the Shepherds," lifting the cloth that covers the child and displaying him with gentle pride.

3. With the Adoration of the Magi, a new element comes into the scene. These wise men from the east, whether they were kings or not, were the representatives of the outside world.

There are pictures which show the Magi on their journey led by a star, sometimes shining in the form of a babe in the sky; and others which show them at the court of Herod asking their way; and others which show them being warned by an angel in a dream not to go back to Jerusalem; and others which show them returning by sea to their own country. But the great majority of painters have chosen the moment at which the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh were presented to the child. Here there is room for splendid color and dramatic contrast.

4. The Flight into Egypt is the contrasting companion-piece to the Adoration of the Magi. The one brings the great world into the dwelling of the Child Jesus; the other carries the Child Jesus out into the great world.

Story of the Flight.

The pictures of this subject fall into two main divisions: those which represent its actual journey and those which show the Holy Family resting, either by the way, or in the land of Egypt. The paintings which deal with the latter theme—commonly known as the Repose—include some of the most beautiful works of art, especially during the last three centuries. Many details have been introduced from the legends of the flight, in which the apocryphal "History of the Nativity of Mary" is particularly rich. This is one of them: "The Holy Family rested by the road beneath a date palm and Mary desired to eat of the fruit; but it hung high above her head. Joseph, being weary, was not able to climb the tree. But the Child Jesus knew his mother's wish, and at his command the tree bent down its branches. Then he thrust his fingers into the sand, and a spring of water gushed forth. The next morning Jesus thanked the obedient tree, and promised that one of its branches should be carried by the angels and planted in Paradise."

The Triumph of the Innocents.

The landscape is half shadowed by night, but the moonbeams weave a filmy radiance over plain and the distant hills where the watch fires are growing red. In front marches Joseph, with his basket of tools on his back, a sturdy son of toil. The mother, a noble woman of Palestine, carries the child in her arms, happy and fearless. But who are these little children that run and float beside the travelers? They are the spirits of the murdered innocents of Bethlehem, set free to follow the infant Saviour, and knowing that through him they have entered by the gate of death into eternal joy. Three tiny ghosts in the rear have not yet felt his presence nor caught sight of him, and the pain and terror of mortality are heavy upon them. But the others are radiant and rejoicing as ransomed souls; and at their feet rolls the river of life, breaking into shimmering bubbles in which the glories of heaven are reflected. Joseph does not see the spirits. I doubt whether even Mary sees them clearly. But Jesus recognizes his former playmates with joy. He leans from his mother's arms to greet them, holding out a handful of wheat, the symbol of the bread of Heaven.

It is all mystical, visionary, unreal? Or is it a true picture to the eye of what faith beholds in the religion of Jesus? Surely if this gospel has any meaning it is the bringing of light and blessing to the suffering little ones of earth; a deeper compassion and a tenderer care for them, and the promises of a heaven full of happy children.

MADONNA AND CHILD. BY FILIPPINO LIPPI

VIRGIN, INFANT JESUS AND ST JOHN. PAINTING BY BOTTICELLI

MADONNA WITH THE CHRIST-CHILD. PAINTING BY DEFREGGER.

"HE IS RISEN" PAINTING BY PLOCKHORST

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

— By MARGARET SPENCER

TELL you we ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, gently. "But that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll feel mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right.

But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidering. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidering, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion:

"Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how many 'shopping days' there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But, my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you showed me the other day!"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon or something," the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll shop for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might shop by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman by that time. "I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheery is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer.

Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time—to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishin' the glass, mum," she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me?" echoed the astonished girl. The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

"Oh, but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!"

Xmas Ideas For Santa Claus Helpers

THE illustration shows a well fitting and prettily shaped apron of lawn with decoration in Brabant braids. The braids are wide and easy to handle and may be worked rapidly. The lawn is pinned into place and basted to braids before removing lace from pattern, after which the lace is hemmed down to lawn. In some places the lawn is cut from the design. The raw edges of lawn may either be turned under and hemmed to the braids on wrong side or just carefully whipped. A few plaits are laid to make a perfect fit at waist line and a band about one inch wide put on. Then five rosettes are made of the wide braids by gathering around a small ring. These rosettes are tacked securely on the band in even spaces and in such manner as to permit the soft, wide messaline ribbon to be drawn through. The illustration hardly does justice to this very pretty belt effect.

A stocking bag is by no means a new idea, but it is so practical and useful that it always makes an acceptable

APRON IN BRABANT LACE.

gift. A pretty one may be made with a yard of blue silesia or any pretty material, two yards of ribbon an inch wide, a small piece of white flannel, some stiff pasteboard and a spool of silk. Of the pasteboard cut four circular pieces, each one measuring seven inches across. Cover these four pieces smoothly with the cloth and overhand the edges of two together with silk, the remaining two to be done in the same way for the opposite side. The puff should be a straight piece measuring sixty inches long and twelve inches wide. This is to be gathered each side to fit round the edge of the circular pieces, leaving a space at the top of the circle three inches for the opening, thus forming the bag. Make for the outside of one of the circles a piece of the same size and shape and embroider or applique some little design upon it.

Then cut from the flannel several leaves the same shape, but smaller, buttonhole stitch or pink the edges and fasten them to the top of the circle on the bag, as the leaves in any needlebook are fastened, then sew the embroidered cover outside of this at the top. Where it is fastened place a bow of ribbon. This is for holding the darning needles. On the circle for the opposite side a piece of cloth is gathered top and bottom, to cover a little more than half the circle, for a pocket. In the casing at the top

DAINTY CORSET COVER.

run an elastic, and in the pocket is kept the yarn for darning. The ribbon is used to draw the puff together at the top, and the interior is the receptacle for the stockings.

The corset cover shown in the illustration may be made to slip on over the head or it may open down the center front. The embroidered pieces are made separately from the cover and are fastened at the top only so that the cover may be as full as one chooses. The embroidered pieces are edged with valenciennes insertion and edge. Featherstitching may be used to fasten the insertion in place, and French knots may also be added if desired.

A Pretty Tie Hanger.

A three branch towel rack, the sort that screws to the side of a door or shelf, makes an extremely nice tie hanger for a man. The rack may be of the cheapest wood, as its branches are wrapped with cotton batting sprinkled with sachet powder. When this is done ribbon is wound round and round perfectly smooth, the ends being tacked at the hinged ends.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE STEEL COACH---A TRAVEL SAFEGUARD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad now has in operation on its lines east of Pittsburgh over two hundred passenger coaches, dining cars, baggage cars, and mail cars of the new all-steel type.

The solid steel framework of these cars, designed to resist shock and minimize the dangers of collision, is further strengthened by the steel sheathing enclosing the body of the car. In fact, everything about the coach is steel, save the window frames, the cushions of the seats and the flooring. Such little woodwork as enters into the make-up of the coach, the plush with which the car seats are covered and the hair with which they are stuffed is treated to a fireproofing process, whilst the floors are cement, thus rendering the coach at once practically indestructible and thoroughly fireproof. It is built like a battleship.

The new coach is longer than the standard car generally in use on the railroads of this country, and has a comfortable seating capacity of sixty to ninety people according to the style of the coach.

The unusual weight of the coaches gives to them a solidity that greatly increases the comfort of the passenger.

The seats are adjusted to a more convenient space and angle, the coaches are all lighted with electricity and amply ventilated in winter as well as summer by new and thoroughly tested methods.

The interior finish of the coach is plain though pleasing to the eye. The absence of ornamentation enhances the idea of strength and at the same time assures absolute cleanliness and thorough sanitation.

Steel cars are now in use on the principal trains between New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and on the Main Line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The number of cars is constantly being increased as the finished product comes from the shops.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's equipment is recognized as the Standard of America.

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Gives the nearest to natural of any artificial light known.
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FURS For Gifts

No better gift to a lady than a set of rich furs and no better opportunity to secure them than at the great

Christmas Sale of Furs

which is now in progress. These furs were contracted for months ago—before the big advance in prices. We could not buy them to-day at wholesale for the prices at which we are offering them to you.

Black Furs
Black Lynx and Black Wolf Furs are the favorite this season.

Lynx Muffs
Pillow and rug styles at $35.00 $42 50 up to $60.00.

Lynx Collars
Pelerines, $35 and $45.
Shawls, $43.50 and $50.
Bolero Cape, $75 00.
Throw Scarf, $37.50.

Black Wolf
Pillow Muffs, $11 95.
Rug Muffs, $15 95
Shawl Collars, $15.95.

Black Fox Sets $30
Large Rug Muff and Shawl Collar.

Persian Paw Sets $10.95
$14 Large Pillow Muff and 50 inch Throw Scarf.

Extra Special in Fine Mink Furs, and Fur and Fur Lined Coats.

We Refund Your Railroad Fares.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
American Block, Buffalo, N.Y.

Roof Slating

I am especially prepared to

Contract for Slating

By the square or job. As to my wrok manship, I refer, by permission, to the work recently completed for the Hon. B W. Green.

GEORGE A. WRIGHT.

Get My Prices Before You Use Shingles

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M. F. Conway

Has removed from Broad Street and is now locate on Fourth Street, opposite the Odd Fellows Block. where she will continue to serve her customers with

Home-made Bread Cookies and any thing in the Baking line made to Order.

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

Speaking of Holiday Gifts

At this season of the year nearly every mind is occupied with the same thought---what will I give for Xmas? Practical gifts are most acceptable. Gifts of real worth can be chosen from the large stock of this reliable clothing house

SUITS AND OVERCOATS
Out of the Ordinary.

Clothes to appeal to the up to date man must be neat, nobby and perfectly tailored. We have them in all prices ranging from $8.00 to $18.00

Leather Goods, Suit Cases and Hand Bags $1.00 to $10.

Gloves, in Wool and Leather; we carry a full line from 50 cents to $3.00

Gents Furnishings

Bath Robes $3.50 to $8.00.
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Hosiery in all colors 15c to 50c.

Jewelry

Watch Fobs 50c to $5.00
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Combination Set, Cuff Links and Scarf Pin 75c to $3.50
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in all the newest shapes from $2 to $5

R. SEGER & CO., Next Door to First National Bank
EMPORIUM, PA.

IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL.

Where the Christmas Angel Visits Suffering Children.

In one of the German hospitals of our country is observed a custom quite in accordance with the beautiful sentiment the Germans weave about Christmas.

Christmas belongs to the children—everybody knows that—but it belongs to them in a deeper, more beautiful sense than "everybody" knows. One is reminded of it, however, if he witnesses such a scene as is portrayed in this hospital on Christmas eve. One of the nurses dresses in a long, soft flowing robe of white, bearing in her hand a fir bough covered with snow. The snow is cotton sprinkled with diamond dust. This is the Christmas angel.

The children are told of the gentle visitor and wait in their little cots. When darkness is outside they hear the strains of sweet music in the distance. The nurses are singing Christmas carols, and the sounds come through open doors. Then the Christmas angel comes. She goes to each little cot, bending over each little form to listen to the whispered secrets. Each one tells her what he wants on Christmas day. Then, with a tender word, she passes out, and to the sound of the carols they all fall asleep—those who can slip away from pain.

When the day dawns all the children are taken into the kindergarten. Some are carried, some are rolled, and some can walk. Sure enough, each finds there what he asks for—drums and dolls and trumpets and books. On a long, low table is a plate for each one, filled with candies and queer little German cakes. On one wall is a tableau of the Nativity made of small wax figures, and a painting on the wall completes the perspective of hills and shepherds and the guiding star. Hanging from the wall in the center of the ward is a large hoop covered with laurel. At intervals around it are set lighted candles. It is suspended from the ceiling by four wide ribbons.

In the fever ward, where the contagious diseases are cared for, the little patients of course cannot leave, but they have their Christmas too. Two large, fine spruce trees stand in each end of the ward, brilliantly illuminated by tiny, many colored electric lights. —Philadelphia North American.

A LOST ILLUSION.

Sadie's Santa Claus Was Only Johnny Smith's Papa.

The loss of part of Santa Claus' disguise at a Christmas Sunday school entertainment and the consequent discovery that "he was only a man after all" caused one little girl at least acute distress.

Santa Claus was one of the cherished ideals of Sadie's childhood, and Sadie parted with her ideals reluctantly. She was sure she heard the reindeers scamper over the roof every Christmas eve, and the fact that even the gas logs were a pretty tight fit for the chimney did not dispel the illusion that somehow Santa Claus, despite his corpulence, managed to slip through the tiny slit with his pack and leave presents on tree and in stocking.

So when she saw on the Sunday school platform his hoary head and beard, fur trimmed coat, fat stomach and short legs—and, above all, his pack—she greeted the familiar figure with enthusiastic applause. Unfortunately for Sadie's peace of mind, however, the hoary hair and beard became entangled in the branches of the Christmas tree when Santa Claus began to hang up the contents of his pack, and when he withdrew his head, sans hirsute adornment, he revealed the familiar features of a prominent churchman. Then the assemblage was startled by a desolate wail that suddenly rent the air.

"Oh," sobbed Sadie, "there ain't any Santa Claus! He's only Johnny Smith's papa!"—New York Press.

True Christmas Charity.

Last Christmas, says the Des Moines Register, clad in rich raiment, Mrs. Arthur Hyde, the handsome wife of a Des Moines millionaire, faced a bitter wind from noon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon holding in her hand the regulation Salvation Army turkey contribution box, which she took from the hands of Captain Mary Taylor, after telling the latter to return to the barracks, eat her dinner and remain indoors until sent for. Attracted thither by the strange spectacle, money of all denominations was dropped in the box, and when Captain Taylor came to resume her work at 5 o'clock, besides a well filled contribution box she received a large roll of bills from Mrs. Hyde's own pocketbook.

MINKIE

A Christmas Story by Louis Tracy

Illustrated by Henderson and Jones

Read It

You will be delighted with the story and the way we have gotten it up.

Continued from last week. Will be concluded next week.

through the drawing room window, yelled "Yah!" at him. That settled it. He came after me and jumped up at my bit.

"Race you to the station," he said, pretending he hadn't seen Minkie.

"Right," said I, "but, to make a match of it, you ought to get Mole to harness you to his little girl's toy pram."

This remark seemed to hurt his feelings, but I didn't know then about the rat-tatling messenger boy. Anyhow, he met the doctor's poodle in the village, so he joined us at the station in a good temper.

When the train arrived it brought heaps of people. It always puzzles me that folk should gorge more at Christmas time than any other. Every man, woman and child carried half a dozen parcels, and nearly every parcel held something to eat.

"Mr. Grosvenor hasn't come, miss," said Jim when the crowd thinned.

"Who said he was coming?" asked Minkie.

"Well, Evangeline thought"—

"Evangeline never thinks. The doctor has warned her against it. If ever she tries to do anything of the kind the excitement will kill her. No, Jim. Dad has told a Mr. Schwartz to come on by this train and make himself at home until he joins him later. Schwartz is German for black. Most Germans are dumpy. But things often go by contraries. Our greengrocer is named Brown, so Mr. Schwartz should be a tall, thin man, with straw hair and white eyebrows."

Nail my shoes, she wasn't far out of it! A humpbacked porter came along with a couple of portmanteaus, followed by a heavy swell who was up to specification except as to the color of his hair, which was chestnut.

"This is Mr. Grosvenor's carriage, sir," said the porter.

"Oh, indeed! And you are Miss Millicent, I suppose?" said the newcomer, grinning at Minkie.

"Are you Mr. Schwartz?" she asked, and Dan inspected his calf, because Minkie's tone told us she had taken a violent dislike to the visitor at first sight.

"Yes," he smirked, being so busy looking at her that he paid no heed to the porter, who was waiting for his tip.

"Well, if you give the porter a shilling I'll drive you to our place. Mother is expecting you."

"Are you particular as to the exact amount?" he inquired, still grinning. In fact, he was one of those silly men who believe that you must laugh when you want to be amiable, so please imagine Mr. Schwartz always guffawing—at least not always, because he could scowl very unpleasantly at times. Tickle my withers, we made him scowl all right before we were through with him.

"No," said Minkie, giving the porter just one little look. "As it is Christmas time you might make it half a crown."

Schwartz got his hand down quick. Because he was a rich man he thought tuppence would be ample. He produced a florin, but Minkie spotted it.

"If you haven't another sixpence I can lend you one," she said sweetly, and I saw Dan licking his lips when he heard her speak in that way.

"Don't trouble," said Schwartz rather shortly, and he handed the porter 3 shillings. That was another of his queer ways. He liked to impress people, but cheaply. He wanted a girl of fourteen to realize what a grand person he was, yet he was afraid she would spring him up to a crown or even half a sovereign if he didn't make haste.

Then Minkie made room for him by her side, and Dan hopped in too.

"Is that dog yours?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"And does your father permit a beast with muddy paws to sit in his carriage?"

"Not often," said Minkie, looking at his boots. "Dandy, you wicked imp, get out at once."

Dan took a header into the roadway and ran up alongside me, barking for all he was worth.

"Tell you what, Bob," he cried, nearly choking himself with joy, "this red headed chap is going to find trouble. He is sure to drop into the stable tomorrow. I'll keep you posted in affairs inside the house, and when I give you the office you'll let him have both heels in the right place, eh?"

"I'll do my best," I coughed, and Jim wondered what was the matter, as there are no flies about in winter time.

Meanwhile Minkie took Schwartz in hand, and my long ears were not given me for amusement.

"We thought you were not coming until next week," she said, by way of being polite.

"I finished some business in Paris sooner than I expected, and Mr. Grosvenor was good enough to ask me to spend Christmas and New Year at Dale End. I shall enjoy the visit immensely, I am sure. I have not had a Christmas at home for many years."

"At home?" Minkie raised her large blue eyes so innocently. I knew exactly how she looked, and I rattled my harness to tell her I was listening.

"Yes; in England, I mean."

"Ah!"

"Don't you call England 'home' too?"

"Of course, but I live here."

"So do I."

"Sorry. I fancied you just said you had been in some other country for a long time."

"Well, I'm a bit of a cosmopolitan, I admit. Do you know what a cosmopolitan is?"

"It means anything but English."

Mr. Schwartz roared. "Gad," he cried, "that is not so far wrong."

An old gentleman passed us in a mail phaeton drawn by a pair of fat cobs, your bellows to mend and step short sort. They don't like me because I always make a point of giving them the dust in summer, so one of them snorted, "Station hack!"

"Going to have a shave?" I asked quite civilly, he being all of a lather.

Minkie gave the old gentleman a smile and a bow. He was rather surprised, which was reasonable enough, seeing that she usually sails along without seeing anybody, but he got his hat off in good time.

"Who is that?" inquired Schwartz.

"Jack's uncle," said Minkie.

"Jack is a friend of yours, eh?"

"Um—yes, but he—perhaps I shouldn't say anything about it. Jack is twenty-five, you see."

"Oh, is he?" Schwartz was not smiling now. It was easy to guess that by his voice. "I suppose he is better acquainted with your sister than with you?"

"Yes, heaps."

"What is his other name?"

"Percival Stanhope."

"Mr. John Percival Stanhope, in fact? Odd that I should not have heard of him if he is such a great friend of the family."

"Dolly doesn't say much about him. He's in India, and India is such a long way off."

"Jolly good job, too, or you would be frizzling today." Mr. Schwartz was brightening up again.

"I think you are mistaken," said Minkie quietly. "Jack says it is ever so cold in the Punjab at Christmas time."

"Does he write to you, then?" demanded Schwartz.

"No; that was in a letter to Dolly."

"A recent letter?"

"He was talking about Christmas two years ago. But please don't mention him to her. We have no right to discuss her affairs, have we?"

"No, no; of course not. It was just by way of conversation, eh?"

"That is the cemetery," said Minkie, pointing to a low tree lined wall in the distance. "Some day, if you like, I shall take you there and show you his mother's grave."

"Thanks, but I am not fond of cemeteries, as a rule."

"Perhaps you would prefer to be cremated?"

"I haven't considered the matter."

"But you ought to. You are quite old, nearly forty, and I saw in a pill advertisement the other day that forty is a dangerous age if your liver is out of order."

"Here, young lady, not quite so fast, please. How do you know I am forty, and why do you think I have a diseased liver?"

"It said so in the paper."

"The deuce it did."

"Yes; in one of those little spicy bits, telling you all about people, you know. It said, 'Mr. Montague Schwartz is one of the coming men.' You are Mr. Montague Schwartz, aren't you?"

"Go on—do."

"Well, it went on: 'His rise has been meteoric. At twenty he quitted the paternal fried fish ship in the Mile End road, at thirty he was running a saloon and other industries at Kimberley, and at forty he is building a mansion in Mayfair.' There was a lot more, but now you see how I know your age."

"It is perfectly clear. There only remains the liver."

"I got that from the pill advertisement. There are several sure signs of congestion, and you have all of them in your face and eyes. Shall I show it to you? Those pills might cure you."

"Really, you are too kind for words. May I ask if your sister shares your knowledge of my career and state of health?"

"Did I show her the paper, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"No; I had forgotten all about it, but if you would like her to see it"—

"Look here, Miss Millicent, you are a sharp girl. Now, I'll make a bargain with you. Find that paper, say no more about the paragraph—which, I may tell you, is rank nonsense from start to finish—and your Christmas box will be 5 sovereigns."

"Done," said Minkie coolly. "And here we are at Dale End. Mile End—Dale End. Funny, isn't it, how names run together that way occasionally."

Before Jim led me around to the stable I heard Mam express her surprise that Mr. Schwartz had come alone. She had expected her husband by the same train. And she did not know Millicent had gone in the victoria. How on earth did the child recognize Mr. Schwartz, as she had never seen him?

"I rather fancy your younger daughter would pick me out in the Strand if she were so minded," explained the visitor cheerfully.

"I hope she did not bore you by her chatter," said dear, innocent Mam. "Or perhaps she was in one of her silent moods?"

"No. We got along famously. Didn't we, Millicent?"

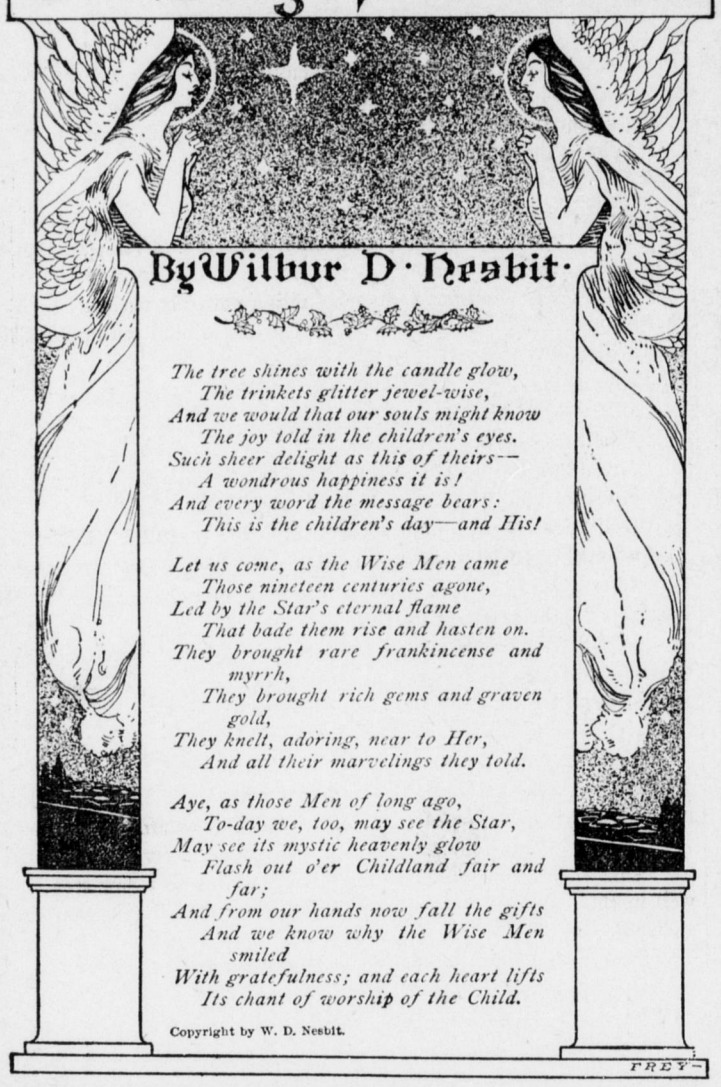
"It was a nice drive," said Minkie; "not too cold, and the village is quite gay."

"Well, I find the air rather chilly," said Mam. "Why are we all standing here? Come into the drawing room, Mr. Schwartz. Dorothy is there, and we shall have tea brought a little earlier than usual. Evangeline, tell James to take Mr. Schwartz's portmanteaus to the blue room."

Of course I should not have heard what happened next if Tibbie had not looked in to see me that night. As a matter of fact, the gang does not miss much in the way of gossip. One or the other of us is always on hand. And that parrot, though he is no friend of mine, is a terror for picking up news. Jim hangs his cage on a tree opposite my door every fine morning, and the things he tells me are surprising. He has hardly a good word for anybody, but, then, what a dull world it would be if we only told the nice things about our friends. Why, we should all be dumb soon.

Dan tried to sneak in behind Minkie, but Mam had her eye on him.

The Day of the Child



By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

The tree shines with the candle glow,
The trinkets glitter jewel-wise,
And we would that our souls might know
The joy told in the children's eyes.
Such sheer delight as this of theirs—
A wondrous happiness it is!
And every word the message bears:
This is the children's day—and His!

Let us come, as the Wise Men came
Those nineteen centuries agone,
Led by the Star's eternal flame
That bade them rise and hasten on.
They brought rare frankincense and myrrh,
They brought rich gems and graven gold,
They knelt, adoring, near to Her,
And all their marvelings they told.

Aye, as those Men of long ago,
To-day we, too, may see the Star,
May see its mystic heavenly glow
Flash out o'er Childland fair and far;
And from our hands now fall the gifts
And we know why the Wise Men smiled
With gratefulness; and each heart lifts
Its chant of worship of the Child.

Copyright by W. D. Nesbit.

FREY—

THE CHRISTMAS OF TODAY

WHILE the ancient traditions of Christmas time have been handed down from generation to generation for hundreds of years the holiday has been so modernized and improved of late that naught save its ancient lore and customs remain. In this day the old form of celebrating the day is seldom seen. As the yule log vanished with the advent of the stove so the simple ways which amused the youngsters of yesterday have disappeared and in their stead comes to-day an endless line of mechanical devices. The dolls of to-day open and close their eyes and even speak; the toy steam train runs by real steam power; the miniature electric car is driven by real electricity; the toy animals and insects move about like real life. Now Christmas trees are purchased at the grocery store and are illuminated at night with tiny electric lights instead of candles. Instead of popcorn balls and cornucopias of candy the tree is decorated with gilt and tinsel ropes and stars. More automobile horns are heard now on Christmas day than sleigh bells. Steam heat and electric radiators take the place of open fires and plenty of money makes the day even more enjoyable than ever before.

Much Due to Electricity.

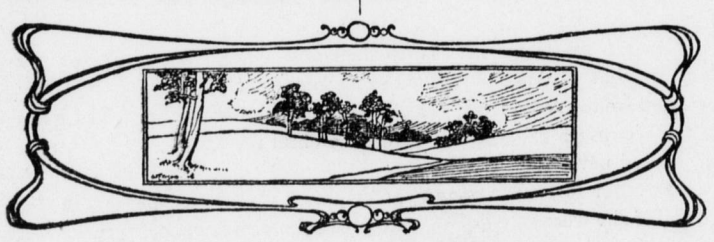
Electricity, which has invaded every nook and cranny of life to-day, has assisted more than any one thing in modernizing the Christmas celebration. The electric cars hurry Christmas callers from house to house. On Christmas eve the buildings and streets are ablaze with countless electric lights. Electric telephones and telegraph are wishing every one many happy returns of the day. The wireless carries "Merry Christmas" from ship to ship and the electric cable flashes the good will of governments around the earth.

The new electric ovens sizzle with the roasting turkey and the electric stove is rushed to prepare the many appetizing viands for which the day of feast calls. Electric door-bells are jingling; electrical musical instruments furnish the music for the Christmas carols; the electric motors, which have worked so faithfully in preparing the many valuable presents of a thousand different varieties, are enjoying a day's rest after the hustling days of the holiday trade.

Useful Christmas Presents.

Year by year it grows more the custom to make Christmas presents just as useful as possible. While expense is not considered so material as it used to be it is important that the gifts should be useful as well as ornamental. This is as it should be. Here again electricity finds a useful field. The development of the electric heating and cooking devices has added a host of valuable and useful things which are always acceptable Christmas gifts. The electric chafing dish, electric shaving mug and electric coffee percolator will be numbered among the most conspicuous of useful Christmas presents. The electrical list also contains electric flat-irons, electric cookers, luminous radiators, massage machines, hair dryers, curling iron heaters, water heaters, tea kettles, baby milk warmer and a number of other useful things, not to mention the electric toys.

This year will see less money wasted for useless trinkets than ever before.



Christmas Decorations.

Let the house be bright and cheerful at Christmas, with plenty of holly and mistletoe distributed throughout. If there is a chandelier in the dining-room have it hung with evergreens and holly, and from that carry long ropes of greens to each corner of the room, thus forming a canopy for the table. Fasten wreaths at all the windows. Red and green is most appropriate for the Christmas table. In the center place a bowl filled with red carnations surrounded with holly, and four single candles in silver or glass sticks with scarlet shades to further carry out the bright and cheering color scheme. At each place have a miniature Christmas tree to which place cards are tied with narrow, red ribbon. If preferred the centerpiece may also be a tree of a larger size. Boxes representing Santa Claus and filled with bonbons make appropriate souvenirs, for the possession of a "sweet tooth" is by no means confined to the extremely juvenile.

Gifts from Wall Paper.

Get a sample book of wall paper which can be had for the asking when the season is over. For a waste paper basket cut a pattern six inches at the top, tapering to four inches at the bottom, and 12 inches high, which is a good size for a lady's desk. Cut four sections from cardboard and a square 4x4 inches for the bottom. Cover the outside of each piece with a pretty design of the wall paper, cutting the pieces a little larger than cardboard, pasting the edges on to the wrong side, use a contrasting color for the inside, plain paper is prettier and cut just the size of the section. Punch holes near the top and bottom of each piece and two on each side of the bottom piece, near corner; tie the pieces together with baby ribbon, it requiring about three yards. One can make different sizes, small ones for hair receivers or with a little pad in bottom for jewelry, also glove and handkerchief boxes. Cover empty thread boxes and fill with home-made candy.

CHRISTMAS and CIVILIZATION

ALL Christendom again celebrates the nativity of the founder of the Christian faith, and the inauguration of the new year. The heart yields to the prevailing spirit and sentiment, despite intellectual dissent. Not to observe, in some form, the Christmas festival is felt to do violence to the best instincts of humanity. This holiday eclipses all other birthdays, as the sun makes the electric light to cast a shadow. At this season a large majority find delight in giving. It gives occasion for springs of human kindness and good will to flow. It challenges the charge that man is innately and persistently selfish. More than is believed practice the truth that is more blessed to give than to receive.

Christmas is the festival of children and women. Christ's conception of childhood and youth and his treatment of women made it possible for them to commemorate his birthday with joy and gladness. At the outset of his career he foretold the regnancy of the cradle and the glory of the woman. Christmas celebrates the birth of a child to whom the world owes the progress of 1,900 years, and whose work will endure so long as earth shall continue and influence other worlds.

NINETEEN centuries ago a peasant woman of Judea in a stable gave birth to a child destined to do the greatest possible work—to free all women from bondage and all children from slavery—the evils which disgraced past ages. Jesus' influence upon humanity as a child, a man, a teacher and as a Saviour, as one who put the eternal right of man above all established customs and precedents, is the greatest inheritance of the human race. The king of the Jews has become the king of the world. A Hebrew mind with no racial bias is now ruling the nations. The spirit of the Christ most deeply moves modern life and thought. His name has passed over our institutions and his mind has penetrated into our social and domestic existence. The inspiration of true liberty and education, the benediction of the beautiful, the elevation of letters, literature and morals are ascribed to him.

HIS influence upon the centuries is as clearly marked as the currents of the Gulf Stream bringing verdure and beauty to inhospitable shores, light to those in darkness, and making the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Innumerable poems, dramas and songs have been developed through his teaching. Art taxes itself fittingly to portray his life, architecture struggles to build temples suitable for his worship. Universities, colleges, schools, and all systems of education attempt to realize his estimate of the dignity and worth of childhood. "Government itself," said Gladstone, "is but the translation of the teachings of Jesus Christ into human laws and institutions." His thoughts and ideas toil like a giant for man's progress. The single historic vine in Santa Barbara carried to California by a priest has changed all the industries of that land, so Christ's ideas carry energies for civilizing worlds. "As the sun upon the horizion rolls forward, pouring forth warmth out of its invisible urns, so we perceive an atmosphere of hope and joy has been poured over the continent out of the heart of Christ and those who loved him." The world celebrates at Christmas the advent of this wonderful being. It looks reverently upon the face of him, the feeble infant in the manger, and upon other children to whom he gave so much.

CHILDREN and Christmas are the factors of civilization. Edmund Burke defined civilization as "the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion in a life lived in the presence of man and God."

The beauty, purity, humility, faith, helplessness and the promise of children educate the parents in affection and gentleness, and through them the community. The spring whence civilization flows is the Babe of Mary, and the babe in every home. The Christmas spirit incarnated in deeds of kindness, of self-forgetfulness, love, mutual helpfulness, is the secret of Christian civilization.

It will inoculate all the world with that purpose to do justice and deal kindly with our fellows. Christianity has been defined as "a beautiful civilization slowly journeying across the earth." It is the only civilization worthy to be named. It presents ideals, with the power to realize them.

THERE were individuals who reflected ideal virtues in other periods, but were unable to multiply themselves, dying like Beatrice, who took her beauty, as they carried their moral excellences away with them. The first Christmas dawned on a world of selfishness and sin, and dark with folly and cruelty. There was beauty for the few, slavery, poverty and starvation for the many, death for the unwelcome child and degradation for woman. There were 375,000 paupers in a population of 1,000,000 in Rome. It was a period of intellectual chaos, moral and social desolation, and individual hopelessness. Into this gloom came the star of Bethlehem, beaming light, hope and sympathy. The contrast between the manger birth and the Christmas morn that will dawn this week with its carols, songs, gifts, joy and gladness, is the most striking contrast earth's history holds.

With that first Christmas childhood became sweet and sacred, woman was crowned queen of the heart and home, the slave made free, the ignorant, poor and wretched found education, shelter and sympathy, and the joy of generosity became contagious. As the sun rises earlier and lingers longer than yesterday so the spirit of Christmas will usher in the golden age of happiness and good will. In the great picture of Coreggio the light on the face of the babe lends a glow to shepherd and wise men. The Christmas spirit lends a glow to all the instruments and forces of society.

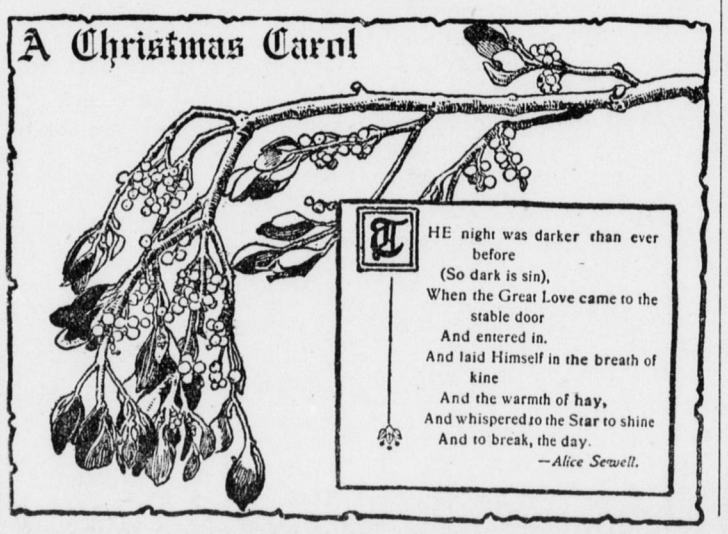
WHILE humanity falls below the ideal, the effort to practice it is not wholly nugatory. The "drift of the world is upward." The people are climbing. Interest in children is increasing. Woman is coming to her own. Labor is entering the reward of work. War is becoming unpopular. Racial prejudice will hide in shame. The Christ spirit is victorious. God's good will becomes triumphant in home, street and legislative hall. The triumphs of the past dictate new struggles for the future. When Pericles gave his oration over the Athenian dead, pointing to the graves, the great orator said: "Their silence is eloquent! These heroes ask us to go and live for the city for which they died." Thus past achievements pledge us to fresh fidelity. Christmas asks us to lend the impulse of a new love to home, school, street and city; to be a friend of the friendless, a benefactor to some dumb beast or deserted child, to be voice for the dumb, eyes for the blind, springs of water for the thirsty, trees of shade for the weary, food for the hungry, refuge for the smitten.

Be an angel of mercy, bringing "peace on earth and good will toward men," and thus hasten a Christmas which will not simply come to-morrow, but will stay all the year.

Christmas Salad.

For a Christmas salad select the largest and brightest red apples, and cut a deep slice from each at the stem end. Scoop out the pulp; drop both the covers and apples into cold water and leave them until needed. Cut crisp celery into small pieces with one-third the quantity of English walnuts or pecans broken; mix with very stiff mayonnaise. Wipe and polish each apple and fill with the salad, fitting each cover carefully, and set on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves just before serving.

A Christmas Carol



THE night was darker than ever before
(So dark is sin),
When the Great Love came to the stable door
And entered in.
And laid Himself in the breath of kine
And the warmth of hay,
And whispered to the Star to shine
And to break, the day.

—*Alice Sewell.*

THE FAIRY CHRISTMAS TREE

A Xmas Fairy Story for Children

by EDWARD WRIGHT

IT was an uncommonly late hour when Dan Derrick set out to get something for a Christmas dinner. The bell in the village church chimed twelve, and the sounds came floating on the cold, still air of the forest.

"'Tis a fine night for rabbiting, eh, Rough?" said Dan to his dog, as he came to a warren. "But bide a minute," he added.

His eye had been attracted by a little mountain ash growing above the warren. Being a young tree, it had not lost its red, autumnal leaves, and it was laden with berries.

"Now, that would make a pretty Christmas-tree for the little ones," he said.

He pulled it up by its roots from the loose earth, and put it under a neighboring oak.

Taking a net out of his pocket, he fixed it round some of the rabbit-holes in the warren, and said to the dog:

"Now round 'em up, lad; round 'em up!"

Rough knew his work well. He raced like a black shadow across the moonlit waste of snow, to the nearest field of winter cabbages, and there he silently routed out the rabbits, and sent them helter-skelter back to their holes.

"Drat the net!" said Dan, springing out from behind the oak.

Somehow he had not fixed it firmly, and the rabbits knocked it over and escaped. Only one got entangled in the loose meshes.

"One wild rabbit isn't much of a Christmas feast for man and wife and five little ones," said Dan ruefully, as he threw it beside the mountain ash.

"Ah, ha! I've caught you red-handed this time, Dan!"

The poacher turned, and found a keeper watching him.

"I'm only after a rabbit," he xclaimed.

"Yes," said the keeper; "I've been tracking you in the hopes that you were after the deer again. But it doesn't matter. Soon as Christmas is over I'll have you up for it."

He walked away, leaving Dan Derrick in a state of hopeless misery. This capped it all. Dan was a wood-cutter. But the winter before his right arm had been crushed by a falling tree, and he had lost the use of it. With the help of Rough, however, he had managed, since this accident, just to keep his wife and children from starving.

Now all that was over. The magistrate would impose a fine on him, and, having no money to pay it, he would be sent to prison. What would become of his wife and the five little ones?

"Well," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I won't spoil their Christmas by telling them of what's waiting for me a couple o' days after."

He returned home by the way he came, and picked up the rabbit and the mountain ash, and went to bed without saying anything to his wife.

It was to the merrymaking by candlelight that they all looked forward. The morning they spent in gathering holly, and the afternoon in decking the cottage with it; and Dan himself forgot his troubles in a secret work of decoration. Shutting himself in the shed, he planted the mountain ash in a deep box filled with leaf mould, and clipped off a few unsightly leaves and tied bits of gayly colored paper on the branches. When the rabbit pie was at last placed on the table in the full light of the solitary candle, he told his two eldest boys to bring in something which they would find in the shed.

In the meantime his wife, Doll, served him with some of the pie. But with the first piece of rabbit that he ate, the thought of his misfortune overcame him, and he burst into tears, and told his wife what had happened. She took the news in a very strange way.

"That, that!" she cried wildly, pointing to the mountain ash, which the boys were bringing in. "You pulled that up? Oh, now I understand! Now I understand! 'Tisn't the first fairy tree you've hurt. What were you doing last winter when the elm fell on your arm? Oh, you mad, senseless man!"

She covered her face with her hands and wept, rocking herself to and fro in utter grief. Dan gazed at her blankly. Even now he didn't understand what she was raving about. Was the thought of his misfortune driving her out of her mind? It was bad enough, surely, but she needn't take it in that manner. He came and sat beside her, and bent tenderly over her, and tried to comfort her.

"Look at the Christmas-tree, mammy!" shouted the children, dancing with delight and clapping their hands. "Look at the Christmas-tree, dad-dy! Oh, isn't it lovely!"

Copyright, 1908

The wife and husband looked up in astonishment. The berries on the mountain ash were glowing with a deep, soft, red light. The tree seemed to be hung with lamps carved out of large round rubies. The inexpressibly beautiful radiance grew richer and fuller and brighter, flooding all the room, and transfiguring, with its strange rose-red tint, the wondering faces of man, woman and children.

"Listen!" said Peggy, who had the quick, fresh sense of a woodland child.

Music sounded faintly in the distance, and then came nearer and nearer. Peggy ran to the door and unlatched it, and into the room there swept a troop of pretty little forest elves. They were all clad in Lincoln-green, except their Queen, and she wore a bodice and a kirtle of pure, snowy silk, with a girdle of gold and a golden hem.

"Thank you so much," she said to Dan, "for bringing the fairy tree in out of the cold and the snow. It will be much nicer for us to dance by a warm fire this weather than out in the chill forest."

"I'm sorry we've nothing of a supper for you, ma'am," said Doll Derrick. "But if you'd care to taste our rabbit pie?"

"No! no!" said the Queen of the Elves, touching the table with her wand. "You must permit me to provide a feast for you this Christmas."

The table at once became covered with a splendid dinner. There were roast turkey, and Christmas pudding and grapes, and nuts and sweets, and boxes of crackers, and every good thing, in fact, that the heart of man could wish for.

"Now," said the Queen of the Elves, "while you are all enjoying yourselves we will do our Christmas homage to the Lady of the Mountain Ash. Strike up, my merry harpers!"

Four little men, with four little harps, sat down by the fire, and began to make a sweet, faery music, and the Queen and the other elves took hold of hands, and danced round the red-lighted mountain ash. And as they danced they sang.

If there was one thing that little Peggy Derrick liked even more than Christmas pudding it was dancing; and there was, besides, a strange and delicious charm in the music that the elfin harpers were playing. "Oh, let's go and dance, too!" she cried, "and finish the feast afterwards."

She got down from the table, and her four brothers followed. Then her mother came, and at last Dan himself, now trembling with anxiety, joined them.

As they whirled round, the lights on the mountain ash grew dim, and about the tree a soft incense gathered, and took on the form of a lady of wild, unspeakable beauty, clad in vapory, trailing robes. When the dancers gave over, she was standing beside the tree in the center of the ring, and gazing at Dan Derrick. There was a kindness in her glance, but, for all that, poor Dan's knees shook under him.

"Well, all's well that ends well," she said. "But you were a very bold man, Dan, to bring me into your house in so unceremonious a fashion. I had half a mind to slay you outright last night!"

Dan then had a glorious inspiration.

"It was well for you that you didn't hurt me, ma'am," he said very respectfully, yet firmly. "Look what I've done for you already. Some rabbit had burrowed under your tree, and the earth was so loose there that down you would surely have come in the next gale. You oughtn't to have set that keeper on me, you know."

"Yes; I'm sorry now for that," said the Lady of the Tree. "But hurry back at once to the spot from which you took me, and dig there and take what you find."

Away went Dan with a spade, and the Lady of the Tree and the Queen of the Elves began to talk together.

When Dan returned, carrying, with some difficulty, a heavy sack on his shoulder, he heard the Lady say to the Elfin Queen:

"Yes, I think you are right. The motor-cars are a great nuisance. A quiet orchard on the skirts of the forest would be the very place for us."

"I know of a fine fruit-farm for sale, ma'am," said Dan. "And, from what I can see, there's plenty of money in this sack to buy it."

"Very well; buy it, my friend," said the Lady of the Tree, "and plant the mountain ash there; and the elves and I will look after the fruit for you."

Before departing back into the fairy tree, she stroked Dan's arm; and he was able to open the door with it as he said good-night to the Queen of the Elves and her troop.

Dan now grows the best apples in New England, and he has a very good crop of them in the worst season.

"I say, Mr. Derrick," said a stranger one day, "why don't you root up that useless mountain ash in the center there?"

"Oh, that's what some folks call a fairy tree!" said Dan. "They say it brings a man luck."

CHRISTMAS in the FATHERLAND

By BELLE E. LUDWIG.

EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY

THE KAISERIN AND HER TWO CHILDREN, PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE JOACHIM.

GERMAN CHRISTMAS MUMMERS

WE ARE told that the German surrounds his Christmas with more of an element of mysticism than does he of any other nation. It is probably a survival of the far back days when his painted ancestors celebrated their mysterious rites, at Christmas, under their dark groves of forest oaks. In nearly every district of the fatherland there still remains the quaintest and queerest of Christmas customs, whose origin is lost in the hoariest antiquity. They have all in the process of time assumed a Christian character, more or less burlesqued, but the folk-lorists will tell you that they date from the days of Wotan and Freya.

The peasants of Silesia, the woodmen of the Black Forest, and the hillsmen of Bavaria, happily know nothing of the origin of the queer pranks they play at Christmas; they only know that they have been handed down by their fathers, and that they in turn will hand down the immemorial customs to their children.

In Germany the old custom of mumming is still kept up. From house to house these mummers go. The shepherds, especially, are entertaining. They are the comic men of the troupe who, in a half grotesque and half serious way, represent the events of the nativity.

There was a famous company of Christmas mummers, a couple of years ago in Bavaria, with a magnificent looking first shepherd, who never wearied of poking fun at the minister of finance.

After these roving villagers have recited their farago of nonsense, or it may be their lines of surpassing beauty, before a person's house they are generally rewarded for their pains with gifts of lard, bacon and eggs.

But with all the mysticism and ultra sentimental ways of regarding Christmas the German never forgets it is eminently a season of good cheer. Pork in every form and beer usually take the place of roast beef, turkey, and stronger drinks. Then they also have the boar's head with a lemon impaled between its grinning tusks. Of course this delicacy dates back to Wotan's day. Tradition says Wotan was fond of the boar's head, but it is not easy to see where the lemon comes in, as the god was certainly not familiar with this tart fruit. In Brandenburg and the Uckermark any pig's head will do (the stock of boar's heads would not hold out), and round this animal's head are garnishings of sausage and green cabbage.

Silesia is a province which has especially earned a reputation for succulent dishes. Some of the most renowned of German gastronomical authorities have lent additional luster to the place by being born there. At Christmas time the dish most in request among the Silesians is a smoked pig's head with baked fruit packed in it, and also generously spread over the whole dish. This dainty rejoices in the name of Himmelsreich (the kingdom of heaven).

In North Germany the pig's head is not as prominent as in the south. Here there is more miscellaneous Christmas eating, hearty enough but altogether in variance with American tastes. Cakes of all sizes and shapes are also baked and eaten, and some of these have a toughness of gutta-percha and a hardness of granite. These cakes take the form of Knecht Ruprecht, or Nikolaus, angels and other Christmas novelties. Some of these are flavored with honey, some with pepper, but all are of such consistency that no ordinary grown-up person could enjoy a surfeit of them and survive the feast. Only children seem to be able to eat these konigbucken and live.

Thuringia boasts of another curious Christmas delicacy which only the initiated can truly appreciate, this is boiled suet dumplings and herrings. One cannot be blamed for asking, why this mixture? Was the herring also favored by Wotan?

The herring, as a Christmas dainty, is also favored throughout Saxony, but there takes the form of a salad, and is eaten with smoked pork, and a delicate kind of sauerkraut, in which caraway seeds are prominent. The Saxony peasant's Christmas table is invariably decked with these dishes on Christmas eve, and remains thus spread out during the night. His idea in doing this is that angels, possibly weary of nectar and ambrosia, may condescend to visit his humble abode while he sleeps and regale themselves with Saxon smoked beef and herring salad.

It is interesting to watch the transformation of a German village at Christmas from its usually treeless appearance into a town laid in a forest of firs. Wagon loads of these resin-scented trees are sent from the hills of Thuringia, the Hartz and Silesia, and are put up in even rows in the streets and squares of the town. There is nothing like it in any other country. For a fortnight before the great feast these long avenues of "Tannen" are crowded with eager purchasers, men, women and children of all ages, and of every station in life. The great desire of each is to get a symmetrical tree, and as few trees are literally perfect in shape, it is the business of the tree merchant to supply branches and thus give the tree the desired roundness.

It is the tree that is the attraction of every German home from the kaiser's palace down to the humblest peasant's hut, and around it the German's best and kindliest thoughts center. The tree is not for the German simply a convenient cluster of mere boughs on which to stick candles and hang presents. It stands for the most sacred and most dread of all trees, the one once erected on Mount Calvary, and has thus become the sign and seal of his Christian faith.

A Christmas Decoration.

When the children have tired of even their new possessions (and how soon the new becomes old) and it is too early for the sandman to pay his nightly visit, try this simple amusement: Suspend a wreath of holly or evergreen from a doorway and give to each child an equal quantity of nuts, paper-wrapped candles or favors that will stand handling, then see who can throw the most articles through the wreath into a basket placed to catch them. Give a simple reward to add zest to the game.

In the same manner the game of "twos" is conducted. Take a large napkin or piece of stout paper. Place a lot of nuts or hard candies in the center. Let a child take hold of each corner and give three vigorous tosses, singing:

"Goodies, goodies, dance, my Christmas goodies
Up they go, down they go; dance, my Christmas goodies."

Then there will be a lively scrimmage to see who can recover the most.

These little devices will make a jolly ending to the happiest day in the year for the children. Put them to bed with pretty songs ringing in their ears.

"Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night—
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where the cornfields lie sunny and bright,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night."

A Christmas Day with Napoleon

By D. E. HENRY

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, the "Child of Destiny," as he called himself, had yet a good deal of his destiny uncompleted, when, on Christmas eve, in the year 1800, he sent messengers forth to announce his intention of paying a visit to the Paris opera house that night.

He was now first consul, to which position he had been elected in November, 1799. "My reign began from the day I was made consul," he declared years afterwards, and in that phrase he accurately described his power.

Installed already at the Tuileries with his beloved Josephine, he lived in regal state and exercised little less than despotic sway. Seven years before he was an unknown artillery officer. Now he was the most prominent man in Europe, proclaimed the savior of his country, and practically dictator. What events he had crowded into those seven years! The English had been driven from Toulon in 1793; he had suppressed the Paris insurrection of 1795; he had gone through his first victorious campaign in Italy, in 1796-7; had made his vigorous attempt to conquer Egypt, in 1797-9; and now was back again in France.

It was Christmas eve, however; the time when pleasures are expected to be indulged in, and Napoleon liked to show himself to the people in public places, for popularity was ever dear to him. So he would go to the opera that night.

He sat in an apartment overlooking the Tuileries gardens awaiting the arrival of Fouche, the minister of police, who had been sent for to take his instructions. Josephine, to whom he had been married since 1796, had just left him, and he was alone when Fouche was announced.

"You have nothing further to report?" said Napoleon, his keen gaze fixed on the minister.

"Nothing."

"No new conspiracies?"

"None."

"And the old ones?"

"Well under surveillance. I am ready to strike at the necessary moment."

"Ah, M. le Ministre, your waiting gives them the opportunity of striking the first blow. This is not a soldier's way. You are only clever in watching plots; I want a man who can crush them at their inception. Fouche, you must strike now. Every suspect must go to prison. My death is desired by all the fanatical Royalists, Vendeans and Chouans in Paris, and Fouche has to stamp these conspiracies out. If Fouche does not, Napoleon will."

"First consul, you are safe," was all that Fouche replied.

"Safe or not," said Napoleon, impatiently, "I look to you to guard my life, and with that life the destinies of France. I shall visit the opera within an hour. You know your duty."

"Consider it done," and with that the famous police functionary departed.

Napoleon, who had been working hard all day and was tired, now fell asleep. When Josephine came in, dressed for the opera, she had the greatest difficulty in rousing him from the sound sleep into which he had fallen.

"Come, the carriage is waiting," she said.

"Let it be sent back," he said, drowsily. "I have changed my mind; I had rather not go to the opera tonight."

But in the end Josephine prevailed, and they went to the carriage, accompanied by Lannes and Bessieres.

In the carriage Napoleon fell asleep again, and, as he afterwards related, began to dream of the danger he had run years before in crossing the Tagliamento during a flood by torchlight.

No attempt was made to awaken him, but just as they reached the corner of the Rue Nicaise a loud explosion was heard, and the first consul awoke with a sudden start.

"We are blown up!" he cried.

But death by assassination was not to be his destiny. An infermal machine of a most destructive character, prepared by St. Regent, had exploded, just a second too late to effect its deadly purpose. Although Napoleon escaped, 20 persons were killed and 53 wounded.

He ordered the coachman to drive on, and a few minutes later he and Josephine entered the opera and proceeded to their box. The house cheered again and again, Napoleon bowing in apparent calm. But he did not remain in the theater long. After an anxious look around at the audience, he turned to reassure Josephine, who was almost fainting with terror, and they returned to the Tuileries.

Here he was met by Fouche, upon whom he turned with a fierce and contemptuous anger.

"I will see to this business myself," he cried with bitterness. "France shall be purged of these ruffians. It is not a question of my life, but of social order and public morality."

Within a few weeks all the leading conspirators were executed, and 133 other persons were seized, and, without trial, transported to French Guiana.

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Christmas Shoppers

If you want help in selecting Christmas gifts for your friends you can get it by looking over our advertisement and selecting one of the many useful articles mentioned.

Safety Razors
We carry the best. Any man can use one of them and save hours of waiting in a barber shop.

Carving Sets
Some very good ones at reasonable prices.

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Every house wife should have one.

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We have an excellent line.

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And all useful articles for cooking purposes, in tinware and in the famous Lisk enameled ware.

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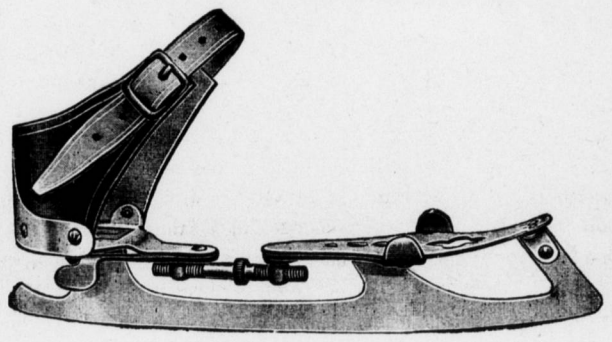

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Well made Skates of best steel, hardened and tempered. Either plain steel or nickle plated.

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Cast steel runners, leather heel and toe straps. The kind that stays on and stays sharp.

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Self-locking lever and adjustable toe and heel clamps. Buy only the best. Buy Winslow Skates the best made, ranging in price from 60c to $1.25

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We can almost see the look of disappointment on the face of the boy who does not receive a gift of a knife for Christmas. We know what boys like and for this reason have put in a larger stock ranging in price from 1.00 to $2.00.

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What would be more useful or appropriate for wife or mother than a nice cook stove or heater. We have some very good lines of COOK STOVES,

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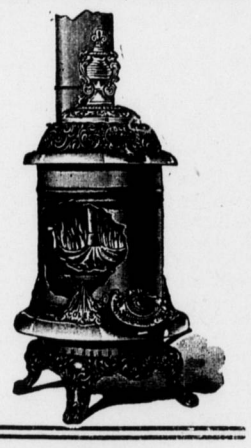
and many other good makes—all excellent bakers. For HEATERS we have them for Gas only, for Wood and Coal only, and for Gas, Wood or Coal combined.



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Bottles only. Relieves indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas, etc.

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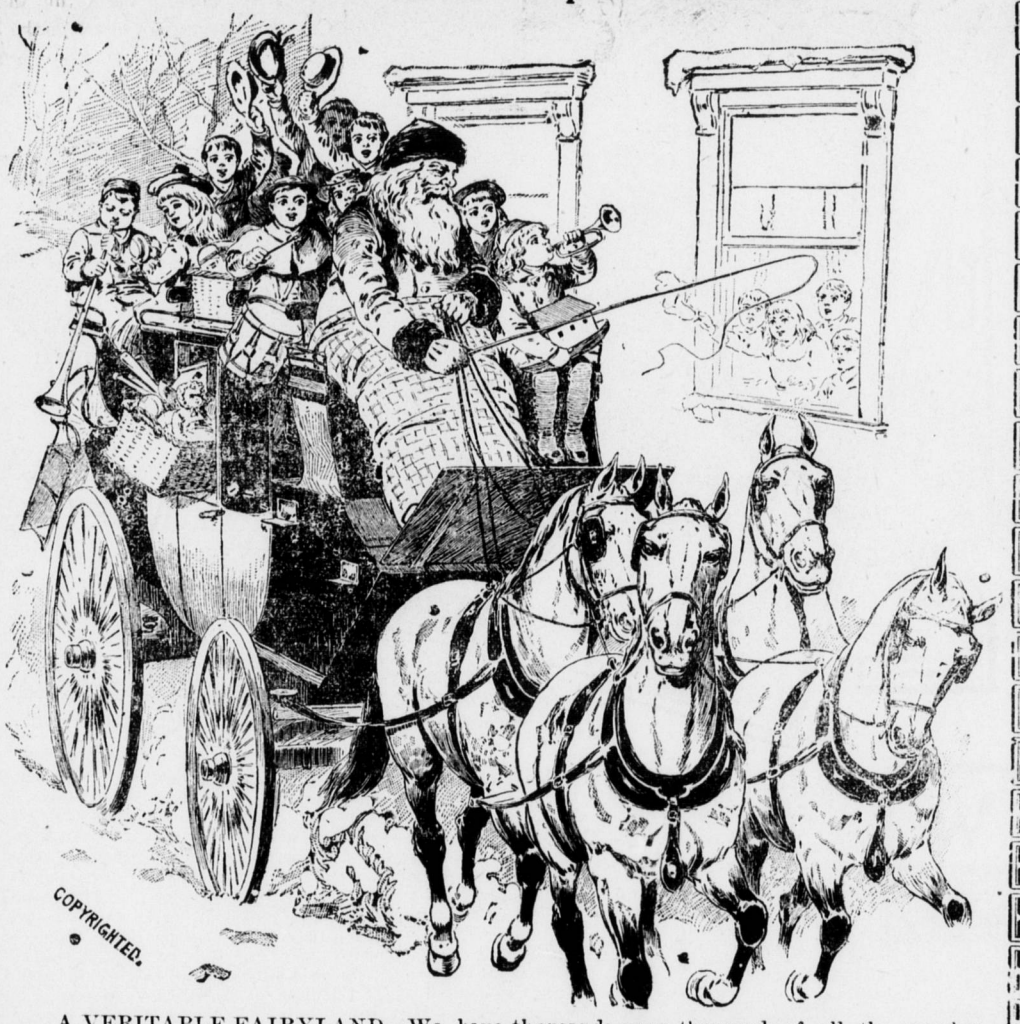
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my room in this place.

With Us Again!

Our Old Friend Santa Claus

Drove to town last week and all the Boys and Girls were glad to see him, and all are invited ta call at

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S Popular Fair Store.



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A full line of Fascinators, Shawls, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and Small Gold Novelties. Fine line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardineres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas all styles, from 48c to $12.

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H. A. ZARPS & CO'S

THE POPULAR FAIR STORE,
EMPORIUM, PA.

Christmas at Yum

ON the Island of Yum, where the weather is fit,
And the children are always at play,
They never have neat little stockings to wear,
So they run about barefoot all day.
And when it is Christmas and Santa Claus comes
He almost goes out of his mind
As he searches in vain for some stockings to fill
When there aren't any stockings to find.

ON the Island of Yum, by the tropical sea,
Where people live right out of doors,
They sleep in the shade of the cocoanut tree
And cook on the sand covered shores.
But when it is Christmas and Santa appears
He's sorry he made them a call,
For how can he slide down the chimneys, my dears,
When there aren't any chimneys at all?

POPCORN AND CANDLES HUNG TO A PALM.

ON the Island of Yum there are thousands of trees,
The mango and banyan and date,
So the children of Yum eat the fruit that they please
And enjoy it, it's needless to state.
But when poor old Santa comes every year
He struggles in vain to keep calm,
For popcorn and candles look awfully queer
When hung to a cocoanut palm.

IF I on the Island of Yum were to live,
The children I'd merrily teach;
I'd build 'em all chimneys, and then I would give
A nice pair of stockings to each.
And I'd send out a shipload of Christmas trees, too,
Addressed to the children by name,
And then you would see what a time there would be
When Christmas and Santa Claus came.

—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

The Christmastide Lesson.

The Christmastide celebrates the birth festival of our Lord. The incarnation of Christ is the central thought in the history of the world. His birth has exalted the poetry, the music and the art of the centuries. It has changed all social customs and religious rituals. It has given a new glory to human life and a new trend to eternity. This is the time when all bitterness should be forgotten, all family feuds reconciled and all life glorified. God grant that the day may speedily come when the song of the angels celebrating the birth of the Christ may find its fulfillment throughout the whole world.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Dr. Robert Stuart Macarthur, Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Caught Santa on the Street.

A Santa Claus from the Salvation Army was ringing his bell beside his iron pot in Fourteenth street, says the New York Mail and Express, when suddenly a little girl broke away from her mother in the passing throng and, rushing up to the pseudo Santa, grabbed him by his gown and began rapidly to tell her wants. First she gave him her full name and address, with many injunctions not to forget. Then she rattled off a list of things she wanted, regardless of the attempts of her mother to induce her to come away and not bother Santa. The little girl was persistent, the crowd gathered around to hear her little invocation, and for awhile she blocked traffic on that side of the street.

A Santa Claus Party.

As the once popular "donkey party" no longer holds forth for novelty, here is something new—a Santa Claus party. Take an old sheet and paint or draw on it a Santa Claus. Have a number of red caps cut from medium weight water color paper and distributed among the guests. Taking turns, let each one be blindfolded and, walking toward the sheet, try to place the cap on Santa's head. The person succeeding is the winner and receives the prize of a toy Santa Claus. The two who also come the nearest might be given prizes of reindeers.—Bee Hive.

Christmas In the South.

In the south Christmas is celebrated as we observe Fourth of July. The presents may be of the most inexpensive character, but there will be a bountiful supply of firecrackers, torpedoes and roman candles, not forgetting the tin horn, which begins to toot on Christmas eve and continues till midnight of Dec. 25. The cry of "Christmas gift!" resounds, and never once does one hear "Merry Christmas."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. E. S. Coppersmith's Christmas Topics

The Store of Great Bargains and Money Saving for the Shopper.

20 to 50 per cent. Reduction on Millinery, Coats, Suits, Skirts, Shirtwaists

The Toy Store is a veritable Holiday Bazaar of itself, with its great assemblage of Dolls, all sorts and sizes, Doll Clothes, Doll houses and Doll Furniture.

Dolls all prices from 1c to $15.00.

Teddy Bears of twenty-five different kinds, $1.00 to $3.00.

Everything for Teddy Bears to wear—Sweaters, Overalls, Rough Rider Suits, Goggles, Coats, Boots, etc.

Special prices on Toys, Dolls and dishes. To close them out.

Silverware and Jewelry, Novelties in the greatest profusion ever known in this store.

Rings, Necklaces, Brooches, Hair Ornaments, Opera Glasses, Beads, Pendants, Belt Pins, Belts, Hand Bags, Purses, Hat Pins and many other pretty things for women.

Toilet Waters, Perfumes, Manicure Sets.

Cut Glass, China and Fancy Baskets.

Late Books 50c. A full line of Alger Books at 18c.

Writing Paper in fancy Christmas Boxes.

Calendars, Christmas Cards and a host of Fancy Metal Novelties for Christmas.

Holiday Postal Cards.

Art Needle Work, sections full of interesting things.

Dainty Laces and Trimmings for Gowns—large selection of beautiful imported Trimmings and Real Lace, besides exceedingly pretty machine made.

Lace and Embroidered Collar and Cuff Sets—fancy embroidered Velvet Collars—Persian embroidered Silk Scarfs—dainty Crepe de Chene for making scarfs and many other beautiful stylish things for the neck.

Crepe de Chene in two yard Scarf Patterns, $2.00.

Ostrich Plumes—something every girl and women appreciates—beauties, $2.50 to $15.00.

Fancy Aigrettes for the hat, $1.50 to $10.00.

Sets of Furs of Sable, Chinchilla, Ermine, Mink, Marten, Squirrel, Persian Lamb, Broadtail, Russian Pony and other Furs in plenteous assortment. Furs, $5.00 to $30.00.

Kid Gloves—Evening or Street Gloves—$1.00 to $4.0c.

Men's Gloves, $1.00 to $2.00.

Fur or Fur lined Gloves, Children's Gloves, Fabric Gloves—Gloves for everybody and every purpose.

Silk Petticoats—Black and shades to match gowns—$3.50 to $10.00.

Net and Lace Waists—Silk Waists—Lingerie Waists—Linen Waists—thousands of new beautiful Waists, $1.00 to $12.00.

Lace or Silk Waists extraordinary, $5.50.

Hosiery for Men, Women or Children—Silk, Cotton, Wool—practical or dress kinds. A full line of the Celebrated Cadet Hose

Little Children's Bonnets, Toques or Caps.

Hankerchiefs—always appropriate and acceptable.

Men's Blanket Bath Robes—$2.90 to $3.50.

Table Linens, Lunch Cloths, Fancy Linens, Bedding Linens, Towels, Blankets.

Lunch Cloth and Doylies would be especially appreciated.

Curtains, Draperies, Pictures and things of utility and beauty for the home.

Babies Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Leggins and Knit Sacques.

An amazing line of fine White Goods, 12c to 80c.

Dress Silks in dress lengths and waist patterns.

Sofa Cushions, with cords and ruffles to match.

Ladies,' children's and infants Sweater Coats.

E. S. COPPERSMITH.

Emporium's Xmas Candy Store

J. B. MEISEL, One Door East of Post Office

You are going to buy Candy for Xmas? Why should you buy it here? Because, you have the largest and finest stock in Cameron county to select from; the quality of our goods, the purest and best; our service is unexcelled; our prices are the lowest. Our display shows careful and choice selection of up-to-date Xmas sweets.

Work Baskets, Fancy Japanese Jewel Boxes, Leather Jewel Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Leather Suit Cases, Holly Boxes. Useful baskets and boxes of every description filled with the famous UTOPIAN CHOCOLTES Aranging in price from

25c to$ 8.00

Bulk Candies, all kinds, 10c to $1.00 per Lb. Full line of Home-made Candies, strictly fresh and pure Fruits, Nuts, Dates and Figs OF THE CHOICEST VARIETY

Holly and Mistletoe in any quantity

Beautiful Xmas Post Cards, all prices

Cigars, best brands in Xmas boxes.

Leave orders early for Xmas Ice Cream

Phone 21.

J. B. MEISEL.

How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While, of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any toher cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by L. Taggart.

The Best on Earth.

Protection against Accidents and Sickness is an absolute necessity. It costs but $5.00 a year for $15.00 weekly benefits, and $2,000 death claim. The only policy paying such liberal benefits. This Company also writes policies for $10.00 and $25.00 per year. Liberal commissions to agents, by the German Commercial Accident Co., Phil'a, Pa. W. R. Sizer, Gen'l Agent, Sizerville, Pa. R. R. McQuay of Emporium, is a representative of the Company. Drop him a postal—He will do the balance. In case of sudden injury this Company provides temporary relief to the amount of $25.00, if notified by wire of an accident. 17-ly.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF CAMERON, } SS:

NOTICE is hereby given that Mrs. Ella A. Parsons, Executrix of the estate of Orrel F. Ellwell, late of Emporium, Cameron County, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, has filed her first and final account of her administration of said estate and the same will be presented at the next term of Court for confirmation *ni si*.

W. J. LEAVITT, Register.

Register's Office, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1908. } —4t.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1908.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 12, 1909, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, CAMERON COUNTY, } SS:

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Leavitt, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Sanford, late of Shippen Township, Cameron County and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, has filed his first and final account of his administration of said estate, and the same will be presented at next term of Court for confirmation *ni si*

WM. J. LEAVITT, Register.

Register's Office, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 8th, 1908. } n-4-t.

Warning

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Manager at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.

Emporium, Pa., August 1st, 1903 24-tf.

Christmas In the Caribbean

"IF I can't be at my own house," remarked a naval officer, "I'd rather spend the holiday season on a cruiser or gunboat down in the Caribbean than in the greatest city of the land. Fun? Why, you don't know what fun is until you come to a celebration like the musical comedy given by the crew of a protected cruiser off Santo Domingo on Christmas night four years ago.

"The surgeon wrote the words, and there was a sailor, a regular genius at music, who got up the finest score you ever heard. Why, he'd have made a hit writing music for operas on Broadway if he hadn't died of tropical fever. That comedy—but I guess you'd call it an extravaganza more likely—was the funniest show I ever saw. Maybe it wouldn't have seemed so to you, but to us it was all that could be desired by the most critical."

"But how did you get a stage or scenery or costumes or makeup?" asked the landsman.

"Oh, that was all easy," he replied. "As soon as the men told the captain of their plan he gave them the free use of the quarter deck, which was cleared for dramatic action. Then the boys built a platform—as good a stage as you ever saw—and chairs or benches were placed in rows until there were seats for everybody, from the commanding officer down to the cook's helper.

"Curtain? Of course we had a curtain. It was made of old sailcloth, and a series of ropes and pulleys made it rise and fall as smoothly as the one in the Metropolitan Opera House. Then,

"THE 'LEADING WOMAN' WAS A SMOOTH CHEEKED SWEDE."

on each side of the stage, more sailcloth was used to conceal the dressing rooms and the 'flies.' As for scenery, the carpenters built wooden frames, and these were covered with sails stretched taut, on which the painters put beautiful trees and houses, and whatever else was necessary to complete the pictures. The footlights were electric bulbs, shaded from the audience by tin reflectors.

"The costumes and makeup required as much ingenuity. The organizers had procured a good many feminine garments ashore several weeks ahead of time, but all the smaller accessories were made aboard ship. The false beards were constructed of strands of rope, which were carefully picked out and then shaped up by a fellow who had a talent for that sort of work. Of the same material he wove elaborate wigs. Burnt cork did the work of darkening eyebrows, and face paints were mixed in the fo'c'sle—probably from ordinary house paints, for I guess the sailors weren't particular about their complexions.

"The 'leading woman' was a smooth cheeked Swede, and he was rigged up 'regardless.' I can tell you he was a stunner. The flounces and lace and ribbons he wore would have filled a trunk. The only trouble about him was his voice, but we grew used to that before the end of the first act; what it lacked in feminine delicacy it atoned for in quality. He gave us all the popular songs of a year before in a rich tenor and added a few composed for the occasion, mostly hits at the officers, who took good naturedly all the jokes at their expense. There was a fair plot to the piece.

"The music, rendered by an orchestra of twenty pieces, had been another subject for careful preparation. There were a few instruments on board, and these were supplemented by some bought by subscriptions from the officers, upon whom the men had called for all the cash they needed. The extra horns and drums and stringed pieces were secured at a port we visited a week previously, and the players had been practicing, often to the annoyance of those who had to remain near the fo'c'sle, every night since their equipment was completed.

"Ah, it was a fine show! There we were, a lonesome lot of devils, who hadn't had a look in on a good time for six months. This diversion we enjoyed like schoolboys who had been cooped between brick walls from September to Christmas holidays. After it was over of course we had banquets, the officers in the wardroom and the sailors in the fo'c'sle, and by the next morning every man of us felt he had spent a real Christmas as Christmas ought to be spent."—New York Times.

Christmas in Foreign Climes
BY
ENRICO DE MAISON
CHRISTMAS ON A GERMAN MAN OF WAR
BREAKING THE CHRISTMAS PINATA IN MEXICO
THE WEINACHTSMAN IN GERMANY
TREE FOR CHILD MODELS IN PARIS

IF AN American, who had not seen much of the world, should awake on Christmas morn while a German, French, English, Italian, Swiss or Danish Christmas celebration was in progress in his vicinity, he would imagine himself within the exclusive confines of a home for the mentally incompetent.

The American Christmas is a matter-of-fact festive occasion. People begin buying presents a week before; they present them Christmas morning and the next day return to work, the entire affair forgotten until the following brings the season around again.

Not so in the countries across the water. They observe every tradition in the mother lands; they plan for weeks and the festivities which mark the birth of Jesus Christ are carried on for a week or more. The Christmas tree in Germany is allowed to remain decorated far into the next year, extending over a period of several months.

Unique ceremonies grace the Danish, French, Swiss and Scotch Christmas celebrations and that which the Teutons foster have been handed down from ages. In Mexico one of the treasured customs is the breaking of the Pinata, a tradition being connected with the little ceremony which ushers in Christmas day. A queerly constructed effigy of a woman is hung up in a corner of a room and a child blindfolded, armed with a stick, proceeds to dislodge the old woman from her position close to the ceiling. When the feat is accomplished the presents contained under the covering of the dress of the figure are distributed.

The beauty of that little game is the uncertainty attending the possibility of the woman being dislodged and second, the uncertainty as to whether the less favored of the family circle will draw any presents from the treasure store beneath the skirts of the woman.

Christmas, of course, is observed only in Christian countries, but some heathen, in fact, nearly all of them, have one day or another on which to receive and send presents to their friends and others who are not friends. In countries ruled by absolute monarchies, the rulers are sometimes afraid to open their gift receptacles for the reason that oftentimes treasonable persons inclose fancy little bombs not marked in the invoice. Of course such undesirable persons do not have any more Christmases to celebrate, affairs being arranged in that manner if they are caught.

While the Christmas idea is practically the same in most countries of the globe which observe the day, there is a great variety of presents and a certain nation's desire for gifts made in wide variance to that which the next door neighbor believes in. Germans as a rule give the children presents, most of which are made in this country, while Americans are always particular about buying the babies toys marked "made in Germany."

A Frenchman told a clever little story at a Christmas banquet in Paris a year ago, which ran along on that line. He was enamoured with a beautiful young lady whose home was on Rue de Boulevarde. She was of artistic taste, so he studied her desire in painting creations for three weeks before Christmas. At last he came to the conclusion that probably an oil painting by a noted French artist might please her. He took special pains to hunt out a store where he might procure one. He did and put several weeks' salary into the gift.

He had it delivered Christmas morning and received a cordial note of thanks from the young lady, who unfortunately had not thought to purchase anything for him. This, of course, was embarrassing to both parties, but that evening while fondling the creation in his presence she happened to scan the back of the portrait. It said: "Made in Hoboken, N. J." She was in the midst of thanks and an embarrassing explanation of why she hadn't sent him a present, when she noticed the birthmark of the oil painting. She stopped, and they haven't spoken to each other since, according to the story.

All of which goes to show that the value of a gift more than the spirit which the giver exhibits is taken into consideration by some persons. The young man, probably, was sorry for the abrupt termination of his friendship with the young lady, but perhaps it was for the best. That was his version of it, anyhow.

Most English speaking nations celebrate Christmastide just as we Americans do, but each has its little self-made variation. In Italy they celebrate with a grand dance, as a rule, and they take great pains to be attired in gaudy raiment. The Danish are very deliberate about their Christmas festivities and great fetes and gifts are the order of the day. The Swiss are fervent in their worship of the Saviour on that day and the little children dressed for gala affairs parade the streets in order that their parents may look at them and compare them with the "kids next door."

Many persons who have read much history and who have been able to persuade themselves that the present century is all wrong as to the date of the birth of Christ, are skeptical as to whether we should observe the sacred day when we do. Estimates as to when Christ was born extend clear from June to January 26.

Prior to the fourth century Christmas was not observed on December 25, for there was no period of uniformity in observing the day among the early churches. The skeptical persons who have studied the thing from end to end say that on December 25 it rained in Judea and then attention is called to the Biblical statement that shepherds were watching their flocks when Christ was born. Now how could they watch their flocks when it was raining? is the argument of the unbelievers that December 25 is the correct day of feast.

One person who is not skeptical declared that perhaps they didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain in those days. But of course that is no argument. The chances are the calendars have been changed so much that the original December 25, if hunted down, would be found flirting with May 1. Of course the correct day upon which to worship has much to do with the feeling of Christians in the matter, but at the same time, if the event is properly observed the time of observance is but a detail.

Many good churchmen who seldom attend church on Sundays find Christmas an excellent day to attend church because it only falls on Sunday once in seven years and it doesn't break in on their weekly holiday morning nap.

Millions of dollars are spent every year in every country of the globe for presents. It is declared in mercantile circles that the United States in proportion to population is the biggest national distributor of gifts.

There are many concerns in Germany, England and France which confine themselves exclusively to the manufacture of gifts such as are exchanged only during the celebration of the birth of Christ. Besides being a holiday which should be devoted to worship of Jesus Christ, it is a day which is looked forward to by merchants as a big source of profit.

In other countries, as in America, there are many small Christmas tragedies enacted because of the dislike which some folks take to gifts and because of the thoughtlessness of others in omitting some of their friends. Some make it a rule, and advertise it well, that they have decided to confine gifts to the immediate family circle, so that none will take offense if they receive no gifts from their hitherto cherished friends. Of course the ones who are notified of the change in the routine are careful to scratch off the names of the friends who have eliminated them so that when Christmas comes there is no needless embarrassment.

The poets once sang: "It is not the gift, but the spirit of the giver," and also "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth." There are dozens of little Christmastide axioms of that kind which are used and misused toward the end of the year. That first saying has been cleverly shifted about in this manner: "It is not the gift, but the price which the giver putteth into the gift."

The proper Christmas spirit as told from the pulpit is far from that which many follow out in selecting presents. Mother countries exhibit less interest in costly gifts than does America. Travelers in countries of the old world have been surprised at the great number of Christmas presents which are home-manufactured. Several weeks before the glad event, the families sit themselves down in their rooms and start, secretly, work upon the Christmas gifts. In the country districts of certain parts of America this custom is still retained.

Long a Temperance Worker.

"Mother" Stewart, who died recently, was 92 years old. She devoted her life to the temperance canse. Mrs. Stewart established the first W. C. T. U. in Ohio at Osborn in 1873. In 1876 she visited England and organized the first W. C. T. U. in that country. Following the civil war she lectured extensively in the southern states on behalf of the war sufferers.

Five years ago "Mother" Stewart became interested in the teaching of Alexander Dowie and visited Zion City where she remained one year, since which time she lived with friends at Hicksville. Until five years ago she resided in Springfield, O., where she led in many temperance crusades. Scarcely a woman in America could boast of the praise from pulpit and press like "Mother" Stewart.

Sees Great Future For Siberia.

More than 500,000 persons emigrated from European Russia to Siberia in 1907. Vice-Consul Chanler of Dalny reports, and of this record-breaking number fewer than ever before returned to their homes. Every colonist arriving in Siberia receives 37 acres of land free, paying no taxes the first three years and only half the regular taxes the next three.

Siberia imports $10,000,000 worth of goods by caravan from China annually, almost entirely tea, while Siberia exports to China only $750,000 worth of articles annually, and many of these originate in European Russia.

A FAR CRY

The Story of a Happy Christmas

By MAGLYN DUPREC

(Copyright, 1908, by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It had not been easy for John Wellington, Sr., to select his Christmas gifts this year, although his old wife and one or two servants were all for whom he had to provide. It was Christmas eve, and he had been through bookstores, where handsomely bound volumes of story writers, philosophers and poets were displayed on every counter; through brilliantly lighted jewelry stores, where precious stones gleamed softly against backgrounds of rich velvet; through the perfumed shop of the florist, where delicate blossoms from famous greenhouses breathed forth a fragrance that gave the lie to the bitter wind and swirling snow outside. With each he had left a generous check, but always with an unsatisfied feeling that he was paying for something he did not care to have. Finally, he had been lured into a shop whose windows displayed an attractive lot of toys for small boys, and he had selected from its almost endless store of guns, wagons, wonderful animals and ear-splitting "wind instruments," a red tin horn, costing him only 25 cents.

This had given him more satisfaction than any purchase he had made for many times that amount.

The other parcels he had ordered delivered, but this he had carried himself, as though it were something too precious to be trusted to other hands. It was this that he unwrapped before

"I Bought It for a Memory, Mother."

the big, old-fashioned fireplace where his wife sat, as soon as he had come in from the storm-swept street. As he held it up where the red gleam of the firelight was caught on its rounded surface, a look of surprise swept over the gentle old face near him.

"Why, John, you never bought that! Surely they handed you someone else's purchase."

"No," he said, his face growing suddenly tender, "I bought it."

His wife, with a woman's quick instinct, divined the reason. She stepped nearer to him and laying her hand on his arm, looked at him with pleading eyes, saying: "But why, father?"

It was the first time she had called him father for a decade past, and there was a pitiful break in the old man's voice as he replied: "I bought it for a memory, mother."

That was the first time in ten years he had called her mother, and at the sound of the name, she, too, gave way—gave way, womanlike, leaning her head on his arm, and sobbing out a grief that had silently stolen the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes as the years had gone by. The old man's arm went round her lover-fashion, while his hand gently stroked her soft white hair. "There, there, mother, dear. The boy's not dead. I'll find him for you, if I have to hunt the world over. I was to blame," he said, with such infinite regret in his voice that the old wife reached up and drew his head down to her face and whispered: "Don't take it so, father. I know you thought you were doing the best for the boy when you sent him away to do or die on his own account, and somehow I feel tonight, as I have never felt before, that he may be found."

As she spoke, something in her tones made him feel that at last his wife had forgiven him entirely for the decision which, ten years before, had robbed her of her only child. Always before this he felt through all her gentle and kindly care for him, that tucked away somewhere in the silent recesses of her being there was just a little bitterness against him for the childless state he had brought upon her. But now that he, himself, had come to repent it, he knew beyond a doubt that the last drop of that bitterness had been swallowed up in a grief grown sweet from being shared.

He sat down in his great arm chair and looked up with misty eyes at his wife. "You're right, mother. I did think it best. I would rather have seen him dead than worthless, and I knew if he had worth, he would conquer himself, and rise without my aid, more of a man than with it." She put her arm around his neck and patted his cheek. "He has risen somewhere, father. I know it. He could not be your son and fail," she said, the loyalty and love of a lifetime lighting her face with a soft radiance.

He took up the tin horn from the table where he had laid it, and fondled it as if it were fraught with memories, instead of merely recalling them.

"It's ten years since he left," he said, "what a man he must be now—31 to-night. But I was thinking, when I bought this, of the time when he was such a little yellow-haired toddler, and almost drove us wild with just such a horn as this at Christmas time."

She took the horn from him, and looking dreamily at it, said: "We'll keep this, father; maybe Jack's boy will some time make these old walls ring with it at Christmas time as he made them ring, himself, so many years ago."

"God grant that he may!" said the old man. "Do you remember, mother, how he used to come chasing down the street after me when I would start off to my work in the morning?"

"Yes, and how you would pick him up and carry him back to me," she said. "And do you remember the time we came near losing him, the day he ran away to hunt you in the city?"

"Who that saw you then could forget it, mother?" and he took her hand in his and drew her down to the chair beside him. They sat hand in hand in the silence, given over to voiceless memories of the past, only the ticking of the old clock keeping an accompaniment to their dreams of other Christmas Eves. They were sitting thus an hour later when a servant opened the door and said, respectfully: "There is a telephone call for Mr. Wellington."

"Can't you answer it, Mary?" the old man asked, loath to leave his comfortable chair and dreams.

"No, sir. It is especially for you. A long-distance call, I think."

"Who the deuce wants to talk to me from a distance," he said, as he rose and went to the telephone in the hall.

"Hello, who is this?" he asked, as he picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is John Wellington."

"A party in Chicago wants to talk to you," said the long-distance operator.

"All right, put him up. Who in thunder do I know in Chicago," he ejaculated to himself, pressing the receiver closer to his ear.

A peculiar wailing sound was all he heard, and a puzzled expression crept over his face. "Talk a little louder. I can't understand a thing you are saying," and he listened more intently. The wailing grew a little louder, but still it was nothing but an inarticulate wail, and for a moment the old man looked thoroughly disgusted.

"Confound it!" he shouted at last. "You sound exactly like a mewling infant. I don't know what you are saying."

Then a man's laugh was heard, followed by "A merry Christmas, father. You know exactly what he sounds like, but you don't know what he is saying," and there was another laugh, ringing joyful, as in his boyhood days, and the old man knew he had found his own.

"Jack, Jack, my boy, is that you?" he shouted, staggered by the unexpected joy of his sudden discovery.

"None other, father, but what you just heard was another Jack, the second Jack Wellington, Jr. He has just arrived, and his command of English is somewhat limited, but he was doing his best to introduce himself, and invite you and grandma to Christmas dinner with him, and—"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, where have you been all these years?" sobbed the old man.

"Catch the Lake Shore Limited tonight, father, bring mother with you, and I'll tell you all about it when you get here. You've got time. You see, father, I've kept track of you and mother all along. I wasn't going to let anything happen to the old folks, and—" there was a catch in his voice, "I've got the right kind of a report to make, father. Never fear that."

The old man could scarcely contain himself as he listened, pressing the receiver closer and closer to his ear, as though he feared some bit of the precious news might escape him. Then he shouted: "All right, son, we're coming on the next train." He left the receiver dangling on the wall, and started on a run to the room where his wife sat, shouting as he went: "Mother, mother, it's Jack—our boy. Get ready, mother. I'm going to have a cab here in 20 minutes to catch the train for Chicago." She had risen with a wild look on her face, and had started to question him, but he shook his head, saying: "No, no, I'll explain later. Not got time now. We're going to spend Christmas with Jack and his boy."

He started for the 'phone again, and then dashed back, exclaiming: "Pack the tin horn if you don't pack another thing. Any child that can cry loud enough to be heard all the way from Chicago ought to have breath enough to blow that horn," and he dashed again to the 'phone to order a cab.

Natural Deduction.

Peckem—I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week.

Mrs. Peckem—Why, do you consider it lucky?

Peckem—It must be. Few people get married on that day.—Chicago Daily News.

"Excellent!" he cried. "I am glad to hear that one member of he family has grasped the true principles of commercial success."

"I'm sure I don't know where Millicent gets her ideas from," ighed Mam. "When I was her age I could no more have said such thing than I could have flown."

"And you certainly were never built for flying, less now than ver," smiled her husband. Of course I paid little heed to all this haff, because I was bolting half that jam sandwich, which Minkie ad dropped. Evangeline saw what happened and said nothing, so it ill be "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," tonight. But I woke p to the sounds of battle when Mam wanted to know who was going o church. Everybody said "I," except Schwartz, who had letters to rite. You ought to have watched his face when Minkie said quietly:

"In that case you will miss seeing Jack Stanhope, the friend of hom I was telling you yesterday."

"Jack! Is he at home?" Dolly blurted out and then blushed right own her neck.

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"How could I? If it comes to that, how do you know?"

"He sent me a Christmas picture post card last evening, one of the ew ones, with the season's wishes and a lot of robins on one side and ha'penny stamp with the address and a little bit of a letter on the ther. Here it is. Shall I read it?"

"Yes," said the Guv'nor, rather grimly. Outside the gang he nderstood Minkie better than anybody else, and he evidently won- lered why she was making such a dead set against Schwartz.

Minkie produced the card from the pocket which held the ju-ju.. t was a deep pocket, lengthened by herself. She often needed it to ide a young rabbit when I had induced one to leave his home and riends, because keepers make a beastly fuss about hese small matters if they hear of them.

"It has the West Strand postmark, 9 a. m., Dec. 24," said she, "and this is what he writes:

"Dear Minkie—Just arrived from Marseilles, ex-S. S. Persia. It was enough to freeze Dan's tail off crossing the channel, but I am glad to be here early, as I can do a bit of shopping (being in need of decoration) before I run down to Dale End. I shall be strolling past the lodge about 6 o'clock and will be delighted if you are visible. Otherwise we shall meet at church tomorrow and exchange winks if Grampus is there too. Yours ever, JACK.

"P. S.—I have brought you a pet mongoose.

"That is all."

"Quite enough too. May I ask who 'Grampus' s?" said her father.

"His uncle. Jack depends on him for his al- owance, so he has to humor him, but he never agreed with him about hat shooting squabble, you know."

"I know nothing about his views and care less, and I do not wish you o exchange either post cards or winks with him or any of his name."

"Tom," put in Mam gently, "this is Christmas morning."

"I have not forgotten that, my dear. Nor have I forgotten this lay two years ago, when the other Stanhope ignored my proffered and before a dozen of our mutual acquaintances. You hear, Milli- ent? I have spoken."

"Yes, father, dear, but it is such a pity about the mongoose. And had a new word I wanted to surprise Jack with. Christmas picture ost card is such a mouthful, so I intended to call it a Chris-card. Don't you think that rather neat?"

"I do, but it is not comparable to the neatness with which you draw a red herring across the scent. Of course if he sends you the mongoose you may keep it and write a civil note of thanks, but we can hardly indulge in a close friendship with the nephew when the uncle annot find a good word to say for us."

I was that delighted that I scraped Minkie's leg to tell her I was nderneath the table. A mongoose coming to join the family! What s a mongoose, anyhow? Has it four legs or two? Can it fight? I nust have murmured my thoughts aloud, because the parrot gave a screech that made Schwartz jump.

"Go and hide in the nearest rabbit burrow, little dog," he yelled. "Run away and bury yourself with a bone. When that mongoose turns up he'll chase you into the next parish. Oh, Christopher! Aren't we havin' a beano? Another rum 'ot, please, miss."

I kept my temper. There is no use arguing with a parrot. You can't get at him, and he has an amazing variety of language at com- mand. But I must state one small point in his favor. If you pay no need to his vulgarity and cut out of his talk the silly bits which seem to please people who wear clothes, he gives one a lot of useful infor- mation. He will not say a word in a friendly way, same as I give even Tibbie the nod if there's a mouse in the kitchen. The best plan is to sauce him or sneer at him. Then he flies into a rage and talks like a book.

"So, Polly," said I, "you shouldn't strain your voice in that fash- ion. It will make your feet ache."

He knew what I meant well enough, because just then he was hanging head downward from his perch. He reached out and took a grip of a steel bar in his beak, pretending he had hold of me by the neck.

"If I were you, I'd whitewash my face in the hope that the mon- goose would not recognize me after the first round," he croaked.

"I believe you are afraid of the thing yourself."

"Say not so, whiskers. Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling. A full grown mongoose will make you the sickest dog in the British isles. Whoop at him, Boxer! Back to him, Bendigo!"

"Evangeline," said Mam, "put the green cloth over that bird. He grows worse daily, and I cannot make out where he learns so much cockney slang."

Minkie kicked me under the table. She guessed I had been teasing him. At any rate, the parrot clearly expected to witness a first rate set-to when the mongoose arrived. In his own mind he had already taken a ticket for the front row of the stalls, and I meant to oblige him with a star turn. A mongoose may be able to catch a snake, but he must not put on airs with a dog who killed thirty rats in one minute the last time Farmer Hodson thrashed his barley stack.

I heard Schwartz telling Dolly that he had changed his mind and would go to church, so at half past 10 they walked off to the village. It was quite warm in the sun, but the air was nippy, so I gave Tib a run across the lawn when I found her stalking a sparrow. Then I went round to see Bob. He was busy eating. I suppose a horse has to get through a lot of hay before he fills up.

Anyhow, when I asked Bob what a mongoose was he was rather

A Word Breaker.

"Fine looking old gentleman."

"Yes, but he was never known to give a man his word that he did not break it."

"Dishonest, eh?"

"Nope; he stutters."—Houston Post.

Dignity and Ignorance.

"So you have decided to call in another doctor?"

"I have," was the reply. "The absurdity of the man prescribing linseed tea and mustard plasters for people of our position!"

A Noble Parent.

In writing a sketch of Washington a pupil ended her essay by saying, "Washington married a famous belle, Martha Custis, and in due time became the Father of His Country."—Delineator.

Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy, blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.—Frederick Saunders.

Ten Doctors Said He Would Die

"In 1903 we wrote you regarding my husband, who was suffering from heart trouble. He was superanuated by the North Georgian Conference. Ten doctors at different times said he would die. You advised Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Restorative Nervine; we did as advised, and improvement was apparent from the very first. He recovered and the Conference in 1904 gave him a charge. He never felt better, although he has very heavy work and does a great deal of camp meeting work. I am so glad we took your advice and gave him the medicine, and feel that I ought to let you know of the wonderful good results from its use."

MRS. T. S. EDWARDS,
Milner, Ga.

This proves what Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy will do. Get a bottle from your druggist and take it according to directions. It does not matter whether your heart is merely weak, or you have organic trouble, if it does not benefit you take the empty bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

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SIZERVILLE MINERAL WATER

Clean, Pure and Healthy.

We are prepared to furnish the citizens of Emporium this popular Water, either PLAIN OR CARBONATED, in bottles.
Drop a postal card—we will do the rest. The analysis of the celebrated Sizerville Water has made it famous all over the country.
Orders may be left at Geo. F. Balcom's store, or water may be purchased by the case at the same place.

Address,

Magnetic Mineral Water Co.,
SIZERVILLE, PA.

Xmas! Xmas! Xmas!

At the Old Reliable means a saving of 10 to 50 per cent.

FANCY PIPES, New Stock, Reduced 20 per cent.
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CASE GOODS, Reduced 20 per cent.
Corresponding reduction in all other Xmas stock.
Call and examine before you loose 20 to 30 per cent. by buying elsewhere.

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

Wishing You a Merry Christmas

WE BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS BANK WILL BE CLOSED ON THAT DAY

Foreword 1909

In entering upon another business year, we desire to thank our depositors and patrons for the loyal confidence imposed in this Bank during the 24 years we have been in bueiness.

It shall be our purpose in the future, as in the past, to place our service at your command—our facilities at your convenience—our strength and security at your disposal.

Directory

The affairs of this bank are directed and managed by men of business and experience. Below appears a list of the Officers and Directors:

Hon. B. W. GREEN, President,
Hon. JOSIAH HOWARD, Vice President.

John E. Smith, Joseph Kaye, W. S. Walker,
N. Seger, W. L. Sykes, J. Pitt Felt.
T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Opportunity

The beginning of a new year is a good time to start your business on a systematic basis. We would suggest that you deposit your money with this bank subject to check. By paying all your bills and obligations by check, you will be enabled to keep an absolute record of all your transactions. Bills paid by check stay paid.

Profit

Did you ever think of it in this way? If you save $100, from your earnings during the year, it is the same amount you would receive on a $2,000 investment for one year at 5 per cent.

To save, one must sacrifice. The best things of life are gained in this way. If you want to lay aside a part of your earnings, come to this bank and open an account. A bank account will assist you greatly in the undertaking.

$1.00

We make it easy for you to possess a bank account. You can open an account here with one dollar—you can add to it as often as you wish in any amount you desire. We are anxious to do our part and would urge to avail yourself of the advantages and facilities we place at your disposal.

Retrench

The time to retrench is after the Holiday festivities. The extra expense incident to this season of good cheer thrust upon you the realization that you must spend less—that you ought to save a part of your income.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

EMPORIUM, PA.

THE LINE FENCE

By ARTHUR RENWICK O'HARA

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

"What a beast he must be!" cried Barbara Hilton, attacking her breakfast savagely.

"My dear," said gentle Aunt Lettie, "I don't think the man realizes our position."

"He certainly can comprehend that three women and a Chinaman are not capable of coping with his horrid, prongy-horned cattle," cried Barbara. "How many times have the awful creatures broken into our corn this week? Only three times!"

"But each time they got through our part of the fence, dear," said Aunt Lettie.

"And what if they did?" demanded the indignant Barbara. "Does he expect Wing to mend the fence? Or Judy? Perhaps he thinks you might set in a few posts. Haven't we offered double wages for help from his men time and again? But no—he prefers to let those gaunt, hungry beasts get two or three square meals each week out of our cornfield. He hasn't the chivalrous instincts of a Digger Indian."

Mr. Theodore Norris, the owner of the predatory livestock, was a hot tempered, eccentric gentleman of 50 odd summers, who for a score of years had waged unintermittent war against the former proprietor of the Hilton ranch, so when Miss Lettie Hilton and her niece located in the stronghold of his ancient enemy a vague idea that it befitted a confirmed bachelor to cherish animosity toward the weaker sex, and force of habit, impelled him to continue the feud.

Therefore, he resolutely ignored his new neighbors, and repelled their timid advances. In a locality where hired help was almost unobtainable, he refused to allow any of his men to repair Miss Lettie's half of the division

"Mr. Theodore Norris Was a Hot Tempered, Eccentric Gentleman."

fence, although, through Wing, she made him liberal offers for their service.

It was Miss Hilton's half of the fence that was defective. It was not his fault if the cattle broke through; so he displayed no undue haste in getting them home. The "greasers" in his employ soon understood that Mr. Norris lightly regarded the maraudings of his stock upon the Hilton crops, and acted accordingly. The leisurely manner in which they drove the intruders out of field and garden moved Barbara to wrath, and the gentle Aunt Lettie to plaintive tears.

"This has grown unbearable," said Barbara one day, as the three women of the household sat flushed and panting, after a prolonged tussle with Mr. Norris' cattle in the broiling noonday sun. "When Wing comes home I shall send him to Cambria for posts and wire, and to-morrow I shall build a new fence."

"Don't tell me you are in earnest, Barbara!" cried Aunt Lettie in consternation. "Just consider the unpleasant attention it would attract. What would these ranch people think of a young lady, assisted by a Chinaman, building a fence?"

"They will probably think we're tired of being eaten up alive by that old fiend's cattle," replied Barbara.

"Wing," said Barbara despairingly, the next day, after Wing had toiled manfully, if awkwardly, for over an hour at his first post hole, "how do you ever expect to find that dirt again to fill in 'round our posts when we set them in? Do they dig that way in China?" For Wing persisted in digging with his long-handled shovel turned toward himself, thus throwing the dirt between his widely trousered legs, and strewing it over an astonishing amount of territory.

"Here," she continued, "give me the shovel. Now watch me." And Barbara, grasping the shovel, proceeded to dig with much energy, carefully making a neat pile of dirt by the cavity for Wing's edification.

"Please let me do that," said a masculine voice, and the young lady looked up with a start to meet the gaze of a handsome, well-dressed young man, who stood bowing, with hat in hand.

"I am Jack Norris. Mr. Theodore Norris is my uncle. I only came yesterday, and I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am about the trouble he has given you with his stock. He has wrangled for so long with the people who lived on this ranch he can't realize that he has really agreeable neighbors now. He is ordinarily one of the kindest and best of men. I never before knew him to be unreasonable, but I'm sure he has never seen you or your aunt," said this wily young man.

"He has never shown any anxiety to meet us," remarked Barbara, "and he has been most uncivil to Wing and Judy."

"I beg that you will let me atone for his discourtesy by helping you with the fence. Please do. I ask as a favor that you let me dig."

"Did your uncle send you to help us?" queried Barbara. "If he did, I shall refuse your aid, but if I thought it would annoy him—"

"It would! It would!" cried Jack, earnestly. "He would be furious."

"Very well, then," said Barbara, relinquishing the long-handled implement, "but mind, if he doesn't have a fit of some kind I shall be very much disappointed."

"It will be nothing short of apoplexy," said Jack, solemnly, as he began to dig.

And Mr. Norris, arrested in his morning stroll by the astonishing spectacle of his nephew digging postholes for his enemy, while his enemy's niece lightened his toil with pleasant conversation, was so indignant that Barbara, had she known, would have been appeased.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Norris, breathing heavily and staring in angry amazement at the unconscious pair. "I won't have it," he cried, shaking his stick at the young people, who were happily out of hearing. "Do you hear? I won't have it. I'll write to that old harriden" (meaning Miss Lettie, whom he had never seen) "and warn her to keep that disgustingly forward creature at home. But no," he continued, "these old maids have such a confounded way of twisting the the most harmless sort of a note into a proposal. I'll just go see her, and I'll talk pretty short, too. Lucky I thought of it in time! I might have let myself in for breach of promise by writing."

Well, to make a long story short, he did go to see Miss Lettie, and when he saw the real Miss Lettie, with her wavy brown hair and pink cheeks, instead of the shrewish old spinster of his imagination, he forgot all about the object of his call and apologized humbly and sincerely for his former conduct.

He and Miss Lettie found so many fruitful themes of mutual interest that they spent the entire morning in pleasant discourse, and when he departed they found that much remained unsaid; so after Jack and Barbara had gone to work, he returned the next morning, and yet many more mornings.

"The last day—the very last day," said Jack one sunny morning. "The line fence is finished."

"It seems to me you've been horribly slow," said the ungrateful Barbara.

"Slow!" echoed Jack, reproachfully. "Has the time seemed long to you?"

Barbara did not reply in words, but the smile she gave him was most reassuring.

"Hand the hammer, dear," he said, "and don't go away, for I want you to hold the wire. There now."

"Well, I think I can manage to hold the wire without your supporting arm," said Barbara. "I'm not decrepit."

"I think," said the audacious young man, "I'll just hold you here until you put into words what your dear eyes have often told me. Say: 'I love you, Jack.'"

"My eyes!" cried Barbara, "what extraordinary lies they must tell!" and she favored Jack with another radiant smile. "Now, let me go," she continued. "Wing will be here in a minute."

"Say it, then," said Jack, "for I won't let you go until you do."

"Well, Jack," said Barbara, slowly, "I do not altogether despise you."

"Now say I may speak to your aunt and tell Uncle Theodore we're engaged."

"Gracious! No," cried Barbara, "Aunt Lettie would think me so bold and forward. Do you think she would engage herself to a man she'd only known six weeks? She'd die first. We'll have to know each other at least a year before we can be engaged, and then she'll think it proper for us to wait several years."

"Nonsense!" cried Jack. "We're engaged right this minute, and we'll be married next month. We'll not wait till we're old and gray-haired just to satisfy the prudish notions of venerable old fossils," and Jack emphasized his declaration with a defiant kiss, planted somewhere in the depths of Barbara's sunbonnet.

"We're standing with our backs toward you," said a bland voice, "and as we can't see you, you needn't blush. We've merely come to inspect your work."

And the startled young folks glanced up to behold a rear view of Miss Lettie and Mr. Norris, who were standing but a few yards away.

"You see before you," said Mr. Norris, with great composure, as he and Miss Lettie confronted the astonished young people, "two venerable fossils who had no time to waste in long engagements; so they slipped away to town and were quietly married this morning, and now you are invited to lunch with the aforementioned fossils—if you have quite finished the line fence."

Few Autos in Chinese City.

The first automobile made its appearance in Shanghai in 1902 and was an American car. After six years there are but 140 cars there, and only five of them are owned by natives.—Consular and Trade Reports

REALLY FINE HOME

THE WHITE HOUSE AN IDEAL PLACE OF ABODE.

Attention of All Washington Is Centered on the Family Next to Occupy the Historic Old Mansion.

There is an air of great expectancy about the White House now. Attention is all directed toward the family next to occupy the house, and, in fact, to the historic old mansion itself.

It is really the most fascinating sort of a home, aside from the limelight which never dims. When the linen covers were removed from the furniture and the floors, and the curtains hung in their places at the windows and the portieres at the doors a few weeks ago the only new thing to be found was the clean white paint of the woodwork. This is all spick and span, but there were no new furnishings, and not even any new gold paint upon the little chairs which the distinguished companies at the musicales occupy in the great east room.

This being the last year of one administration, and as the forthcoming one is to be dominated by another, the house will remain as it is, all changes and improvements to be made by the incoming family.

This winter will be the gayest seen since the first winter of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency, when his elder daughter was presented to society, as history will repeat itself in the matter of the presentation of the younger daughter. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt will have a ball for Miss Ethel, as they had for Miss Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Longworth.

This will be given December 28, and the second daughter will dance her way into society as the first daughter did, in that historic room where Abigail Adams dried her clothes, and which never saw the light fantastic until the Harrison administration, when Mrs. McKee gave a cotillion.

In addition to Miss Ethel's ball, there will be dinners, luncheons, and breakfasts and receptions in quick and strenuous succession, from the first of December until March 4, when Mrs. Roosevelt will turn over the household affairs to her successor as the first lady of the land.

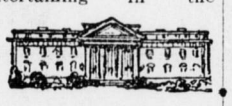
The rooms of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, on the north side of the mansion, would never be recognized by the older generation who were familiar with the apartment of Nellie Grant.

It is more than likely that Miss Helen Taft, who will be her successor as a White House debutante, will be assigned to these rooms.

Instead of being a "room," it is now a suite, for during the improvements to the mansion a few years ago, a sitting room and bath were added to Nellie Grant's former room, and the suite was done over in the most girlish of pale blues, with silk hangings and silver ornaments.

It is no secret that Mrs. Taft will dispense almost constant hospitality during her regime as first lady of the land, for she has such hosts of personal friends in official life and out of it, and in the army and navy circles, that it will necessarily keep her busy to see and entertain them.

It has already been hinted that she will restore to their places on the White House social calendar the popular afternoon receptions to women, which was the custom of the mistress of the White house for many administrations until they were discontinued by Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Taft will follow the precedent established by Mrs. Roosevelt of making music one of the features of the season's entertaining in the White House.



Helen Taft will make her debut next year.

White House Familiar to Mrs. Taft.

Mrs. Taft is more familiar with the White House than was any woman who has ever been called upon to preside over it. Her first visit to Washington was as the guest of Mrs. Hayes, wife of President Rutherford B. Hayes, to whom she was related. She was very young then, being still a schoolgirl, and she acknowledges she can feel the thrills which passed through her while standing close behind Mrs. Hayes on one of her afternoon receptions, at the insistence of "Aunt Lucy."

Later on she was the guest of President and Mrs. Harrison, being also a relative of the latter. During Mr. Taft's service as secretary of war she has been a familiar visitor in the White House, and has, as a matter of fact, had the honor of first lady of the land actually grow upon her.

Mexican Embassy Ranks High.

The Mexican embassy at Washington now occupies a social position equal to that of any of the European powers, its prestige under the Creels having been greatly augmented. Not only the large private fortune of Senor Enrique C. Creel, the ambassador, but the good taste and breeding of Senora Dona Angela, his wife, who is the typical grande dame of Mexico, have accomplished the good work of placing this embassy upon a new social footing.

FOND OF THE FLESHPOTS.

Washington Man Close to the Top When It Comes to Feeding.

My good friend, Alfred Angus Early, who has been doing the—I mean doing things for the national committee during the campaign—is getting fat, writes Irving C. Norwood in the Washington Star. The scales register something like 250 pounds now, with a tendency to trip at a slightly higher figure with each succeeding week. Recently Mr. Early got worried. He sought his family doctor and laid his troubles before him.

"I'm not much of an eater, Doc," said he. "I have my breakfast at eight in the morning and I never get hungry much before ten. Even then I don't indulge myself. Usually if I find myself uncomfortably empty I drop into a Dutch restaurant and have a tub of suds, with some sauerkraut and frankfurters, and that carries me over till noon, when I have my lunch, and I'll admit it is usually a pretty square meal. During the afternoon I seldom eat more than a couple of times, with an occasional drink to wash it down, and I have my dinner rather early, so that I sometimes get hungry a couple of times during the evening."

The learned physician kept a straight face. "I can say only one thing," he remarked, gravely; "you must not eat so much. You positively must not. You simply must promise me that you will limit yourself to three meals a day. If you do not I can't answer for the consequences—fatty degeneration and all that sort of thing, you know."

Mr. Early sighed and sighed again and tried to appear resigned.

"All right, Doc," said he, "if I must, I must! But it's hard, it's blamed hard, indeed! However, I promise. But, Doc, on the level, ain't eating the king of indoor sports?"

To Eat or Not to Eat?

That much mooted question, whether the wives of the members of the cabinet shall serve refreshments on their days at home crops up as surely as the season comes around. The pros and cons are discussed and always the debate ends in a "do as you please." It saves an endless amount of trouble to do without refreshments, but the lack of seeming hospitality is painful to some hostesses and they are willing to undertake the "eating" of the crowd and so earn the right to laugh at many amusing incidents that always follow the rush to the refreshment table. And the one who remembers Washington "befo' the wah" and through the Cleveland administration will show open disapproval at the offer of "a cup of tea" instead of salad and punch.

But the capital has grown ever since the days when the late William C. Whitney was secretary of the navy and provided champagne and terrapin for Mrs. Whitney's callers on Wednesdays, and when Mrs. John G. Carlisle offered hot biscuits and home made salad with the hospitality of Kentucky. Such a provision of food would be impossible now. It would be like turning one's house into a restaurant except for the receipts. So it remains to be seen what January will bring forth, for the official receptions will not begin until after the new year, although all of the women of the cabinet circle and many of the wives of senators will receive informally on their days for their particular friends.

Offered to Help Out Friend.

Charlie Hamilton, who came to Washington with Admiral Cockburn back in 1812, and, with that foresight which has been his distinguishing characteristic ever since, saw such a wonderful future in store for Washington that he remained and grew up with the capital, stopped me on the Row the other afternoon.

"Hist!" he said, or words to that effect, taking me by the arm. I histed and he led me around corners, up and down streets, back and forth, and around about, until, finally, we brought up in the shadow of the monument. He paused. So did I.

"You write rotten poetry," said Charles.

"Thanks," said I.

"So," he continued, "I sat down the other evening and dashed off a little Christmas poem. It's a blamed fine poem. I'll let you have it for publication the Saturday before Christmas. You can sign your name to it."

Whereupon we beat it back to the Row.—Irving C. Norwood, in Washington Star.

Blaming the Teeth.

It is to the teeth that the pathologist should first look for an explanation of those emotional crises in the lives of all of us which assume now the form of an exaggeration of the sentiment of romantic love, again an intensification of insomnia, and sometimes a development of religious sensibility to the boundary line of mania, if Current Literature may be trusted. Not only is toothache the cause, but disease of a dental nature involving no pain whatever to the victim works its havoc and leads men and women to madhouses and domestic miseries and every kind of excess.

Seek Proper Championship.

Life's best school is living with people. Living alone nourishes much that is not good and beautiful in human nature. It promotes selfishness. It gives self-conceit an undue opportunity for growth and development. it permits us to do too much as we please, which is bad training for any one of us. One can never grow into true nobleness of character, sweetness of disposition and beauty of life living in solitude.—J. R. Miller.

MAKES A FLOATING COMPASS.

Peculiarity of Magnetized Needle When Placed in Water.

If a thoroughly dry and clean sewing needle is very carefully laid on the surface of the water in a basin the needle will float in spite of the high density of steel—seven or eight times that of water.

On close inspection it is found that the surface of the water is depressed under the needle, very much as if there were a thin film stretched over the water, and slightly indented by the weight of the needle. This property of liquids, of offering a certain assistance to a force exerted upon their surface, is termed "surface extension." The magnitude of the force of surface tension varies from one liquid to another. It is greatest in the case of mercury. The cause of the phenomenon must probably be looked for in the attraction of the liquid molecules to one another. A sewing needle, thus floating upon water, may be used as a compass, if it has previously been magnetized. It will then point north and south, and will maintain this position if the containing vessel is moved about; if the needle is displaced by force it will return to its position along the magnetic meridian as soon as the restraint is removed.

CURRENCY OF FURS AND SKINS.

Primitive Mode of Exchange That Prevailed in Early Days.

In the early days of the United States furs and skins were very generally transferred from hand to hand as money. Thus, in the northern states, a pound of beaver was regarded as the unit of value, and in the south the same weight of deerskin performed a similar function. In the far west furs retained a currency value until quite a recent date. But, after all, as a bale of skins was rather a bulky roll of money to carry about, it was customary to cut off small strips as tokens of ownership and pass them from hand to hand, while the skins were deposited in recognized places of security. Proof of rightful ownership was demonstrated when the strip was fitted to the part from which it had been detached. Trickery in substituting another skin was not so easy as might be imagined, because it seldom happened that two skins would prove so exactly similar in shade and length of fur where the strip was cut off as to deceive even the eye of a novice.

Chess and Checks.

Chess was originally the game of kings, the game of shahs. The word "shah" became in old French "eschac," while the old French "eschecs" was further corrupted into "chess." The more original form chec has likewise been preserved, though we little think of it when we draw a cheque, or when we suffer a check, or when we speak of the chancellor of the exchequer. The great object of the chess player is to protect the king, and when the king is in danger the opponent is obliged to say "check," i. e., shah, the king. After this the various meanings of check, cheque, or exchequer become easily intelligible. Exchequer, or scaccarium, the name of the chess board, was afterward used for the checkered cloth on which accounts were calculated by means of counters.

The Right Sort of Wife.

An Atchison man recently refused a proposal of marriage. "I like you," he said to the girl, "but you have too many friends. There would be too many at our wedding, for you would be afraid not to invite them all, and your many friends wouldn't be satisfied unless they made fools of us by playing some kind of crazy pranks on us when we started on our wedding journey. You have so many friends that we would get all kinds of wedding presents that we don't want, and would be kept poor in future trying to pay back when the donors got married. You are nice, and I like you, but what I am looking for in a wife is a woman who is friendless."—Atchison Globe.

A Lost Bet.

An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen who were staying at the hotel heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he would say something Kenny couldn't answer at once.

A bottle of champagne was ordered; the one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with a "bang," and flew into Kenny's mouth.

"Ah," he said, "that is not the way to Cork!"

Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied: "No, but it's the way to 'Kill-Kenny.'"—Ideas.

He Said It.

"Horace," remarked Mrs. Figtree, "we are going to have company at dinner, and I do wish you would brighten up and look less like an honorary pallbearer. Say something humorous."

The company came, and, with a few preliminary coughs and winks, which were intended to announce to his wife that the witticism was about to be perpetrated, Mr. Figtree said, timidly, "Mary."

"Yes, dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Figtree, graciously.

"Have you got all of your hair on this evening?"—Judge.

Not Her Goal.

"Did you see where a man sued for divorce from his wife because she was a baseball player?"

"Probably he did it because she didn't make enough home runs."

SELF-CONTROL AND PROGRESS.

Vital Truths as Set Forward by Ancient Philosopher.

Where then is progress? If any of you, withdrawing himself from externals, turns to his own will to exercise it and to improve it by labor, so as to make it conformable to nature, elevated, free, unrestrained, unimpeded, faithful, modest; and if he has learned that he who desires or avoids the things which are not in his power can neither be faithful nor free, but of necessity he must change with them and be tossed about with them as in a tempest, and of necessity must subject himself to others who have the power to procure or prevent what he desires or would avoid; finally, when he rises in the morning, if he observes and keeps these rules, bathes as a man of fidelity, eats as a modest man; in like manner, if in every matter that occurs he works out his chief principles as the runner does with reference to running, and the trainer of the voice with reference to the voice—this is the man who truly makes progress.—Epictetus.

HE DIDN'T CATCH THE RABBIT.

Brother Dickey Had Good Reasons for Not Doing So.

"I tole de man dat I wuz mighty short er coal an' wood," said Brother Dickey, "an' he tol' me, did I know how ter git some, an' I tol' 'um 'no—dat's what I wuz tryin' ter know,' an' de man say:

"'You go down yander, ter whar de graveyard at, an' fetch me de front foot er a graveyard rabbit, an' I'll give you half a ton er coal. I pertickler wants dat rabbit foot ter take off a spell somebody put on me.'"

"Well, did you get the rabbit foot?" someone asked.

"No, suh. De place whar de graveyard at is too fur far me ter travel, bein' ez I got de rheumatism; 'sides dat, ef de dead is at peace it ain't de likes er me ter wake 'um up ag'in ter de tribulations er dis sufferin' ol' worl'!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Whence Pie?

The origin of pie, especially mince pie, like the origin of sausage, is shrouded in mystery, but certain it is that it was known as far back as the time of Piers the Plowman, and it may be that in his dinner pail could have been found the precedent which Michael of Pittsburg, now of the hospital, sought to follow. Those who are surprised, after being led to believe that New England is the habitat of the article, to learn that pie is an old English institution can easily accept the further statement that "planted on American soil it forthwith ran rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species." Like the Irish potato, which is said to have originated in the new world, it has been so ingrafted into the life of its adopted country that it seems more like a native than an alien.

Rewarded!

The other day a boy received one dollar for restoring to the loser $50,000 of gilt-edged bonds. Surely this is not a premium on honesty. A porter found $80,000 of diamonds and pearls in a Pullman car, and got $25 for returning the trinkets. A prominent man lost a letter that might embarrass him and advertised "Ample Reward!" That letter was not worth a cent to the finder; but when he gave it up he got $300 in cash, much to his astonishment. "I'm a poor man, all right, all right," he said, "but this is too much. What? Just for picking up a letter in the street? Say, mister; here's your $300. Give it to some other charity. I read it, of course; but I'll never peach on you. Gimme six dollars to buy my kid a suit of clothes, and we'll call the incident closed forever."—New York Press.

African Races.

The indigenous races of Africa are considered to be four in number, namely: The negroes proper, who occupy a central zone, stretching from the Atlantic to the Egyptian Sudan, and who comprise an enormous number of diverse tribes; the Fulahs (with whom the Nubians are associated), settled mainly between Lake Chad and the Niger; the Bantus, who occupy the whole south, except its extremity, and the Hottentots, who are in that extreme southern region. Some anthropologists include the Kaffirs and Bechuanas are Bantu tribes. The north and northeast are occupied by Semitic and Hamitic races, the latter including Abyssinians and Gallas.

More Psychology.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, as he finished the luncheon which had been provided, "I said I'd do me best to help out wid de wood-choppin'."

"That's what you said."

"An' I'm a man of me word."

"Then why don't you reach for the ax and go to work?"

"Lady, I merely took de contract. I didn't guarantee to do de work myself. I'm a telepathic wood-chopper, an' if you don't disturb me while I'm concentratin' my thoughts I'll surprise you. Jes' remember, if anybody walks up like he's half awake an' goes to work on dat wood, dat I'm de grateful party who mesmerized him."

Wasted Efforts.

One evening when Tommy, aged five, was having his daily bath his nurse was trying, with small success, to scrub his grimy little knees.

After watching her for some time he said, patronizingly:

"Never mind, Bertha. Don't you know that's the dark meat, anyway?"—Harper's Monthly.

THE STORY OF BROTHER LUCAS

By ELLIOT WALKER

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Never shall I forget my husband's facial contortions when he read that telegram. Wilton has an expressive countenance.

"Threatened with assassination?" I asked.

"Worse!" he grunted. "Brother Lucas!"

I had heard of but had never seen this family black sheep. He received no invitation to our wedding; that I remember.

"Not coming here?" I gasped.

"Read it," said Wilton, sinking back helplessly.

Reaching for the dispatch, I presently glanced at his pithy and poetic message:

"Be with you, dear Wilton, to-night. There is more joy, etc. Brother."

It struck me humorously. I laugh easily.

"He might have paid the charges," I complained, biting my lip. "We had very little money."

"He never pays anything," groaned Wilton. "Except visits," was his nournful addition.

"It is five years since he has pestered me," he went on. "The last I 'earned, he wrote to mother from some place in New Mexico. We fondly hoped he would stay there—even mother. Dear me! Angeline, this is dreadful."

"Is he so very objectionable?"

"My dear, he's awful."

I stopped smiling.

"But, after all," Wilton's refined, critical face softened, "one can't help liking Lucas. He's funny. Too bad. Too bad! So much ability, and a really fine education. Well, the western express will land him here about seven o'clock, I suppose. We will wait supper. He used to be fond of scrambled eggs. His appetite is enormous."

I sighed. Eggs were high, and my farmer's bill a growing nightmare.

At five minutes after seven Brother Lucas arrived. Had he owned the

Wilton Picked It Up.

house he could not have marched in with more composure. I stood in the hall behind my husband, listening to the words of reunion.

"Wilt, old boy! Give me both hands." I never heard a heartier, more affectionate voice.

"Confound you, Lucas! You make me glad to get you back."

"Can't help it, Wilt. I had to come. Five years, you know. Where's my dear little sister. Oh! I heard. Ah!"

This last exclamation was to me as I stepped forward.

Brother Lucas was the biggest, broadest, heartiest, rosiest man you can imagine, and not at all evil looking. His high arched eyebrows over the shrewd, hazel eyes, gave him a look of constant surprise; his clean-shaven lips possessed a comical twist, his chin was round and belligerently prominent. It was a face of humor and good-natured defiance. He might be bad as the world reckons; careless, reckless, but never mean. I trusted him at sight and liked him.

The appetite of Lucas made me tremble, although I did not begrudge him a mouthful. He was very merry, and talked like a lecturer. His easy confidence, his manners, his wonderful command of language, impressed me deeply. Could this man have been a criminal, a jail bird? I would not believe it.

Shortly after eight came the trunk of Brother Lucas, a hard looking affair with a rope about it.

"Pay the expressman, Wilt," said my brother-in-law jovially. "I'll make it right by and by."

Poor Wilton! It was only a quarter, but he produced the coin with a wry face. Evidently our guest hadn't a penny.

Lucas retired early. He was singing "Angeline" to the baby at six in the morning. His delightful baritone sent me to sleep again with "Kathleen Mavourneen." While dressing, I heard conversation in the road.

Ramsgate had arrived. The social Lucas was holding forth beside his wagon. I hurried and went down. In talked the farmer, all smiles.

"How many eggs can you spare?" I put the question nervously.

"All you want, I reckon."

"Three dozen?"

"Yes, marm."

"I'll try to have some money for you next week." Oh! how I hate that phrase!

"Shucks! Take your time. No hurry, marm. I'm not needin' it and you're good for yer orders."

I almost fell down with surprise. Mr. Ramsgate grinned amiably, counting the eggs. Brother Lucas had vanished. He returned for breakfast; Lucas was prompt at meals.

Little did I see of "brother," as we called him for two days. "Strolled about," was his explanation.

On the third day, brother hung about the house, playing with little Angie and following me around.

"What do you want, brother?" I asked at last, a trifle irritated. We had let our servant go some time before and I was doing it all.

"To talk," said he. "Angeline, I'm going to-night."

"So soon?" It really grieved me. "I'm sorry."

"I know it," he said complacently.

We sat on the piazza in the shade of the clematis and talked.

"Wilt doesn't seem well," he began.

"He's tired." My lip quivered.

"Ought to take a rest, my dear," glancing at the baby, asleep on his massive arm.

"He can't. It's difficult to make both ends even see each other, Lucas. Life isn't all sunshine."

The man actually grinned. I felt a quick revulsion. Under his kindly exterior was he so utterly heartless?

"Why!" said he, queerly. "I never notice the clouds."

We talked for a long time, but I gained slight knowledge of Lucas; of his life during recent years, his occupation (if he had one). I fear I told him all about my affairs. He extracted confidence as a sponge absorbs water, silently, thoroughly.

Wilton came home at five o'clock, his thin face white and drawn.

"The company has sold out," he groaned. "My position goes to the son of the new vice-president. I know of no opening."

"Cheer up!" said Lucas.

I could have struck him.

"Not surprising," commented he. "Why, I heard of the proposed sale out west, months ago. 'He that hath ears —' I have a great pair for gossip. Brace up, Brother Wilton; "tis a long lane that knows no turning.'"

I ran up stairs to cry, after my husband had expressed another fear.

"It's the first of the month," he quavered. "Not a bill has come in. Can the tradesmen have heard of this change? Of my disaster? Does it mean those wretched accounts are going to the lawyers for collection? If so—"

"Quite likely," interrupted Brother Lucas; "that's the way they do."

Then it was that I left them. Of all the cold-blooded remarks! I prayed he might go—quickly.

He did, right after (for Wilton and me) an untasted supper. For him it was a hearty meal with his usual chatter. Such absolute indifference to our woe made me begin to hate the man. He was an enigma.

"I'll send after my trunk from the depot," he announced, preparing to go. "'Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness.' Angeline, good-bye, my dear."

His eyes were misty. Suddenly my anger left me. After all I should miss his big, breezy presence. I kissed him heartily.

He wrung Wilton's hand. Then came the last straw. "Five dollars will see me through, old boy," he said carelessly. "I have a return ticket, but I'll need something for meals."

I admired my husband. "Oh! take ten," he smiled, and actually gave this robber his last ten-dollar bill.

"Thanks!" said Lucas, with a sort of sob, and was gone.

"No mail to-night?" Wilton spoke wearily.

"Nothing but a circular. Brother met the postman. What is that on the card receiver?" My glance naturally turned to the usual receptacle for our letters.

"From the bank." Wilton picked it up. "More trouble, I fear. I can't be overdrawn again?"

His frightened look gave place to a wild glare of astonishment as he gazed at the inclosure.

"Oh! what?" I shrieked.

"Nothing," he answered dully, like one in sleep. "My account has been credited with $10,000, that's all. Deposited by Lucas Messenger, Esq."

Then he broke down, telling me to leave him.

It was natural, perhaps, that I should go straight to brother's room, to the place he had been, had slept—my heart was bursting.

A note on the pincushion caught my eye in a second, weeping blindly as I was.

For me! I caught my breath and read:

Dear Sister—I had hard work carrying out my little joke. I own a silver mine in N. M., that is panning out the equivalent of that trifle every six weeks. Long may she pan! By the way, I took the liberty of settling with your farmer, butcher, etc. Said that Wilt had sent me, he being busy, so they will never know. Love to the baby. Take a vacation at once. Pardon hasty scrawl.

BROTHER LUCAS.

P. S.—If I come again next summer will you feed me on scrambled eggs?

Will I? Just wait until he comes!

Nervy.

"I wanted some lump sugar," exclaimed the angry customer, as he looked over the packages. "What does that grocer mean by sending me soft sugar?"

"Well," laughed the grocer's boy, as he moved nearer the door, "he said if you didn't like it you could lump it."

HE CARRIED THE GOLDFISH HOME

Or, Rather, He Meant to Do It, but Fate Was Against Him.

When Clerk D. P. Conry of the West hotel won a bowl of goldfish in a raffle he was the proudest man in the twin cities. He bore his prize triumphantly into the hotel, and everybody admired the fish. At last someone asked him what he was going to do with them.

Unfortunately, Mr. Conry had not thought of that before. It was a wet, rainy night, and the prospect of carrying home a bowl of mixed water and goldfish was not alluring. A thought struck him.

"I'm going to give them to Louis Fay," he announced, shoving the dripping globe at his assistant.

"You are not," said Mr. Fay, backing away. "I don't want them."

"Then you just keep them for me to-night," suggested Mr. Conry. "I'll be around first thing in the morning."

But Mr. Fay wouldn't do that, either, unless Mr. Conry would put the fish in the safe and take a receipe. This Mr. Conry hesitated at, because he had never heard of keeping goldfish in a safe, so he tried to give the fish to each of the bellboys in turn, but without success. Then he tried the bartender, the carpenter, the elevator boys and the engineer. Nobody wanted goldfish.

Finally, he had to start home with them. Few persons, however, have ever attempted the feat of carrying a large bowl of goldfish wrapped in paper, while standing on the platform of a crowded car. Mr. Conry was shoved and pushed and jostled. And all the time he was getting wetter and wetter.

"Seems to me," he said, "that this is the wettest night I ever saw."

When he got home he prepared to exhibit his prizes to an admiring circle. "I've got something here," he said, "that will almost tickle you to death. These are the rarest specimens of their kind in the whole world. Cost me $22.50 apiece, just because they were so rare." Then he unwrapped the package.

"I don't see anything but a piece of a glass bowl," said a bystander.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Conry, grabbing at the globe.

But that's all it was. Somebody had knocked the bottom out.—Minneapolis Journal.

Bone Coal as Fuel.

In the tests conducted at the fuel testing plant at St. Louis, Mo., and Norfolk, Va., to determine the values of different kinds of fuel for use in the gas-producer, the United States geological survey obtained some interesting results with a bone coal which is found in West Virginia. Although the fuel was found to be of little value under the steam boiler, it gave good results in the gas-producer, where it developed a brake horse-power for each 1.65 pounds of coal consumed in the producer. The lumps of coal were eight and ten inches in diameter. Some coal consisted of a high-grade bituminous coal, others appeared to be simply lumps of a heavy and dry hard rock. All of these lumps except the largest, burn entirely through in the producer. There is no tendency to clinker or coke, and very litle stoking is required. There was a high percentage of about 45 per cent. of ash. With proper crushing and suitable attention the deposits of this fuel will prove to be decidedly valuable for producer-gas plants.

English Women Are Taller.

That American women are considerably shorter than their English sisters was the dictum laid down by a ladies' tailor in a lawsuit in London in which Sydney Lyons sued a Canadian dressmaker for gowns he had supplied. The Canadian contended that the dresses were not "of American size." Some experts called to give testimony declared that models for gowns for English, French and American women are the same, but Dressmaker McKay of Toronto averred: "The English stock size would not fit anyone in America. They might fit giraffes, but not the women of Hamilton, Ontario. The length from the neck to waist of the American model is 14½ inches and of the English 16 inches. The American shoulder seam is six inches and the English 4¾ inches." Unimpressed by these measurements the court gave judgment for the English dressmaker.

Unsuccessful Diagnosis.

The man's cough grew worse, so he resorted to the physicians.

"From the stomach, I think," said Dr. Simtom.

"Pardon me, there is no such thing as a cough from the stomach," answered Dr. Modern.

"From the effects of vaccination, I should say," announced Dr. Nature.

"Indeed," replied his colleague, Dr. Serum, "let me remind you that (except tetanus, blood poisoning and graft), there are no evil effects of vaccination."

"Well," said Dr. Experiment, "it is not to be expected that we should all agree—"

"On one thing we are agreed," cried Dr. Getrox, "that is to charge $5 apiece."

But the widow refused to pay.—Life.

Inconsistent.

"I actually felt sorry for you when you proposed to me."

"Your actions and your statements don't seem to show that you care much for the truth."

"I'd like to know why? I did feel sorry for you."

"Yet you married me."—Houston Post.

JONES PUT UP A SUBSTITUTE.

And Incidentally Got Reputation as After-Dinner Speaker.

"If there is one thing I hate," remarked Mr. Jones, "it is after-dinner speeches. Well, once I found myself at a big banquet, where I knew very few of those present. To my amazement and horror, toward the end of the festivities, the toastmaster fixed his eyes upon me.

"'We have with us to-night—' I heard the old, hated formula roll out unctuously from his lips—and then my own name—'Mr. Jones, the well-known,' etc.

"The toastmaster concluded, but I made no move to get on my feet. I felt paralyzed; my tongue was seeking to climb through the roof of my mouth.

"And then the guests, from all sides, began yelling: 'Yes, Jones, Jones!—which is Jones?—where is Jones?'

"A brilliant idea came to me. Sitting close beside me was a little man who dearly loved speechifying. Like a flash I jumped to my feet. 'Jones? Why, here's Jones!' I cried, and clapped the little Demosthenes on the shoulder. Then I yanked him to his feet, murmuring in an ominous sotto voce: 'Don't give me away; speak now!'

"He spoke. And, in the guise of myself, he made a most successful little oration. There was loud applause and much shouting of 'What's the matter with Jones? He's all right!'

"As for me, I sipped wine and gradually recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by my narrow escape from being eloquent."

YOUTHFUL MIND IN DISTRESS.

Awful Possibility That Loomed Before Six-Year-Old Jackie.

Six-year-old Jackie's mother believed that absolute truthfulness was the only rock on which to build that youthful gentleman's character, and the consistent working out of this principle did away, of course, with belief in all such things as fairies, Santa Claus, and other illusions dear to childish hearts, and they became instead "make-believe" games, Santa Claus in particular being a pet "joke" between his mother and himself.

Jackie came in from play one afternoon much excited and concerned. "Mother, Jimmie Norton believes there is a really and truly Santa Claus. He says he is sure that Santa Claus does come down the chimney. He wouldn't believe me at all when I told him it was just a joke," with rising anxiety.

Jackie's mother was somewhat nonplused. "Well, son," she temporized, "perhaps Jimmie's mother will tell him the joke some time soon, and then—"

"Oh, I hope she will," broke in Jackie, forgetting his manners in his earnestness, "because, you know, if she don't, when Jimmie has little boys of his own they won't ever get any Christmas presents."

About Happiness.

There is no more beneficial tonic than good, hearty laughter. It inflates the lungs and has a magic effect upon the system. Giggling is not laughing, and it is a habit that brings wrinkles and soon spoils even a pretty face. Why not laugh? It improves the appearance and makes one popular. There is nothing to be glum over, and, if there is, being glum will not help it. Be happy and bright and everyone will wish to help you. The girl who wants to be beautiful must sleep with fresh air, plenty of it, in her room. She must go out and revel in the sunshine. She must find plenty of laughter in her daily life. That is the only true way to live and the only way capable of bringing beauty.

Poetical Epitaph.

The epitaph collector displayed enthusiastically the photograph of a severe and stately marble tomb. "A new epitaph," he said, "and one of the best in my collection. It is the epitaph of a body of Indians slain in battle near Cooperstown. It was composed by a clergyman, W. W. Lord, and I consider it most poetical."

The epitaph upon the tomb was as follows:

"White Man, Greeting! We, near whose bones you stand, were Iroquois.

"The wide land which is now yours was ours.

"Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb."

Legal Amenities.

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a judge noted for his boorish manners. A very finical lawyer whom he especially disliked was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated on the railing in front of him hiding his face.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried:

'May I ask which end of your honor I am to address?"

"Whichever you choose," drawled the judge.

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one end as the other."

Indisputable.

Two tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florence hotel overlooking the Arno.

"This does not look to me like Venice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola."

"No," admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday."—Harper's Monthly.

ALASKAN BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA.

Strange Visitors Brought to San Bernardino by Big Storm.

At an early hour this morning several flocks of strange birds numbering thousands came into the city on the wings of a big rain and wind storm, and this morning the bodies of many of the fowl were found lying inert in the downtown streets and in the parks, says a San Bernardino correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. The air was filled last night with cries of strange fowl which, attracted by the electric lights, roosted upon the buildings or fell exhausted in the streets. Investigation to-day showed that many of the birds were of Alaskan variety, and the only accounting for their presence in this latitude is that they were engaged in a long flight to the southern zones from their northern summer haunts and had been deterred from their route by heavy winds and rains. The most noticeable birds were the northern phalorpe and the night herons. The former birds are rarely seen outside of Alaska or in the far south.

SHOCKED IN HAUNTED CHAMBER

Sleepers' Fright, However, Was Not Caused by Ghosts.

John Leech and a member of the Millais family once stayed a night at Cowdray hall, in England, where, many guests being present, the two friends had no alternative but to accept beds in an isolated room supposed to be haunted.

In the middle of the night Millais awoke, believing that some giant was shaking him violently by the shoulder. This was supposed to be the favorite device of the ghost. He rushed into a corridor and found Leech sitting there trembling and declaring that he would not for the world go back to his room.

They spent the remainder of the night in the corridor, but in the morning said nothing of their experiences. In the afternoon there arrived an evening paper telling of a violent earthquake in the locality. The earthquake was what the two visitors believed to be their ghost.

"Navigates" His Farm.

A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the furrows straight, comes from Cranberry isles. One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the veracious accounts of sober citizens took the binnacle from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that he shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usually employed. — Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Shifting the Blame.

According to all accounts the Cameron Highlanders militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the least crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scotland railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment, and tried to edge himself between two of the Highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right, and said: "Sit up, please. You know that according to act of parliament this seat holds five." The Highlander looked at him for a moment, and then replied: "That may be a' richt enough for your kind, sir, but shairly ye canna' blame me for no bein' constructed according to act of parliament!"

To Relieve His Feelings.

Boldly displayed in black letters on the white gable of an unpretentious house on the road to Mount Stuart, Bute, Scotland, is the following inscription: "The Materials of This Outrage Are for Sale." According to the local historians, the announcement, as it stands, is the last word in a duel between neighbors.

It is said that the house was built to obstruct the view of a gentleman who had been successful in getting an interdict to prevent the owner from enclosing the foreshore. But after the death of the builder the house came into the market and was purchased by the other gentleman, who now seeks to express his wounded feelings in paint.

Small Boy's Adaptation.

"Things aren't always what they sound," remarked that very clever devil, Edwin Stevens, in Henry Savage's production, as he drew a patent leather shoe over his cloven hoof. "A teacher of my kid days put this puzzle to us once:

"'Now, boys, the word 'stan" at the end of a word means "place of." Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of Afghans; also Hindoostan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can any one give me another instance?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the smallest boy, proudly, 'I can—umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas.'"

A Little Learning.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist.

Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam.

Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?

WARNED BY THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Disciplinary Measure Adopted by Woman of Sense.

"Above my desk," said the woman who does not lie about her age, "I keep an uncomplimentary photograph of myself. I keep it there as a disciplinary measure. It prevents frivolity. My present photographic monitor makes me look about 70 years old. I am not 70, but I am more than half that age, and I look every day of my actual years. But I don't feel that old. Gay and giddy exploits still attract me. Pleasures, diversions, flirtations that for a young girl are perfectly legitimate, appeal to me, also, yet if I should rush into those gayeties as a girl does my behavior would be characterized as foolishness. Every day I hear the actions of women younger looking than myself so described.

"'Just look at that old thing,' the critics say. 'Doesn't she act idiotic?'

"Then I come home and study this photograph. That destroys whatever inclination I may have had to behave like a 16-year-old. I never write a letter to a man friend—I never make an engagement without keeping an eye on that photograph.

"'Don't be a fool,' says that veracious guide. 'You can't afford to do that.'

"So I temper ardent phrases and tone down ebullient spirits generally."

BORE LOVE LOCK OF EMPEROR.

Coin Struck During Napoleon III.'s Reign Now Valuable.

There is a singular story in connection with a coin of the third Napoleon. While Louis Napoleon was prince president of France, just before he made himself emperor, a decree was issued ordering a five-franc piece to be coined bearing his image.

The dies were made, and one coin was struck off as a sample and sent to the prince president for his approval. But some time passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a love lock, or hooked lock of hair on the temple, which he actually did wear at that period, but which he thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent a representation of himself as an effigy on a coin.

The prince president sent for the director of the mint and ordered him to remove the love lock. Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval, and that the stamping of the coins had begun. The work was stopped and the image deprived of its undignified lock. But the 23 coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed and are now regarded as of great value.

The Public Eye.

In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged.

"The Public Eye!" shouted the megaphone man of our party.

There were some curious people within the space, but even more curious were those just outside.

Of these latter we thought certain women especially interesting; they were busily neglecting their families in order to get into the Public Eye. A pathos attached to another group of women who had been in the Public Eye and could never be happy out of it, though they couldn't in the least tell why.

Positively funny were a few men who kept trying, by a variety of droll devices, to break into the Public Eye. "Vice-presidential candidates!" our megaphone man explained.—Puck.

Three Sabbaths Every Week.

Morocco is a country of many Sabbaths. The first three days I spent in Tangier were all Sabbaths. Arriving on a Thursday night the next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, which was followed by the Jewish Sabbath—the Hebrew element in Tangier is considerable and strict in religious observance—and that in turn by the Christian Sunday. Subsequent comparisons, however, revealed little difference between any days of the week. On the Mohammedan Sabbath a black flag is hoisted on the minarets at the prayer of dawn, instead of the white flag that announces the time of devotions on other days. It remains up until the middle of the forenoon, by which time everybody is supposed to have found out what day it is.—N. Y. Post.

The Better Part.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party, Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty, the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired between the birds."—Youth's Companion.

Ups and Downs.

"Matrimony has its ups and downs," remarked the scanty haired benedict.

"What's the answer?" queried the confirmed bachelor.

"It keeps the wife busy trying to keep up appearances and the husband busy trying to keep down expenses," replied the other with a large, open face sigh.

"I do believe that naughty Dandy has been in the wars again," she said. "Millicent, did you see him fighting any other dog?"

"No, mother. He met the doctor's poodle, but there was no fight." Minkie was always strictly accurate.

"What a wonder! Anyhow, he is muddy and wet. Ask cook to rub him over with a damp cloth."

Tibbie, pretending to be asleep, twitched one ear as she saw Dan being led off to the kitchen. "Gnar!" muttered Dan, who hates damp cloths. "Wait till I catch you in the garden!" Tibbie just smiled.

Well, Tibbie curled up like a hedgehog and listened, because we don't have many strangers at Dale End. The talk turned on Ostend.

They met Mr. Schwartz at Ostend, it seems, and he took such a fancy to Dolly that he wanted to marry her straight off. She wouldn't do that, even if Mam and the Guv'nor were agreeable, but she had not heard from Jack for ages, and Schwartz was really very attentive, besides being tremendously rich. Now, we at Dale End find it difficult to pay the hay and corn bills, so you see that a wealthy son-in-law would be what the sale catalogues call "a desirable acquisition."

I have heard a lot of people in the village say that Dolly is so pretty she ought to make a good match. When she did a skirt dance at the Cottage hospital bazaar the local paper spoke of her as "the beautiful Miss Grosvenor." She pretended to be very angry about that, but Tibbie says she bought a dozen papers and sent them to her girl friends, so the rest of the report must have been suitable. I suppose she is all right for a grownup. For my part, I prefer Minkie, who has a yellow mane and blue eyes and freckles. She is as straight as a soldier and has small hands and feet and the loveliest brown legs.

Anyhow, by the time tea was served Schwartz had further established himself in Mam's good graces. He was a clever chap in his way, and he could say the right thing to women occasionally, and he was wise enough not to bother Dorothy too much, though Tibbie saw out of the tail of her eye that the girl could not move from one side of the room to the other without Schwartz watching her approvingly. Tibbie knew by his eyes that he was saying to himself, "She will look all right in Brook street."

Dan announced the postman while Dorothy was pouring out the tea, and Minkie brought in a heap of letters, mostly Christmas cards. Minkie had a baker's dozen to herself, and five of them were addressed to "Minkie and Her Gang." Each of the five contained pictures of a girl, a horse, a dog, a cat and a parrot. She soon made out by the postmark and the handwriting who had sent every card, even though the names were not given. One seemed to puzzle her at first, and she slipped it into her pocket. The others were handed round before Dorothy arranged them on the mantelpiece with a number which had come by earlier deliveries, and Mr. Schwartz admired them immensely.

"It is so interesting to come back to the old country and find these pleasant customs in full swing," he said. "I have neither sent nor received a Christmas card for years. I was telling Millicent on our way from the station that by chance I have been out of England at this season every year for ten years."

"You did not mention the exact period, Mr. Schwartz," said Minkie. "I rather thought that ten years ago you were in Kimberley?"

"Oh, one speaks in round numbers. By the way, have you received a card from your elderly friend—the man we met driving the pair?"

"Driving a pair. Who was that, Millie?" asked her mother.

"Mr. Stanhope, Jack's uncle."

Dorothy dropped a piece of toast, and Mam bent over her letters, but she said quietly:

"I fear my girls will not be honored by any such attention on his part, Mr. Schwartz. Indeed, I think he is the only enemy we possess in the neighborhood. How did you come to describe him as a friend of yours, Millie?"

"I didn't."

"Perhaps I was mistaken," put in Schwartz, who was beginning to hate Minkie, yet had no wish to quarrel with her.

"I said Jack was my friend. Isn't that right, mother?"

"Oh, yes. I understand now. By the way, dearie, are you going to meet your father? It is nearly time to start. And be careful to wrap up well."

"The victoria will not be ready for another five minutes. I have time to bring you that paper if you would care to see it before dinner, Mr. Schwartz."

"Thanks. I shall be delighted—you wretched little imp," he added under his breath, but Tibbie heard him.

Minkie brought the paper.

"That is the paragraph I told you of," said she, pointing very daintily to something on one of the pages. I have seen her point that way to a dead rat when she wished Jim or Mole to throw it away.

"Much obliged. And here are the 5 sovereigns I promised you as a Christmas box."

"Mr. Schwartz!" broke in Mam, but he turned to her with his best manner.

"I beg of you to allow me to do this, Mrs. Grosvenor. It is really a harmless joke between Millicent and myself," he said.

"But £5"— protested Mam.

"That was in the bond. Pray let me explain. By chance she mentioned some very useful information which this newspaper contained. I might not have heard of it otherwise. So I am adding a little to her Christmas present. That it all."

"It seems a great deal of money," sighed Mam, who often wanted a fiver and had to do without it, "but you two appear to have the matter cut and dried, so I suppose it is all right. What are you going to do with your fabulous wealth, Millicent?"

"Make a corner in toffee; make every kid in Dale End pay a penny for a ha'penny worth. That is the proper thing, isn't it, Mr. Schwartz?"

"I don't think I can teach you much," he replied, with his usual grin.

"Oh, yes, you can. Read the next paragraph, the one beginning 'The unhappy natives of the Upper Niger.' It tells about gas pipe guns and coal dust powder. Yes, mother, dear, going now."

It was quite dark, of course, when I brought Minkie to the station a second time. The weather had changed, too, from what the farmers call "soft" to a touch of frost, which made both Jim and me pleased that my shoes had been sharped by the blacksmith that morning.

The train was rather late, so Minkie went into the station and interviewed a porter. He told her something which seemed to interest her, so she asked the booking clerk for change for a sovereign and gave the man a shilling.

She picked out her father the instant the train drew up at the platform. He looked worried, she told me afterward, but that passed when he saw her. He had the usual number of parcels which people carry at Christmas time, and Minkie grabbed all of them, but he stopped her, with a laugh.

"We can't rush off in the orthodox way tonight, Minkie," he said. "Mr. Schwartz's servant is on this train, and I promised to take him with us to the house. By the way, is Dandy with you in the carriage?"

"No, father, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because this valet of Schwartz's is a black man, and Dandy might not approve of him at first sight."

"A black man?"

"Yes, polished ebony. Rather smart too. Speaks English perfectly. He came to me at Waterloo and said— Oh, there he is. Hi, you! Just follow me, will you?"

Minkie thought that the negro was an extraordinarily fine fellow and very well dressed. It was odd that Schwartz had not mentioned him, and she wondered where he would sleep. Perhaps he curled up on a mat outside his master's room. In that case she must make Dan clearly understand that she rather approved of the Ethiopian than otherwise.

His luggage appeared to be a small hand bag. He almost made the mistake of entering the carriage with Minkie and her father, but he showed his teeth in a good natured grin and climbed to Jim's side on the box. I had a look at him as he passed the near lamp, and he certainly did startle me. I am quite sure I should have shifted him if Minkie had not said quietly:

"All right, Bobby! Steady, old chap!"

On the way home I heard Minkie trying to cheer up her father by telling him little bits of village news, and he did his best to respond, but both of us felt there was something wrong, as the Guv'nor is likely enough most days.

"Mr. Schwartz has arrived, of course?" he inquired soon after we quitted the station. "I forgot to ask you sooner. I took it for granted when his servant turned up and told me he had missed the earlier train. What do you think of him, Minkie?"

"I hardly know yet, father, dear. I shall tell you—let me see—on New Year's eve."

"You demand seven days' experience, eh? Wise child. I wish some one had taught me at your age to wait a bit before I formed my opinions."

"One might form them quickly enough, but not express them."

"Which means that you don't like Schwartz? Well, he is not exactly my sort, I admit, but he is wealthy, Minkie, and one must bow the knee before the golden calf occasionally. And his repute stands high in the city, so he might be a useful friend. We must make the best of him, eh?"

"One always does that with one's guests, of course," said Minkie, who could feel a heavy assortment of gold and silver coins in her pocket.

Minkie jumped out when I pulled up at the front entrance. Dan was standing on the top step and wondering what in the world was sitting beside Jim on the box. Before he could say a word Minkie grabbed him and whispered in his ear. But he was very uneasy, because the black man sprang down almost as promptly as Minkie and nearly frightened Evangeline into a fit when she met him in the hall. He took his hat off in quite an elegant way.

"I am Mr. Schwartz's valet," he said. "Mr. Grosvenor was good enough to bring me with him from London. Is my master in his room now?"

"No-no, sir," stuttered Evangeline. He gave her the queerest feeling, she told Cookie later.

"Well, if you will kindly show me to his suit I will prepare his clothes for dinner," went on the negro, who appeared to be more anxious to get to work than any of our servants.

Evangeline glanced at Minkie and the Guv'nor. She was sure it must be all right, as the negro had arrived in their company, but she dared not go upstairs with him. Wild horses would not drag her there, she said, though I would back myself to haul her to the top attic before she could say "knife." "It's the blue room," she said—"first on the left in that corridor," and she pointed to the side of the house where Mr. Schwartz was lodged. The big darky went up at once. Evangeline helped to carry in some of the parcels, and Minkie took her father's overcoat and hat, but kept an eye on Dan, who was looking at the stairs anxiously. Dolly came running to kiss the Old Man, and Mam appeared.

"Where is Mr. Schwartz?" asked the Guv'nor.

"Here I am," said Schwartz, appearing in the drawing room doorway. "I am afraid you had a cold journey from town. It was exceedingly kind of you to send me on ahead. My only regret is that you could not come with me."

"Business, my dear fellow. It pursues me to the last hour, even in holiday time."

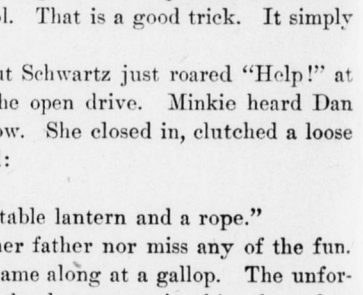
"But that is good. It argues success. Your idle man is rarely successful."

"I fear it is possible for a busy man to score a loss occasionally. I expect you have finished tea long since? Can you squeeze the pot, Mam?"

"It will be here in a minute, Tom," said Mam, smiling. "My husband hates to miss his tea, Mr. Schwartz. He would drink three cups now if I were to let him, though we dine at 7."

"By the way, that reminds me," said the Old Man, dropping into his regular chair in the drawing room. "I fell in with your servant at Waterloo, Schwartz."

"My servant!" said Schwartz blankly, and both Dan and Tibbie heard every word, as Minkie had collected Dan again before she took her usual perch on a hassock near her father. If the Guv'nor had said he came across Schwartz's balloon at the Southwestern terminus our visitor could not have put more bewilderment into his voice.



"Yes, your black valet!" explained the Guv'nor.

"My black valet! I don't possess such an article. I left my man at Brook street, and he is a Frenchman!"

Schwartz had risen to his feet. He looked strangely pale. Minkie told me his face was a flea bitten gray. The Guv'nor jumped up too. So did Minkie and Dan and Tibbie. You see, Mam and Dorothy knew nothing about the gentleman who had gone to Schwartz's bedroom to arrange his dress suit and put the studs in his shirt.

"Then who the blazes is the nigger who is in your room upstairs at this moment?" said the Old Man, forgetting that there were ladies present.

"Nigger! My room!"

Schwartz's voice cracked. He gasped as though he had run a mile. He glared at the Guv'nor and then glared at Minkie. Stifle me, he thought it was some trick she had played on him. But if the head of our family was not much good at business he was in the front row where prompt action was needed.

"Follow me, quick!" he shouted and made for the door. He was just a second too late. The tall negro was coming downstairs three at a time. He bounded across the hall and had his hand on the latch just as the Guv'nor rushed at him. Out went the black, out went Mr. Grosvenor after him, with Minkie and Dan a dead heat half a length behind, and Schwartz whipping in. On the level the nigger drew away, but Dan overhauled him at the turn near the clump of rhododendrons, and Dan never makes the mistake of advertising his whereabouts when the matter is serious. So he nailed the make believe valet by the ankle, and his teeth closed on bone and sinew without ever a sound. Down went the nigger with a crash and a yell. It was pitch dark among the shrubs, but the Old Man groped for him and got a knee in the small of his back, bending his head upward at the same time by grabbing a handful of wool. That is a good trick. It simply paralyzes the other fellow.

"I've got him!" he shouted, but Schwartz just roared "Help!" at the top of his voice and kept to the open drive. Minkie heard Dan sawing away and growling a bit now. She closed in, clutched a loose leg that was kicking wildly and said:

"Are you all right, Dad?"

"Yes. Tell James to fetch a stable lantern and a rope."

Minkie wasn't going to leave her father nor miss any of the fun. She sung out directions, and Jim came along at a gallop. The unfortunate nigger was screaming that the dog was eating him, but when they had tied his hands behind his back and Minkie pulled Dan off he seemed to be more frightened than hurt. Polly told me next day that these black fellows are always weak below the knee joints, however gigantic they may be otherwise.

But the previous excitement was a small affair compared with the row which sprang up when Jim held the lantern so that Schwartz could see the negro's face.

"Gott in himmel," he shrieked in a kind of frenzy, "it's Prince John!"

"Yes, you thief!" said the prisoner, who seemed to regain his self possession and his dignity when he set eyes on Schwartz.

"Where is it? Where is it? Give it to me or I'll tear your liver out!" squealed the other, dancing close up to him in an extraordinary passion, being one of those men who fly into a delirium when rage gets the better of them.

"I have not got it," said Prince John, if that was his name. He turned to the Guv'nor. "If you will take me back to the house, Mr. Grosvenor," he continued, "and keep that dog off I will explain everything and trust to your sense of justice to clear me of any suspicion of wrongdoing. That man is the thief, not me," and he actually spat at Schwartz.

Jim said that it gave him a turn to hear a buck nigger talking like that, but it took him and the Guv'nor all the time to keep Schwartz from using his nails on the man's eyes. Then the two began to shout at one another, and it appeared that all the trouble arose about a thing called a ju-ju, which the black man said Schwartz had stolen from his people, a tribe on the Upper Niger. Anyhow, the Guv'nor marched his captive back to the house, and Schwartz rushed upstairs. He tore down again, more like a lunatic than ever, as the ju-ju had gone from the dressing case in which he had left it.

He searched the negro and was almost ready to cut him open in case he had swallowed it, but the ju-ju was not in the man's possession. Then he went out with Jim and the lantern and hunted every inch of the drive and shrubbery, but could find nothing, though it was

END OF THE SEASON SALE

Commencing Friday, December 11 and Continuing for Eight Days

We will Sell for CASH our Entire Stock of Millinery and Notions, Etc.

Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11th and 12th

Trimmed Hat Days

On these days we will have one dozen new TRIMMED HATS to show and during this Sale will sell our complete Hat stock at 25 to 50 per cent. discount.

MONDAY, DEC. 14---Fancy Feathers and Wing Day. On this day we will put on sale our entire stock of Faucy Feathers and Wings at ONE HALF regular Price

TUESDAY, DEC. 15. Plume Day.

We have some exceptionally good values to offer in Black, White, Green, Brown, Grey and Red Plumes at 25 per cent. discount.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16, Untrimmed Hat Day

On this day we will display a good assortment of dress shapes in all the seasonable colors.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17, Ribbon Day,

This is a Strong Point. We carry nothing but the best in Ribbons. All shads and widths, Plaids and Fancy. Prices from 2c to 75c a yard.

FRIDAY, Dec. 18, White Goods Day.

All yard goods such as Persian Lawns, Striped and Bared Dimities, Linens French Lawn, Nainsock and Pique, at 10 per cent. discount. Wide Embroidery Flouncing at 25 per cent. discount.

SAT. Dec. 19, Corset and Hosiery Day.

We carry the La France Corset, and on this day will sell the $3.00 Princess Model for $2.00, and the $1.50 Princess Model for $1.00. The $3.75 Directoire Model at $2.50.

Fleece Lined Hose at 19c a pair

A line of Fancy Hosiery for Xmas Trade.

The Goods offered during this sale are all this seasons. Everything new

In our Millinery Department we are Prepared to do Trimming all the Year

Don't Forget the Date

LUDLAMS

Light Freights

By W. W. JACOBS

Twin Spirits

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The "Terrace," consisting of eight gaunt houses, faced the sea, while the back rooms commanded a view of the ancient little town some half-mile distant. The beach, a waste of shingle, was desolate and bare except for a ruined bathing machine and a few pieces of linen drying in the winter sunshine. In the offing tiny steamers left a trail of smoke, while sailing-craft, their canvas glistening in the sun, slowly melted from the sight.

From the front windows of the third story of No. 1 Mrs. Cox, gazing out to sea, sighed softly. The season had been a bad one, and Mr. Cox had been even more troublesome than usual owing to tightness in the money market and the avowed preference of local publicans for cash transactions to assets in chalk and slate.

He had in his earlier days attempted to do a little work.

Mrs. Cox's meditations were disturbed by a knock at the front door.

"Glad to see you, my dear," said the visitor, kissing her loudly.

"I've got my Uncle Joseph from London staying with us," continued the visitor, following her into the hall, "so I just got into the train and brought him down for a blow at the sea."

A question on Mrs. Cox's lips died away as a very small man who had been hidden by his niece came into sight.

"My Uncle Joseph," said Mrs. Berry; "Mr. Joseph Piper," she added.

Mr. Piper shook hands, and after a performance on the door-mat, protracted by reason of a festoon of hemp, followed his hostess into the faded drawing-room.

"And Mr. Cox?" inquired Mrs. Berry, in a cold voice.

Mrs. Cox shook her head. "He's been away this last three days," she said, flushing slightly.

"Looking for work?" suggested the visitor.

Mrs. Cox nodded, and, placing the tips of her fingers together, fidgeted gently.

"Why, where's your marble clock?"

"I never pawned a clock," Piper said, stroking his little gray head.

"I'll go on like this, my dear, till you're ruined," said the sympathetic Mrs. Berry, turning to her friend again; "what'll you do then?"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Cox. "I've had a bad season, too, and I'm so anxious about him in spite of it all. I can't sleep at nights for fearing that he's in some trouble. I'm sure I laid awake half last night crying."

"I might have known it was nonsense," retorted Mrs. Berry, hotly. "Can't you get him to take the pledge, Mary?"

"I couldn't insult him like that," said Mrs. Cox, with a shiver.

"What Cox wants is a shock," said Mrs. Berry; "you've dropped some crumbs on the carpet, uncle."

Mr. Piper apologized and said he had got his eye on them, and would pick

"My Uncle Joseph," Said Mrs. Berry; "Mr. Joseph Piper," She Said.

them up when he had finished and pick up his niece's at the same time to prevent her stooping.

"If I were you," said Mrs. Berry, emphatically, "I'd get behind with the rent or something and have the brokers in. He'd look rather astonished if he came home and saw a broker's man sitting in a chair—"

"He'd look more astonished if he saw him sitting in a flower-pot," suggested the caustic Mr. Piper.

"I couldn't do that," said Mrs. Cox. "I couldn't stand the disgrace, even though I knew I could pay him out. As it is, Cox is always setting his family above mine."

Anxiety on Mrs. Cox's face was exaggerated on that of Mr. Piper.

"Let uncle pretend to be a broker's man in for the rent," continued the excitable lady, rapidly.

"I look like a broker's man, don't I?" said Mr. Piper, in a voice more than tinged with sarcasm.

"Yes," said his niece, "that's what put it into my head."

"It's very kind of you, dear, and very kind of Mr. Piper," said Mrs. Cox, "but I couldn't think of it, I really couldn't."

"Uncle would be delighted," said Mrs. Berry.

Mr. Piper sniffed even as she spoke, but not at the sea.

"And I'll come for him the day after to-morrow," said Mrs. Berry.

It was the old story of the stronger will; Mrs. Cox after a feeble stand gave way altogether.

Several days after the quiet of the house was broken by the return of its master, whose annoyance, when he found the drawing-room clock stolen and a man in possesion, was alarming in its vehemence. He lectured his wife severely on her mismanagement, and after some hesitation announced his intention of going through her books. Mrs. Cox gave them to him, and, armed with pen and ink and four square inches of pink blotting-paper, he performed feats of balancing which made him a very Blondin of finance.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Cox, wiping her eyes. "I'm sure I've done all I could to keep a home together. I can't even raise money on anything."

Mr. Cox, who had been glancing round the room again, looked up sharply.

"Why not?" he inquired.

"The broker's man," said Mrs. Cox, nervously; "he's made an inventory of everything, and he holds us responsible."

Mr. Piper, who was already very tired of his imprisonment, looked up curiously as he heard the door pushed

Sat Down to Wait as Patiently as He Could.

open, and discovered an elderly gentleman with an appearance of great stateliness staring at him. In the ordinary way he was one of the meekest of men, but the insolence of this stare was outrageous. Mr. Piper, opening his mild blue eyes wide, stared back. Whereupon Mr. Cox, fumbling in his vest pocket, found a pair of folders, and putting them astride his nose, gazed at the pseudo-broker's man with crushing effect.

"Where is your warrant or order, or whatever you call it?" demanded Cox.

"I've complied with the law by showing it once," said Mr. Piper, bluffing, "and I'm not going to show it again."

"Vulture!" Cox cried, in a terrible voice.

"Yes, sir," said the trembling Mr. Piper.

Mr. Cox waved his hand towards the window.

"Fly," he said, briefly.

Mr. Piper tried to form his white lips into a smile, and his knees trembled beneath him.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Mr. Cox. "What are you waiting for? If you don't fly out of the window I'll throw you out."

"Don't touch me," screamed Mr. Piper, retreating behind a table, "it's all a mistake. All a joke. I'm not a broker's man. Ha! ha!"

"Eh?" said the other; "not a broker's man? What are you, then?"

In eager, trembling tones Mr. Piper told him, and, gathering confidence as he proceeded, related the conversation which had led up to his imposture. Mr. Cox listened in a dazed fashion, and as he concluded threw himself into a chair, and gave way to a terrible outburst of grief.

"The way I've worked for that woman," he said, brokenly, "to think it should come to this! The deceit of the thing; the wickedness of it. My heart is broken; I shall never be the same man again—never!

"I might frighten my wife," mused the amiable Mr. Cox; "it would be a lesson to her not to be deceitful again. And, by Jove, I'll get some money from her to escape with; I know she's got some, and if she hasn't she will have in a day or two. There's a little pub at Newstead, eight miles from here, where we could be as happy as fighting cocks with a fiver or two. And while we're there enjoying ourselves my wife'll be half out of her mind trying to account for your disappearance to Mrs. Berry."

He patted the hesitating Mr. Piper on the back, and letting him out through the garden, indicated the road. Then he returned to the drawing-room, and carefully rumpling his hair, tore his collar from the stud, overturned a couple of chairs and a small table, and sat down to wait as patiently as he could for the return of his wife.

He waited about 20 minutes, and then he heard a key turn in the door below and his wife's footsteps slowly mounting the stairs. By the time she reached the drawing-room his tableau was complete, and she fell back with a faint shriek at the frenzied figure which met her eyes.

"Hush," said the tragedian, putting his finger to his lips.

"Henry, what is it?" cried Mrs. Cox. "What is the matter?"

"The broker's man," said her husband, in a thrilling whisper. "We had words—he struck me. In a fit of fury I—I—choked him."

"Much?" inquired the bewildered woman.

"Much?" repeated Mr. Cox, frantically. "I've killed him and hidden the body. Now I must escape and fly the country."

The bewilderment on Mrs. Cox's face increased; she was trying to reconcile her husband's statement with a vision of a trim little figure which she had seen ten minutes before with its head tilted backwards studying the sign-post, and which she was now quite certain was Mr. Piper.

"I haven't got anything," asseverated Mrs. Cox. "It's no good looking like that, Henry, I can't make money."

Mr. Cox's reply was interrupted by a loud knock at the hall door, which he was pleased to associate with the police. It gave him a fine opportunity for melodrama, in the midst of which his wife, rightly guessing that Mrs. Berry had returned according to arrangement, went to the door to admit her.

She followed her friend into the drawing-room, and having shaken hands with Mr. Cox, drew her handkerchief from her pocket and applied it to her eyes.

"She's told me all about it," she said, nodding at Mrs. Cox, "and it's worse than you think, much worse. It isn't a broker's man—it's my poor uncle, Joseph Piper."

"Your uncle!" repeated Mr. Cox, reeling back; "the broker's man your uncle?"

"See what your joking has led to," Cox said, at last. "I have got to be a wanderer over the face of the earth, all on account of your jokes."

"You get away," said Mrs. Berry, with a warning glance at her friend, and nodding to emphasize her words; "leave us some address to write to, and we must try and scrape £20 or £30 to send you."

"Thirty?" said Mr. Cox, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Where are we to send the money?" Mr. Cox affected to consider.

"The White Horse, Newstead," he said at length, in a whisper; "better write it down."

For the first two days Messrs. Cox and Piper waited with exemplary patience for the remittance, the demands of the landlord, a man of coarse fiber, being met in the meantime by the latter gentleman from his own slender resources. They were both reasonable men, and knew from experience the difficulty of raising money at short notice; but on the fourth day, their funds being nearly exhausted an urgent telegram was dispatched to Mrs. Cox.

"Eh?" said Mr. Piper, in amaze, as he read the reply slow: "'No—need—send—money—Uncle—Joseph—has—come—back.—Berry.' What does it mean? Is she mad?"

Finally Mr. Cox, seized with a bright idea that the telegram had got altered in transmission, went off to the post office and dispatched another, which went straight to the heart of things:

"Don't—understand——is—Uncle—Joseph—alive?"

The reply was: "Yes—smoking—in—drawing-room."

"I'll go home and ask to see you," Cox said, fiercely; "that'll bring things to a head, I should think."

"And she'll say I've gone back to London, perhaps," said Mr. Piper, gifted with sudden clearness of vision. "You can't show her up unless you take me with you, and that'll show us up. That's her artfulness; that's Susan all over."

A reply came the following evening from Mrs. Berry herself. It was a long letter, and not only long, but badly written and crossed. It began with the weather, asked after Mr. Cox's health, and referred to the writer's; described with much minuteness a strange headache which had attacked Mrs. Cox, together with a long list of the remedies prescribed and the effects of each, and wound up in an out-of-the-way corner, in a vein of cherry optimism which reduced both readers to the verge of madness.

"Dear Uncle Joseph has quite recovered, and, in spite of a little nervousness—he was always rather timid—at meeting you again, has consented to go to the White Horse to satisfy you that he is alive. I dare say he will be with you as soon as this letter—perhaps help you to read it."

Mr. Piper held up his hand with a startled gesture for silence. The words died away on his friend's lips as a familiar voice was heard in the passage, and the next moment Mrs. Berry entered the room and stood regarding them.

"I ran down by the same train to make sure you came, uncle," she remarked. "How long have you been here?"

Mr. Piper moistened his lips and gazed wildly at Mr. Cox for guidance.

"'Bout—'bout five minutes," he stammered.

Mrs. Berry smiled again.

"Ah, I've got another little surprise for you," she said, briskly. "Mrs. Cox was so upset at the idea of being alone while you were a wanderer over the face of the earth, that she and I have gone into partnership. We have had a proper deed drawn up, so that now there are two of us to look after things. Eh? What did you say?"

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Cox.

REALIZES LIFE IS UNCERTAIN.

Something Happened to the Man Who Followed Precedent.

"No, I'm not going to commit suicide because I have a broken nose," said the man with the strips of court plaster across his nasal organ; "but I'll tell you what I am going to do after this. I'm not going to believe there's anything in luck any more, and that things in this life are as uncertain as going out to milk a cow in the dark. You may find the cow, or you may find yourself alongside of a mule."

"Something must have happened?" was queried.

"Yes, something has; and maybe I'll feel better to get it off my mind. Six months ago a friend of mine was in Boston. He was walking along the street behind a lady when he noticed that one of her shoes was untied. He overtook her, and, raising his hat, informed her of the fact. She not only thanked him in the sweetest manner, but took his address, and what do you suppose followed?"

"She sent him a Teddy-bear."

"No, she didn't; she sent him a check for $20,000, and he's just gone into the shoe business."

"Well?"

"Well, I was in New York last week, and I found myself following a lady on the street. I am just as good-looking and courteous and chivalric as my friend. A gust of wind took the lady's hat off, and all her false hair with it. I overtook her, raised my hat and expressed my sympathy that she was bald-headed. She took her property from my hands, and then hauled off with the umbrella she carried and broke my nose. No smiles, no sweetness, no check for $20,000 or any other old amount. I was entitled to it just as much as my friend, and really more than he was, and yet he's hustling in the shoe trade, while I am hanging around the country with a broken nose, and the doctors say I will never be handsome again."

About the Same—Nit.

Harry Kellar, the retired magician, was talking about stage magic.

"It is not," he said, "so good as it used to be. The younger magicians do not study and practice as we of the previous generation did. Hence, nowadays stage magic appears rather tame.

"But the young magicians don't think so. They are like an elderly fat man whom I saw at my tailor's the other day.

"'Let me see, sir,' said the tailor, 'you haven't been in for two or three years. Perhaps I had better remeasure you.'

"'All right,' said the fat man. 'You'll find no change in my figure, though.'

"The tailor got to work with his tape. The measurements were called out and jotted down. The fat man said at the end:

"'Well, the measurements are about the same as they used to be, eh?'

"'Yes, sir, about the same,' was the reply. 'Chest a trifle lower down, that's all, sir.'"

Few One-Armed Women.

"Did anybody ever see a one-armed woman?" asked the gray-headed man. "I never did. Almost every day I meet one-armed men, but I have yet to encounter a woman with that pitifully empty sleeve. Are there no women who have suffered that mutilation? If not, why not, and if so, where are they? Yesterday I heard it argued that there was no cause for a woman to lose an arm. Women do not go to the wars, they are not engaged in occupations that are likely to carry away a part of their body. But that reasoning is not sound. Many women work in mills and factories, and they are as liable to accidents in the street and public conveyances as men. Frequently they figure in these accidents, but although men in the same situation would lose an arm, women never do. What is the cause of their immunity?"

Secret of Style.

Style is in a very small degree the deliberate and designed creation of the man who therein expresses himself. The self that he thus expresses is a bundle of inherited tendencies that came, the man himself can never entirely know whence. It is by the instinctive stress of a highly sensitive or slightly abnormal constitution that he is impelled to distill these tendencies into the alien magic of words. The stylus wherewith he strives to write himself on the yet blank pages of the world may have the obstinate vigor of a metal rod, or the wild and quavering waywardness of an insect's wing, but behind it lie forces that extend into infinity. It moves us because it is itself moved by pulses which, in varying measure, we also have inherited.—Atlantic.

Looking Forward.

"Some day we'll be taking midnight joy rides in the air."

"Not 'some day.' You mean 'some night.'"

"Oh, very well. What I was going on to say was that if the son of a millionaire should fall out with a chorus girl on a trip like that it would be a serious matter."

A Modern Instance.

"Now, Mary," asked the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what King Solomon did when both women claimed the baby?"

"Yessum," responded the little girl to whose home the stork had recently come with a double burden, "he made twins of it."

The KITCHEN CABINET

THE KITCHEN CAT.

I SEE you've got the same old cat,"
Was what the truant said,
When he came softly back at night,
Abashed and sore afraid.

He said it half abstractedly,
Scarce knowing what he meant.
But was his meaning not more deep
Than mere embarrassment?

For after all, what is more dear,
More home-like, and all that?
What retrospect would be complete
Without the kitchen cat?

We fancy her crouched at the door
And all within so neat,
That somebody was sure to call:
"Look out, child, scrape your feet!"

We truants of a larger growth
Look back and smile to see
How large a share these simple things
Have in our memory!

Cuisine Queries.

What is escarole? A green salad plant.

What is vegetable marrow? Only another name for summer squash, but is better known in England, where it is a favorite dish. It is generally eaten when half grown, as the flesh is then tender and marrowy.

"Is 'sorrel' ever used as a vegetable? Yes, when young and tender it makes good greens, and is excellent in soups.

What is Romaine? Boston lettuce—the curly kind.

What is Kosher meat? Meat the Jews consider proper for food. It must be killed and dressed in accord with their prescribed rite. The animal is bled before death.

Where are the best anchovies found? About the Island of Gorgona, off Italy in the Mediterranean sea. Those from the northern seas are larger and less delicate in flavor.

THAT GREEN PAINT.

HAVE you noticed when you started out
To paint the kitchen chair,
What a recklessness comes over you
To daub paint everywhere?

The chair is such a pretty green,
So fresh and clean and bright,
You're seized with mad desire to
Paint everything in sight.

That table there looks dingy,
That picture frame not clean;
So you proceed to paint them both
That same attractive green.

Of wit, and of artistic sense,
You seem at once bereft.
Just one thing saves the furniture—
There is no more paint left.

Buying the Meat.

Women are all in sympathy, all in league against the butcher, outraged and disgusted at the price of meat. That is to be expected in these days of high prices, but do the women stop to consider that their duty is not done when they rail against the price? Does it ever occur to them that study of the cuts of meat, practice in the proper cooking of the cheaper cuts would greatly help matters, and make them less the victims of either trust or butcher?

Men, as a rule, earn the money, but women spend it, and it is the duty of every housewife to do so to the best advantage.

In the first place, there are many cuts of meat which can be so cooked as to be as palatable, and certainly as nourishing, as the more expensive ones. The prejudice against Hamburger steak would be less if it were always purchased in a piece of lean round, and chopped at home. Enriched with a little stock or bacon, made delicate with bread crumbs, and tasty by a dash of onion, it is a cheap and wholesome dish.

Pork chops are digestible by healthy people, if carefully and thoroughly cooked. Select the small chops from the loin. Bread and fry first over a low fire. Turn the light up later to brown.

Never put a fork into broiling meat; it allows the juices to escape.

Individual Tea.

A novel way to serve afternoon tea is to bring each guest a small Japanese tray with individual pot, cream jug and sugar basin. A tiny cup is, of course, also placed on the tray (but no saucer), and with this may be served any tiny wafer or cake. This separate service does not cost much, and makes a simple affair very attractive.

Bridget's Beatitudes.

Blessed are the baked apples in which part of the core is left. When it is all removed, much of the juice escapes.

Blessed are the pineapples which are first sliced, and then pared. In this way the eyes may be removed with less waste.

Blessed are the nuts with which to "top off" a salad. Especially if the salad is plain, or otherwise tasteless, the nuts will cover a multitude of sins.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG.

HA, HA, HA, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?"
And why do you suppose I hug
Unto my heart the little brown jug?

Why, verily, it is because
It frees me from convention's laws,
I need not worry every minute,
For fear the public know's what's in it!

But you, my reader, you shall guess.
Milk, do you say? No, I confess.
Nor of the cups, I blush to state,
Which cheer but not inebriate.

Nor coffee? No; you think it queer?
Perhaps you guess it harbors beer?
Come, quickly now, say what's inside her.
(Of course, to rhyme, you'll answer: "Cider.")

Come close and let me whisper in your lug:
There's only fresh, cold water in that jug!

Avocado Salad.

This dish will afford a topic of discussion at most luncheons where it is served, because few know what it is, or whence it comes. The avocado, or alligator pear, is a native of Florida, and is imported from the Hawaiian islands, so that it is on sale at the fancy grocery shops the year round.

The pear is about the size of a muskmelon, but oblong in shape and with a soft outside rind like the Missouri paw-paw, which, in color, it resembles.

On cutting open, the seed is found to be very large, occupying most of the room inside, leaving only a half inch of sweetish meat between it and the skin. This pulp is served, diced on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. But the small quantity of it, and the price (25 cents for a single fruit) insures the avocado, half pear and half vegetable, remaining the novelty which nature evidently intended it to be.

"Beforehand" Desserts.

This includes almost all kinds of pies, tarts, and many of the nicest puddings. Blanc mange is merely a stiff constarch pudding without eggs. Fruit blanc mange is made by straining the juice from any fruit (berries or cherries are best, or a glass of jelly will do), into a double boiler. While boiling, stir in cornstarch in the proportion of two tablespoons starch to a pint of juice. Sweeten and set away to cool. Eat with whipped cream.

Chocolate Jelly.—Is made with one box of powdered gelatine mixed with a pint of water. Add this when dissolved to three pints of scalded milk. Sweeten, boil five minutes. When taken from stove, add vanilla and pour into molds. This is better served very cold.

Charlotte Russe—And many custards and souffles are best made in the morning.

THE PUDDING BAG.

TO MAKE an English pudding once
A famous chef began,
But the ill-luck he met with would
Have daunted any man.

He mixed the suet, milk and eggs,
Meal, sugar, fruit and spice,
And used a spoon of brandy of
A most expensive price.

Then dropped it in the pot and boiled
Three hours, more or less,
But when he tried to take it up—
"Mon Dieu! ze frightful mess!"

"Come, Mademoiselle," he loudly called,
To one of England's daughters
"I put ze pudding in, but see,
It mix all in ze waters!"

To find the cause of his dismay,
Be sure she did not lag;
She laughed: "You mixed it right, Monsieur.
But where's your pudding bag?"

Eating Backwards.

The word banquet originally meant dessert, so in this we have an excuse for the plan advocated lately of eating the meal backward—so to speak, beginning with those things which we usually scorn as the wind-up of the meal, and to be eaten or not as we have capacity. For instance, a prominent vegetarian advocates this plan: begin the meal with fruit—say oranges, raisins, figs. Then nibble some almonds. Then pies or pudding with a slice of cheese. By this time you will enjoy the salad course, and you will eat sparingly of a vegetable. But here probably your stomach will rebel at the big slice of roast or the fadge of mutton or pork you have hitherto thought essential.

This same vegetarian also asks: "Did you ever notice that we cannot eat the meat of flesh-eating animals? It is considered carrion, and we eat only those animals which subsist on vegetable fare. So we get our vegetarian diet second-hand, after all." Which is only another way of saying that: "All flesh is grass."

Olivia Barton Hoffman.

AN EMBROIDERER OF BUTTERFLIES

By ELEANORE H. PORTER

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Charles Gordon frowned at the magazine illustration of his latest short story, and stroked his neat beard with long, nervous fingers.

"It's simply ruined!" he muttered. "The whole effect is lost. 'Illustrated by Birdie Taylor,'—Birdie Taylor, indeed!" he repeated, wrathfully. "As I expected—woman's work—and a 'Birdie,' too! By George!—I—I'll write to her; she needs a lesson—and she shall have one, too," he finished, as he crossed the room to his desk.

Charles J. Gordon, the newest "hit" in the literary world, had grown painfully exacting of late. His publishers, his recently acquired private secretary, his favorite waiter at "The Albemarle"—all were aware of it. Perhaps the dazzling glare of the limelight of publicity fretted him, or perhaps his recent contract to write 5,000 words each month at a fabulous price for a certain publishing house interfered with his prized independence. However this might be, the letter he dispatched that night through the magazine publishers to Miss Birdie Taylor was short, relentless and straight to the point.

"My Dear Madam—" read Miss Taylor at her breakfast table two days later, "When illustrating a story it is always well to read through the entire manuscript at least once. If this is done, such unimportant slips as straight hair for curls, modern furnishings for antique, and interior for landscape setting, are not liable to occur. Very sincerely yours,

"CHARLES J. GORDON."

Had Gordon applied to this letter his own advice and read it through once, Miss Taylor's startled eyes might never have seen it. A vague uneasiness assailed him as soon as it had left his hands, and he wished he could remember just what he had written in the first flush of his displeasure.

This same uneasiness gave way to a distinct shock when, four days later

"You Know Very Well What I Mean."

at the Mortons' reception, his hostess led him up to a charmingly pretty girl and said, after the hasty murmuring of the names:

"You two people really should know each other! Miss Taylor does those delightful pictures for the magazines, you know, Mr. Gordon," Mrs. Morton added by way of explanation. Then, with a consciousness of duty well performed, she turned to her other guests.

Gordon found himself looking into a pair of mischievous brown eyes, in the depths of which he was sure he detected a flash of resentment. He bravely rallied his forces for what he felt was now inevitable.

"Ah, Miss Taylor, I've been wanting to see you, that is—I thought I owed you an apology for the letter," he began, hurriedly. "I am sure I can't imagine what made me—"

"But, Mr. Gordon," interrupted the girl, her cheeks reddening, "I—"

"Not a word—not a word!" interposed Gordon.

"But really, I am—"

"Yes, yes, I know—I know all you would say," persisted Gordon again, "and I won't listen. I was a brute—a miserable brute," he repeated, glorying in his abject humiliation as he came more and more under the sway of those troubled brown eyes.

After that memorable reception the subject of illustrations was carefully avoided by the author whenever he saw Miss Taylor. He had no wish to repeat his self-styled "stupid blunders" of that first meeting, and as for the lady, her placid ignoring of the subject indicated that she had quite forgotten the whole affair.

Gordon had not forgotten. A curious sinking feeling came over him whenever he thought of those abhorred pictures; first, because of himself, then because of her.

He was thinking of these same illustrations when he said wrathfully to a fellow author one day:

"Grayson, no woman should attempt anything beyond an embroidered butterfly on a sofa pillow!"

The two men were at the Heminway art exhibition, standing before a particularly faulty piece of work bearing a feminine signature.

Grayson laughed. He had opened his lips to reply, when a low voice at Gordon's left asked:

"Aren't you just a bit hard on us, Mr. Gordon? Mightn't we vary the butterflies by an occasional bird or a bee?"

Swift confusion leaped into Gordon's face, and his hand sought his beard nervously.

"Ah, Miss Taylor—beg pardon, I'm sure. I did not know—" he began, turning longing eyes on his frien

But Grayson, ignoring the pleadi.. look, refused to come to his aid. With a low bow and a mocking smile he moved away, saying: "I'll leave you to make your peace, old man, as best you can!"

Gordon turned to meet the unwavering gaze of two merry brown eyes.

"I—I did not know—" he began again, awkwardly.

"That I was near," she interrupted brightly. "Of course not—you never would have been so uncomplimentary to our sex in general if you had known that one of its representatives was close by. So you are going to doom us to silk butterflies?" she went on, cheerfully.

"Don't," he objected, almost crossly; "you know very well what I mean. I think the ordinary woman should—should remain in her own sphere," he finished, with some pomposity.

"And that is—?"

"Why—er—home, of course," he supplemented; "home and—er—all that sort of thing," he concluded vaguely.

Miss Taylor nodded her head slowly several times.

"M-m—I see," she mused, aloud. "Pots and pans well scrubbed, corners carefully looked to, and all the eyes dug out of the potatoes."

"You are pleased to jest, Miss Taylor," he remarked, stiffly. "You know very well I did not refer to household drudgery. It is the real home instinct that, to my mind, seems to be lacking in the modern woman."

"Very good, Mr. Gordon," she said with ominous sweetness. "Then you regard woman as a home-maker, merely, do you?"

"Most certainly," he returned, uneasily, but with conviction.

Before the winter had passed Gordon ruefully acknowledged to himself that he was "absurdly and disastrously in love," as he expressed it. To him the name "Birdie" gave the thing a touch of absurdity, and the fact that Miss Taylor was an illustrator, and in probable pursuit of a career, made it disastrous.

From boyhood his dream of a wife had drawn the picture of a sweetly gracious, dignified, angelic being, far removed from a restless, energetic, self-sufficient creature, his only conception of a career-seeking woman. And yet the dearest thing in the world to Gordon had come to be this ambitious brown-eyed maid with the babyish name.

For a time the man refused to think of the future. He drifted along in a blissful paradise of his own fancy until the announcement that Miss Taylor was soon to leave the city for an extended trip brought him sharply back to earth.

It was then that he seated himself at his desk to write once more to her. This time it was a straightforward avowal of fervent love and an earnest plea for a speedy reply that he dispatched some time later addressed to

MISS B. TAYLOR,
No. 64 Howard Avenue.

At five o'clock he received from the hand of a messenger a note which ran:

"I shall be at home this evening; will you come?"

There was no signature. Gordon was sure he needed none, and yet—it was a bit strange, after all.

She met him with luminous eyes and a face so unmistakable in its shy loveliness that he would have taken her in his arms at once had she not suddenly drawn back with a startled cry.

"No—no! I—I forgot. I have a confession to make. I—I am not 'Birdie.'"

Gordon's arms fell limply to his side.

"Not Birdie!" he exclaimed.

She shook her head.

"I'm Beatrice—Beatrice Taylor."

"But how—what—I don't understand! Why did you tell me you were Birdie?"

She laughed softly.

"I didn't—and you wouldn't even let me tell you that I was not Birdie," she retorted.

At his blank look she laughed again.

"It is the old story of family resemblance," she explained. "Birdie Taylor, the illustrator, is my cousin; we look alike and are often mistaken for each other, hence Mrs. Morton's introduction. I knew about the letter you wrote to Birdie, and when you apologized to me for it I tried to tell you I was not the guilty one, but you wouldn't let me even speak. After that I forgot all about it until—until that afternoon at the art exhibition, and then—then I wouldn't tell," she finished, with uptilted chin.

"And—I never met this—'Birdie?' he questioned.

She shook her head gleefully.

"My cousin left the city the very day your letter came, and has been south ever since, thus my duplicity was all the easier," she replied; then her face grew demurely solemn and she made him a sweeping courtesy. "Furthermore, Beatrice Taylor has positively no accomplishments, has no ambition to be other than a mere home-maker, is perfectly satisfied with embroidered butterflies, and—wouldn't have a career if she could!"

The red swept across Gordon's face until even his forehead was pink.

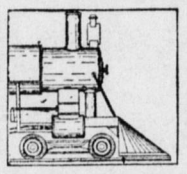
"You—you saucy little—darling!" he cried, rapturously; and this time his opened arms did not fall—limp and empty—to his side.

BUILT OF CONCRETE

REMARKABLE VIADUCT LEADING INTO RICHMOND, VA.

Novel Structure, 3,000 Feet Long, and of Immense Strength, Is the Pride of the Engineers That Built It.

A concrete viaduct 3,000 feet in length and varying in height from 18 to 70 feet, forms one of the most remarkable recent performances of engineers and builders in the field of railroad construction.



The Richmond & Chesapeake Bay railroad, seeking entrance to Richmond, Va., found the track elevation problem facing it under circumstances which called for extraordinary measures.

It happened that the right of way of the railroad entering Richmond ran close to old wooden buildings which were of a most inflammable character, and for this reason the fear of fire prevented the consideration of wood as a material for the viaduct construction. It was thought the most natural material to use under the circumstances, therefore, would be structural steel, and the first plans for the work were made for that sort of structure. The engineer in charge, however, suggested before work actually commenced that reinforced concrete could be adopted for this as well as for the more ordinary type of building, and his suggestion was indorsed by the management.

The foundation was therefore laid of stiff clay and gravel and footings built to bear a weight of three tons a square foot to provide for all possible stresses including proposed future double tracking. The concrete was made of one part Portland cement, two parts granite dust and four parts crushed granite, to pass through a three-quarter-inch ring. Throughout was used a steel trussed bar for the reinforcing.

The spans vary in length from 18 to 70 feet, the latter distance from support to support making many builders open their eyes in wonder. But, in completed form, the whole viaduct is practically one great monolith, as truly as if it had been carved out of stone—with the added strength, quite beyond that of any stone, imparted by the steel within its body.

In testing the viaduct before it was accepted by the railroad a locomotive and tender and two steel gondola cars loaded with steel rails and weighing about 150,000 pounds each were run the full length of the structure. The train was then run back and deflections measured for several spans. After that a test was made by breaking the train at various points on the viaduct, and, finally, by running the engine and cars at a speed of 35 miles an hour over the structure. A deflection of seven-thirty-seconds of an inch was the maximum, which proves the elasticity and reliability of the material. Trains are now running over the viaduct.

Can Stop Cars by Wireless.

With an instrument that will send a wireless message 180 miles and register a signal in the cab of a moving locomotive, the Union Pacific believes it has solved one of the most valuable problems in the campaign for the prevention of accidents on railroads.

The device is the invention of Dr. F. H. Milliner, electrical engineer, who has been experimenting at the Union Pacific shops in Omaha for two or three years.

Dr. Milliner has now so far perfected his patent that any number of locomotives on the same track may be equipped with the signals and yet only the one which it is intended to reach will receive the signal.

The device consists of a neat contrivance placed in the cab by which a station agent may signal a train between stations and advise the engineer of impending danger. A bell and a red light are used for the signal, and these are operated by wireless telegraphy. The new signal is worked in connection with the block signal service.

The Big Expense of Empty Cars.

One of the difficult features of the business depression which adversely affected operating results is found in the empty freight car movement, which increased nearly 23,000,000 miles; when the sudden falling off in freight traffic came, not only were our lines well covered with foreign cars, which must be returned to their owners empty, to avoid further per diem charges, but being an intermediate road, was flooded with empty cars being returned from western lines to those in the east, and vice versa. A vast amount of transportation expenses (approximately $1,000,000) was incurred in moving this equipment without revenue, and our hire of equipment debit balance increased $461,258; the latter, however, partly on account of the increased per diem rate.—Rock Island Railroad Annual Report.

Sues Railroad for $25,000.

W. F. Almond, a postal clerk of Wichita, Kan., filed a $25,000 damage suit against the Missouri Pacific for injuries he alleges were received in a wreck near Winfield, May 31, 1908. He says he has been unable to work since, and is permanently injured. He also says the injuries were received in a mail car which was so old and rickety that it had been condemned, but was still being used by the Missouri Pacific, regardless of the orders.

WHY FAST TRAINS ARE SAFEST.

Many Logical Reasons Advanced by an Engineer.

"It's safer to ride on a mile-a-minute train than it is on a slower one," remarked a railroad engineer. "Why? Oh, for lots of reasons. For one thing, because you are through with your journey quicker. By that I mean that there is always a certain—though small—element of danger in riding on a train; and this does not decrease if the train is moving slowly. It remains the same. Therefore, if you are two hours traveling between two points on one train, and can do it in an hour on another, you are in danger just that much less time.

"But another much more apparent reason is that all the employes along the line know when the Twentieth Century or the Empire State is coming along, and watch out for her. They take pains, too, to see that everything they have to do connected with her going past is attended to. An employe along the track sometimes forgets, and if he forgets at some important juncture there is liable to be an accident. He does more thinking about the crack trains—he doesn't forget them—and that's another reason they're safer.

"Then, too, the rolling stock of these fast trains is the best that money can buy, and it is inspected with more minute care before it goes out than any other. When a slow train that is behind time starts in to hit a 50-mile clip, the engineer, not being accustomed to getting over the road at that speed, is liable to take some of the curves a little too fast and go into the ditch. The man on the limited train, however, knows just at what speed he has to take every curve and how he can let her open along the straight stretches until she is doing a mile in 50 seconds.

"In case of a collision, too, a long heavy train moving at 40 miles an hour will crumple up more cars before it loses its momentum than a fast train with a lighter load. The very weight of the large number of cars crushing into each other far outbalances the speed of the blow.

"Lastly, the men who drive the fast trains are the picked ones of the line. I dare say that the men running the limiteds on the various roads are those who have been in the company's service for many years and haven't cost their roads a penny in accidents. Why is that? Largely because they are careful men and don't take any chances. When the weather is not foggy, and you can see the signals, the chances of accident are very small indeed, but when the signal lights are hard to pick up it's the engineers of the limiteds that run the slowest."

Philadelphia Flyer of 1737.

In these days of trains "every hour, on the hour," between New York and Philadelphia, we can hardly conceive how the newspaper announcement made March 10, 1737, that a "flyer would begin flying on 3d April to perform the journey between the two cities in one day" could have created a great sensation—even in Philadelphia. Eighty miles in 14 hours does not seem to us such breathless speed, but when we read in the same paper that in order to accomplish this feat "John Butler, with his waggon, must needs get out from the sign of the 'Death of the Fox' at daybreak and drive at top speed (the horses being changed at each stage ere the coach stops rocking) to meet the ferry of Rubin Fitzrandolph, which delivers passengers in New York by night," we can understand that for those leisurely times this was indeed "going some." This, at least, was the opinion of a traveler who performed this journey in 1737, for he writes home: "And if any one wishes to travel more quickly let him go to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning."

Mosque in Railroad Carriage.

The Hedjaz railway, among other things, will contain a carriage fitted up as a mosque, where pilgrims will be able to perform their devotions during the journey to the sacred cities. Externally the praying carriage is only distinguishable from the other carriages by a minaret six feet high. The interior is luxuriously fitted. The floor is covered with the richest of Persian carpets, while around the sides are verses from the Koran appropriate to the pilgrimage and in letters of gold. A chart indicates the direction of Mecca at one end, and at the other are placed four vessels for holding water for the ritual ablutions. Most of the carriages are of foreign make, but the "wagon mosquee" was built in Constantinople.

Electricity and Railroads.

There are now in the United States almost 40,000 miles of electrical railroads, not including the former steam railroads which are using this power at the terminals. There are plenty of men living who remember when there were not so many miles of steam railroads in the country. The trolley, which was at first a purely urban institution, has become a competitor with steam, and it seems certain that a few generations hence electricity will be the great motive power on all railroads unless some invention of a superior quality is brought out to supplant both.

Hauls Train Two Miles Long.

A train of cars a half mile long is nothing. President Underwood of the Erie has an engine that weighs 573,000 pounds, the largest and most powerful locomotive in the world. This monster, and monstrosity, with 16 driving wheels, hauls a freight train of 250 cars, two miles long.

GATHERED SMILES

THE PUBLIC EYE.

In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged.

"The Public Eye," shouted the megaphone man of our party.

There were some curious people within the space but even more curious were those just outside.

Of these latter we thought certain women especially interesting; they were busily neglecting their families in order to get into the Public Eye. A pathos attached to another group of women who had been in the Public Eye and could never be happy out of it, though they couldn't in the least tell why.

Positively funny were a few men who kept trying, by a variety of droll devices, to break into the Public Eye. "Vice-presidential candidates!" our megaphone man explained.—Puck.

About the Size of It.

"Preachers are about the only men who can give better satisfaction by doing less work," remarked the thoughtful thinker.

"How do you figure that out?" queried the innocent bystander.

"Short sermons always please," explained the t.t.—Chicago Daily News.

In the Right Spirit.

"I am 17. How long should I wear my dresses?" wrote a fair lass to the editor of the query department of a leading magazine.

"From your first appearance in the morning until you retire at night," replied the editor.—Judge.

A MEAN MAN'S EXULTATION.

Prosperity has come to us, hooray!
I'm so elated I can scarcely speak;
Last night the cook got mad and went away,
We had to pay her seven plunks a week.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Improvement.

"It is sad," said the man who uses slang, "to see politicians so busy knocking one another."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "even that program represents an improvement. It's a little more humane to go after a man with a hammer than with an ax."—Washington Star.

Discreet Prophecy.

"Why do you invariably predict the coldest winter we have had in years?"

"Well," answered Prof. Blatherton, "if it comes true people necessarily give me credit for great wisdom. And if it doesn't come true, they are too thankful to hold any grudge."—Washington Star.

A DOUBLE BREAK.

Wife—I saw Mr. Chacer this afternoon and he looks pretty bad. What's the matter with him, do you know?

Hubby—Compound fracture.

Wife—What sort of compound fracture?

Hubby—He's broke; and Miss Doughbag, discovering that fact, broke her engagement.

His Business to Be.

"The insurance man with literary ambitions you took on the staff of the magazine is very much dissatisfied at being one of the subordinate authors."

"I don't see why he should be. Wasn't he always an underwriter?"—Baltimore American.

Rural Habits.

Smith—Hello, Jones, do you still live out at Oyster Bay?

Jones—No—I'm in Brooklyn now.

"How is it that you Long Island people are always moving from village to village?"—Life.

The Cause of Vernal Verdancy.

The kindergarten teacher had been telling her pupils about the seasons and the colors that were characteristic of each.

"Now," said she, "if you were trying to represent spring, which of the colored chalks would you use?"

"Green," responded little Pat, promptly.

"Why?" he was asked.

"'Cause St. Patrick's day comes in spring."

TOO BAD.

Adolphus—I say, deah boy, they tell me Cholly caught quite a cold, doncherknow.

Augustus—Yes, he went without his chrysanthemum one day last week.

Combination.

Complaining Customer—Say, this fly paper is full of holes.

The Grocer—Yes, madam; I know it is. It is the new "combination" fly paper, and is made with the holes so that it can be used for porous plasters after the fly season is over.—Judge.

One Sign.

Said He—Young Smythe and Miss Brown are evidently in love with each other.

Said She—Judging by the way they look at each other?

Said He—No; judging by the way they don't look at anybody else.—Chicago Daily News.

Individual Application.

"I hope you were in favor of the loans."

"Always in favor of loans, dear boy. Say, can you spare a V?"—Baltimore American.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

Myrtle—What's the score?

Evelyn—Eight to four.

Myrtle—You must be mistaken. I'm sure I haven't seen more than three men carried off the field.

The Way She Does It.

"Mrs. Clymer is a model housewife in one way."

"What is that?"

"By dint of giving her dinners, teas and receptions to the reporters, she manages always to keep her house in print."—Baltimore American.

Never Sees It.

Ida—Why haven't you been to see me?

Emily—Just look at the weather we've had!

Ida—I can't. We live in a shaft apartment.—Judge.

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

The Big One—I'll give you a nice apple if you'll stop crying.

The Small One—H—how big is the a—apple, an' how l—long have I got to stop fer?—New York Herald.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

CURES

Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.

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NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 35
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Pet Grove, "	1 65
Graham, "	70
Rye "	80
Patent Meal "	50
Buckwheat Flour	90
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 60
Chop Feed, "	1 60
Matchless Egg Maker, per 100	2 50
Cracked Corn per 100	1 60
Screenings "	1 60
Oil Meal "	1 85
Middlings,	1 70
Bran,	1 40
Chicken Wheat	1 85
Corn per bushel	85
Oyster Shells, per 100	72
White Oats, per bushel	6
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Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed.	At Market Prices

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For the Most Popular Little Miss in Emporium at the Theatorium

Contest Opens Dec. 9th and Closes December 24th, 1908.

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST.

FIRST—Any Girl under 12 years of age and a resident of Emporium is eligible.
SECOND—All girls wishing to enter contest will hand their namesneatly written on a card with age to W. G. Bair at your earliest possible date.
THIRD—The little Miss receiving the largest number of votes will receive Doll No. 1; in Theatorium Window, the next will receive Doll No. 2; the third will receive Doll No. 3.
FOURTH—Each day the votes will be counted and placed in Theatorium window so you will see standing of each contestant.
FIFTH—Each five cent ticket entitles the holder to a vote for any of the little contestants. Each ten cent ticket (Double Show) entitles each holder to two votes.
SIXTH—No contestant will be allowed to ask people to vote for the min or around Theatorium. Violations of this rule will disqualify the contestant.

The Little Store Around the Corner

In a quiet manner is supplying hundreds of people weekly with

Choice Groceries and Provisions and all Fruits in Season.

"THE POOR MAN'S STORE,"
EQUAL JUSTICE TO ALL.

JOSEPH KINSLER.

Mr. Arfur's Christmas Gift

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

[Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

HENRIETTA, on the rug by the fireplace, was absorbed in her occupation, which was putting off all of Arminta Eudella's articles of wearing apparel and putting them on again. When the last tiny garment had been adjusted to her satisfaction she found time to look at Mr. Arfur, who sat by the window, a picture of doldrums. With a regretful glance at Evangeline Bell, who was yet to be attended to, the small mother arose and went over to Mr. Arfur. Resting one hand on his knee, she gazed anxiously into his face.

The young man roused himself and smiled down at the squarely cut locks, the great brown eyes and dimples.

"Have you been bad, Mr. Arfur?" she inquired solicitously.

"I don't think I have been so bad as—the—bad man, Henrietta," he answered, squeezing her small hand.

"I've been good as an angel," she remarked modestly, "so Santa Claus is going to bwing me anuver dolly in a tooing cah."

"In a what, Henrietta?"

"A tooing cah," she repeated; then, as Arthur failed to grasp her meaning, she exemplified patiently, "like Sister Wose's what she takes you widing in."

"Oh, I see! A touring car, you aristocratic baby. No more doll wagons and go-carts for you, eh?" he chuckled, then grew gloomy again.

"What do you want foh Kwismas?"

"Something I am afraid I can never have in all this wide world, Henrietta." He drew a long breath.

"If you are good, Santa Claus"—

"It's entirely out of the old fellow's jurisdiction, my pet."

The child gazed at him curiously.

"It's a heart of fine gold that I want, Henrietta, and only one person can give it to me, and if she won't, girlie"—

"Is she a faiwy?" Henrietta's tone was reverential, her eyes full of excitement.

"The queen of them all."

"And has a crown on?"

"Yes, a crown of her own golden hair, and her eyes are like brown velvet pansies, and she has the sweetest

"LISTEN!" HE WHISPERED.

red lips, Henrietta. But yesterday I met her, and she hurried by, scarcely speaking, and this morning on the street she pretended not to see me, though I know she did, and all because—you wouldn't have believed such a queen of a girl would care so much because she didn't get the prize at the masquerade, would you, now?"

"My!" ejaculated Henrietta. But her next eager question was cut short by Mr. Arfur's springing to his feet. "Sister Wose" had entered the room, and Henrietta, knowing from much experience that she was decidedly de trop when they two were together, went reluctantly back to Evangeline Bell and the fireplace.

"Good morning," said Sister Rose, her tone suggestive of a glare of ice and a flurry of snow. "I have an engagement." But she sat down.

"Oh, I am sorry. Then I will go," he said gently, but he also sat down.

In his eyes, honest and gray, was a complexity of expressions as he watched her trying desperately to appear very much at her ease. Love looked from his eyes—there was no doubt of that—and admiration and approval, and yet a growing wonder that, after all, his idol could be so human.

"I am sorry that you are angry," he began when the silence was getting tense. "Try to realize my position, Rose. I sat there, an unwilling judge—my duty awarding prizes to the best sustained characters in the masquerade. Among the maskers was one to whom my heart went out—a slender little figure whose white satin gown, caught loosely around the waist with a silken girdle, fell in straight folds to her tiny feet. Crowning her small head were chrysanthemums, maroon and gold, and a line of the royal flowers reached from one sweet, bare shoulder to the hem of her gown. The chrysanthemum girl was the loveliest sight in the room, but she was not the best sustained character, so"—

"I hope you don't think I care because you awarded the prize to Grace Hereford," interposed the girl scornfully, "and please don't for a minute think I am angry at anything. I am only disappointed in you." Her voice quivered a little.

"I have suspected the chrysanthemum girl of having moods," Arthur observed, looking at her reflectively. "A fellow I know has different names for her—Moonlight, White Rose, Laughing Water, Gentleness, Beauty, Wisdom. The fellow has admired her when she was gay and when she was serious, but never before has he seen her when she was unreasonable."

The chrysanthemum girl sniffed.

"Will you kindly explain?" added Arthur.

"I had always been so proud of your strength of character," she began. "The first time I ever saw you was in a trolley car. You sat opposite me, and when the car turned the sun shone into your eyes. There was plenty of room on my side, where the sun wouldn't have annoyed you, but instead of changing your seat you got up and pulled down the curtain. I thought to myself, 'There is a man who will be master of circumstances, no matter what they are,' and"—

Rose stopped in confusion as she remembered other things she had thought about this finely formed, handsome young man.

"Go on," he said, leaning forward with great interest. "What else did you think?"

"And now to find out that you are nothing but a chameleon after all," she wailed.

"A what?" Arthur exclaimed in amazement.

"A chameleon," she repeated tearfully. "If you are on a brown leaf you're brown; if on a green tree then you're green."

"Well, green I acknowledge I am, for bless me if I can see what you are driving at."

"The other day when auntie was talking about the sin of wasting your time in dancing you said that you agreed with her that when there was work to do folks ought to do it. You said you were not going to the masquerade for that very reason."

"Well, I didn't intend"—

"You said you had several hours' work at the office that night. Then Grace Hereford came along and asked you to go, and you went!"

There was a flicker of amusement on Arthur's face which Rose did not see, being too busy winking back unwelcome tears.

"Miss Hereford had nothing to do with it, Rose," he said gently. "I went to work, as I said. About 9 o'clock Mr. Jones, the president, came in and said that if I could find Hasson and get his signature to a certain paper and get back by 11 o'clock he would make it worth my while. I had an idea that Hasson was managing that masquerade, and that's where I found him. He buttonholed me at once to be judge of the concern and wouldn't sign the paper unless I agreed. I saw I could get back by 11, so I stayed."

"And had plenty of time to dance with Miss Hereford," supplemented Rose sweetly, but unjudicially.

This time Arthur's smile was certain. "I looked for the chrysanthemum girl first and couldn't find her," he said truthfully. "I danced only once. But what made you think Miss Hereford asked me to go?"

"She said she would wager she could get you to go and that you would dance with her first, so I went to see if—I didn't think you would when you said you wouldn't, but"—

"I see," said the young man quietly. An inborn loyalty to womankind kept him from telling Rose that just as he had started away Miss Hereford had run to him, exclaiming that as he was so kind to award her the prize she certainly must reward him with the first dance, etc. With a sudden impulse he took Rose's little hand in his.

She sprang up and started for the fireplace, but he held her gently back. "Listen," he whispered.

On the glowing coals smoked Evangeline Bell, and on the rug, with eyes turned to the ceiling, knelt Henrietta.

"O God," she was saying, "now I lay me down to sleep. I give my precious dolly, so you will make the faiwy queen wiv the cwown of her golden hair to bwing Mr. Arfur the little heart he wants for Kwismas. That's all, God, only please let me see her when she comes. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed Arthur fervently.

"Grace Hereford has black hair," observed Rose inconsequently.

"She may have green hair for all it matters to me," said Arthur, with impoliteness. "Rose, darling"—

"I wonder if God will," Henrietta was murmuring, with sad eyes fixed on the mound of ashes which was once Evangeline Bell.

Rose went over to the fireplace and kissed her small sister. "I think God will," she said reverently; then she went back to radiant Mr. Arfur.

Christmas For the Birds.

A traveler in Sweden tells of a beautiful Christmas custom in that land which may well be imitated in many lands. He says: "One wintry afternoon at Christmastide I had been skating on a pretty lake three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, to the top of which was bound a large full sheaf of grain. In answer to my question as to the meaning of it my companion replied: 'Oh, that is for the birds—for the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know.'"—Selected.

Kind Old Man.

Ascum—What did that rich old uncle of yours give you for Christmas? Something useful, I'll bet.

Hauskeep—Yes, a little device for saving coal bills.

Ascum—Ah, an arrangement to attach to the heater?

Hauskeep—No, to keep on my desk, it's a bill file.

"Still at the Old Stand."

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Avoid Typhoid Germs

in your prescriptions. Our Prescription department has constantly on hand large quantities of distilled water.

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Remember I am handling Presh and Smoked Meats of all kinds. Bacon, Hams, Boiled Ham, Bologna.

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NOTICE.

Strictly pure goods. Conform with the pure food law in our Grocery Department. All firms are required to give us a guarantee on their invoices.

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Full line of all canned goods: Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Corn, Meats of all kinds. Our line of Cookies and Crackers cannot be surpassed for freshness, g them every week or two. Sour and sweet pickles by the dozen or bottle. Fish of all kind. Cannot be beat on No. 1, sun Mackerel. Hams, Shoulders, Bacon and Salt Pork or anything you desire in the line.

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Complete line of Underwear in Ballbriggan, natural wool and fleece lined, Shirts and Drawers, Overalls, Pants, Dress Shirts, work Shirts, Over Jackets, wool and cotton Socks, Gloves, Mittens, etc.

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Have all sizes to suit the trade, for ladies, men, boys and children.

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Anything in the line you desire. Come look our stock over.

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Shovels, Picks, Hinges, Screws, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, all kinds, Handles and nails, from a shoe nail to a boat spike.

CONCLUSION.

We appreciate your past patronage and shall endeavor to give you the same service and same goods in the future as in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention and delivered promptly by our popular drayman Jake.

Yours truly

C. B. HOWARD & CO

The Carrier's Address FOR 1907

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

Copyright, 1906, by Earle Hooker Eaton

THE Carrier stroked the office cat
And murmured: "Hully gee!
How few of us know where we're at
Or where we soon shall be!
For instance, there was Brick Van Cott.
He had a right to kick,
And most folks think he should have shot
The blamed balloonatic.

"When Brick had been a Carrier Boy
For 'bout a year or so,
He fell in love with Susan Joy
And thought it was a go.
But when he popped the question Sue
Refused to be his wife.
Said she, 'I cannot marry you
Unless you rise in life.'

"Then Brick walked off and banged his head
Against a thick board fence.
At first he wished that he were dead,
But later got more sense.
'I'll just surprise this derned old town,'
He said, with curling lip.
'They cannot keep a good man down.
I'll follow Susie's tip.'

"One day while Brick was on his route
His arm received a whack,
And then he felt as if a boot
Had kicked him in the back.
He lost his footing mighty soon
And tried on air to dance.
The anchor from a big balloon
Had hooked him through the pants!

"'Leggo! Leggo!' he gave a roar
As he began his flight.
'I'm not a fish, and, furthermore,
I didn't even bite!'
But up he kited toward the stars,
With comic stunts and capers,
As if Uranus, Neptune, Mars,
Were on his route for papers.

"Six feet in air, still undismayed,
He hoped his pants would rip.
At fifty feet he hoped and prayed
They'd never lose their grip.
Said he: 'It's luck if I don't plow
The ground up quite a bit.
I'd hate to lose that anchor now;
I'm much attached to it!'

"The big balloon went sailing through
The street that was his route,
And far below Brick caught a view
Of Binks and Brown and Clute.
'If they don't get their papers quick,'
He thought, with half a sob,
'They're always sure to make a kick,
But I'm still on the job!'

"Ere long a paper, spiral shape,
Began its earthward trek
And, dartlike, landed on the nape
Of Henry Binks' neck.
Two more at once came flying down,
With gentle, warning whir,
And to the ears of Clute and Brown
There came, 'Your paper, sir!'

"A hundred copies thus were dropped
By Brick in his queer flight.
From stores and houses people popped
To view the novel sight.
But soon the crowded street was cleared
And men in terror cried.
An auto, running wild, appeared,
With Susan Joy inside!

"The big balloon dipped toward the street,
And as the girl flew past
Brick tore her from the auto seat
And held her firm and fast.
While straight ahead, with crazy bound,
The auto sought its goal
And tried to wind itself around
An iron trolley pole.

"'You told me I must rise in life,'
Brick cooed in Susie's ear.
'I've riz, and now you'll be my wife?'
She whispered, 'Yes, you dear!'
The anchor felt the added load.
There came a sudden tear,
And Brick and Sue fell to the road
But little worse for wear.

"The Carrier's feat was published soon.
'Twas such an odd romance—
'Delivered Papers by Balloon
While Hanging by the Pants!'
Balloonatic showed up next day,
And Brick, he nearly died!
The feller wanted Brick to pay
A dollar for his ride!

"A paper route's no easy trick,
But Carriers never shirk.
The big balloon eloped with Brick,
But he kept right at work.
We're on the job whate'er befall.
It's 'Get there! No delay!'
And so we hope that you will all
Remember US today."

Kodol for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, on the stomach, etc., is guaranteed to give prompt relief from any form of stomach trouble. It will cure your dyspepsia. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Cnamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is a perfectly reliable medicine for bowel complains, and one that has never been known to fail even in the most severe and dangerous cases. For sale by L. Taggart.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peeuish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

For a Lame Back.

When you have pains or lameness in the back bathe the parts with Chamberlain's liniment twice a day, massaging with the palm of the hand for five minutes at each application. Then dampen a piece of flannel slightly with this liniment and put on over the seat of pain, and you may be surprised to see how quickly the lameness disappears. For sale by L. Taggart.

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W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager

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European, $1.00 per day and up
American, $2.50 per day and up

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A Bank Account Drawing Interest.

The First National Bank of Emporium, will open on January 4th, 1909, a Savings Department, paying interest at the rate of 3 per cent. Interest begins on the first of the month following date of deposit; but when a deposit is made during the first five days of any month interest begins at the first of that same month. We will credit and compound interest twice a year March first and Sept. first.

After January 4th, we can receive your deposit for any sum from $1.00 and upwards. A passbook will be given you when you make the first deposit; you then have a bank account which draws interest. You can add to this account at your pleasure.

If you would be most successful, you should make your money work too.

For further particulars you are invited to call or write.

37-9t. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Ill Health is More Expensive Than any Cure.

This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Nine-tents of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy if famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by L. Taggart.

Nearly everybody knows DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They are small pleasant, sure Little Liver pills. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Flats for Rent.

Four new flats for rent. All conveniences.

34-tf. R. SEGER.

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Ask your local R. R. Agent
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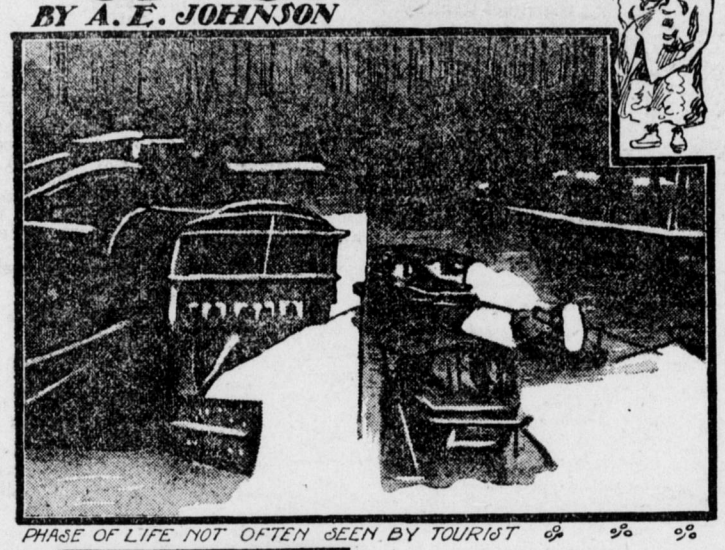
FLOATING SLUMS OF CHINA

BY A. E. JOHNSON



PHASE OF LIFE NOT OFTEN SEEN BY TOURIST

CANTON, CHINA'S GREAT COMMERCIAL CITY

A cynic has said that our minds are ruled by catch-words, and there is certainly this amount of truth in the statement, that one's mental image of a place is usually based upon some telling phrase which has stuck, once heard, in the memory, and become inseparably associated, rightly or wrongly, with the locality to which it ostensibly refers.

The Greenland of my fancy, thanks to a mind exceedingly retentive of childish lessons, has for its natural features icy mountains and very little else. That a coral strand, of a delicate pink shade, encircled the continent of India like a fairy zone was a cherished belief only shattered when I first traveled to the east and wondered why it was called shiny.

But there are times when the familiar phrase is more than justified, and preconceived notions are startlingly indorsed by first actual impressions. Every schoolboy knows that China is inhabited by "teeming millions," and I defy the most felicitous of phrase-makers with two words more succinctly to summarize such a first glimpse of a Chinese city as is afforded, let us say, to the traveler from Hongkong who approaches Canton up the Chukiang river.

In the west the over-crowding of cities is a problem which has come to be regarded as amongst the most pressing and perplexing of all that confront the social reformer. But compared with cities of the east, and of China especially, those of the west may almost be regarded as depopulated. Only those who have penetrated the innermost purlieus of a Chinese city can conceive the degree of congestion in which it is possible for a human community to live. In the great Chinese towns it is literally true that the population overflows its confines, the result sometimes being, as at Canton, those extraordinary floating slums which choke the riverside and form at once the most picturesque and most pestilent feature of the city's aspect.

Stand beside the imperial custom house at Canton and let the eye range down the river towards Hongkong. As far as the sight can reach lie boats, boats, and again boats. These are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions of human beings have been born, have lived, and have died. They are the dwellings of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes, and other burdens of the ordinary citizen.

The Tankia (which means boat-dwellers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore-dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order; and indeed they have many customs, peculiar to themselves, which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place.

In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to work in factories, as do the girls of other countries; but the year's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her western sister. It is of course hardly necessary to point out that, as against this low rate of pay, the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The "houses" which make up these vast floating slums are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 and 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for $20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the Tankia effects many savings impossible to the shore-dweller. For a hundred dollars a boat that is (comparatively) luxurious in its appointments can be obtained; and not infrequently European travelers who wish to make a prolonged sojourn in the vicinity of Canton, and do not care to pay the high prices charged in the one hotel, hire a comfortable house-boat, at a cost of about one dollar per day. In that case the native owners occupy a small space in the bow, where all cooking is done for the traveler without extra cost, with the additional advantage of free transportation to any point on the river.

Most of the boats, however, are small. A thatch of palm leaves, or a cover of matting, over a part of each boat serves to protect the occupants from sun and rain, and serves as an eating and sleeping place. The interior presents a curious picture of domestic economy, beside which the arrangements of an Irish cabin or a crofter's cottage in Lewis are palatial. On many of them pigs and chickens are reared, and frequently, when the smallness of the boat does not afford deck-space for such stock, a box or cage is suspended from the stern to serve as a pigpen or chicken coop. Nor do sties and henneries, in addition to the apartments of the family, exhaust the accommodation of the tiny craft, for on many flower gardening is carried on, a considerable space being set apart in the bows for the flower pots.

How life can be endured in such quarters, cribbed, cabined and confined, well-nigh passes comprehension. It has been estimated that about Canton there are not less than 85,000 inhabited craft, and that of this vast number some 40,000 are permanently located—250,000 to 400,000 human lives, that is to say, daily rising and falling with the tide. Births, deaths and funerals all take place within the narrow limits of the boats, and many are the inhabitants of the floating slums who never set foot on land throughout the whole of their strange existence.

Not all the boats in the dense mass that blocks the riverside are squalid, however. There are some as gaudy and resplendent as the majority are wretched and poor, and these are familiar to every one who has visited Canton. "Have you been to the flower-boats?" is a question continually heard in the hotel, and he is sure to be a recent arrival who answers in the negative.

The "flower-boats" are, in brief, the pleasure resorts of Canton. Whole streets of them are moored in rows that extend from mid-stream to the shore, and every night they are thronged with seekers after pleasure and recreation—of a sort. For it cannot be pretended that the amusements to be found thereon are of a very high moral order. Concerts, or rather singsongs, are held on some, but most cater to that gambling instinct which is the national vice of China.

Vision of Husband Drowning True.

Boston.—In a vision in which she says it seemed as though she was viewing actual happenings, Mrs. Lottie Johnson of Beachmont at midnight saw her husband, George Johnson clinging to an overturned boat in mid-ocean, heard him cry for help, and finally, with one despairing shriek, throw up his hands and sink.

With the cry of her husband ringing in her ears, Mrs. Johnson awoke and ran screaming to her mother. Her husband had started early in the evening with a friend in a power boat for Gloucester.

Early the next morning the power boat was found wrecked on the north shore about twenty-five miles below Beachmont. With ordinary speed the boat would have reached there about midnight. The body was picked up at noon, and the medical examiner said he had been dead about 12 hours.

LOVE, THE MAGICIAN

FOR ITS SAKE WOMAN WILL ENDURE AND FORGIVE ANYTHING.

Eastern Journal Makes a Few Comments on the Position of the Average Wife—Works for Board and Clothes.

A young man not many years ago began calling on a girl; he kept her out on the front porch late at nights; he made life a torment for her if she looked at any other man; and finally he married her.

He is poor and her father is in fairly good circumstances, so that for the first time in her life she began to taste privation and self-denial. She cooks for him, cleans, sews, mends and slaves for him and their two children.

Why has this man put this woman in a position where she must experience such hardships in addition to his tyrrany?

Because he loves her.

This is a common interpretation of love, the sweetest word in the language.

Because he loves her, many a man has brought many a woman down to a hell which she has loyally striven to turn into a heaven.

Woman is so constituted that so long as she believes herself loved and appreciated she can forgive anything and endure anything and still be happy.

A wife is the only laborer on earth who works for her board and clothes and is expected to be grateful for the privilege.

But even she appreciates a trip and a day off now and then.

The husband who doesn't economize on expressions of affection or stint his wife on praise may do as he will without friction or argument.

So long as he doesn't sink the lover in the husband he need fear no rival.

He may forget every other rule, but if he remembers this all will be well.

Even when the steak is leather and the bread a cinder he must merely remark that the meal isn't quite up to her usual high standard of perfection—and it doesn't happen again.

Every woman is an idealist, and she will break her neck trying to live up to what she thinks a loving husband expects of her.

There are worse things than work.

It is generally the lonely, hungry-hearted women who are trying to amuse themselves and feed their starved lives on the froth of parties and the dry husks of club papers.

Sitting alone at night waiting for a husband to come home doesn't thrill a woman a bit more than it would a man.

But any woman can be broken of the club habit by a husband who will stay in of evenings and try to entertain her in a spirit of love anything like that of courtship days.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Artificial Clouds.

D. L. Murphy, United States consul at Bordeaux, reports the invention of M. Lestout, a French grape grower, of a process for producing artificial clouds for the protection of vineyards from frosts and the heat of the sun. The report says it has been tested under various conditions and proved a practical success. It consists of filling small wooden boxes, open at the top, with inflammable composition, reduced to a fine powder and pressed into a compact mass. When this composition, which consists of equal parts of resinous and earthy matter, is set alight, a dense cloud of smoke is produced, hanging over the vineyard long enough to protect the plants from the April sun rays, and give them a chance to recuperate from the dangerous effects of the frost. The inventor claims that by his method 50 acres may be protected at a cost of about two dollars.

Taming a Refractory River.

Since the timber has been stripped from its mountainous drainage basin, embodying an area of 27,000 square miles, the floods of the Susquehanna have been extremely sudden, violent and destructive. Such a particularly outrageous stream is the Susquehanna that it is difficult to find room upon it even to navigate a ferry boat comfortably. One of these quiet reaches is McCall's Ferry, where a part of Washington's army crossed on its way to do up Cornwallis at Yorktown. The commander himself crossed at Conowingo ford, 14 miles below. At this historic spot some clever engineers are demonstrating that the Susquehanna is good for something, after all, for they are building a hydro-electric power plant which is remarkable not only for its size but in many other respects as well.—Technical World.

New Variety.

"You have deceived me," growled the man who had bought a bungalow in the suburbs.

"How so, sir?" asked the oily tongued real-estate agent.

"Why, when we were negotiating you said there were no common gossips in this neighborhood."

"And I spoke the truth, sir. They are all uncommon. You couldn't find their equal in seven states."

Not Political Talk.

She—You never hear of women speaking from the rear platform of a car.

He—Oh, I don't know! I've heard 'em saying things to the conductor, all right!—Yonkers Statesman.

COUNTRY HAS FEW RICH MEN.

They Are as Scarce in Bulgaria as Black Swans.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown, says the London Illustrated News. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent; and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thirfty. They are content with very plain food; they wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were 50 men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of $5,000 a year.

A Study in Green.

He got off the Pullman, lit a perfumed cigarette and began to walk the platform. He was a tall young man, and a little too thin in the legs for his height, but his shoulders were wide enough; his tailor had seen to that.

As he swung along the platform with a studied stride imported from Pall Mall, he was a picture for a clothier's artist. His cap was green, not a vivid green, but a subdued sort of autumn green. His clothes matched his cap. His green trousers were rolled up displaying a pair of billiard-table-green silk socks. There were green laces in his shoes, and his necktie was green, with a green stickpin in it, and on the hand with which he carried his perfumigator so gracefully was a large green set ring.

He was a beauty, all right. The only thing we would have changed about him was the self-conscious look on his proud young face. As the conductor shouted "Aboard!" we were sorry to see the young man fall on his hands and knees in his haste to get up the steps and out of our vulgar midst.—Newark (N. J.) News.

Saving the Autoists.

"Hey, boss, stop!"

From his seat under a tree the tramp ran out into the hot white road and hailed the red car, frantically.

"Well, what is it?" the owner asked, in an ill-natured tone, as he halted.

"Jest look-a-here, boss," said the tramp.

And he extracted a huge nail from the tire of the hind wheel and held it up in horror.

"Half a mile more, boss, and she'd 'a-gone right through. Lucky I noticed her shinin' in the sun. I've saved ye close on a 100 plunks, boss, and no mistake."

"It might have ruined the tire, that nail," said the owner. "I'm much obliged to you." The tramp looked up at him expectantly. A greenback changed hands.

Then the red car droned on its way and the tramp palmed the nail again for a blue landaulette that he saw in the distance.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Pins Her Faith to the Goat.

Goat's milk and no vaccination is the doctrine of the duchess of Hamilton, premier duchess of Scotland but shyest and most retiring of women in private life, in bringing up her four children. She is president of the British Goat society, and a goat is always a valued member of the ducal retinue. The family never goes anywhere without one. The duchess is always preaching the value of goat's milk and goat's flesh, averring that the virtues of the goat have not been appreciated. The duke, an invalid, passes most of the time at his Scottish home, Hamilton palace, a great mansion that absorbs nearly all his income. He inherited the title from his cousin, the twelfth duke, but the estates passed to the late duke's daughter, now the marchioness of Graham, who is one of the wealthiest women in England.

Eyes All Around.

Pearl—It was awful, dear, awful!

Ruby—What?

Pearl—Why, so many young men pass up our street in the evening, I told Jack to whistle 'I've Got My Eye on You' when he was a block away.

Ruby—Gracious, and did he?

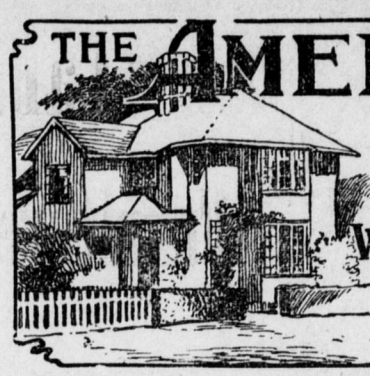
Pearl—Yes, and then I found the whole neighborhood had their eyes on him.

Couldn't Resist.

"It's dollars to doughnuts on my candidate."

"Well, I'll take a slice of those odds. Shall we put up the deposit in the bank or in the bakery?"—Kansas City Journal.

THE AMERICAN HOME



Wm. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 194 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Gable ends are not objectionable if rightly treated. I rather like gable effects in house architecture, because they seem natural. Formerly there was no other way to stop a roof when a builder got beyond the end of the house.

At first the roof ends were left open, but pioneers in house building learned to fill the three-cornered space with logs chopped slanting at the ends to conform to the general slope of the roof, and a few generations later they plastered the chinks full of clay mud to keep out the snow and most of the wind.

When I go up north into the timber country I sometimes see a log house built on this plan, and if it is well done I always entertain a feeling of respect for the builder. It shows an ingenious attempt as well as the right disposition to make the best possible use of the materials available, and I often think there is more skill required to build a house under such rough conditions with the tools at hand than in the building of fine houses under modern city conditions with all the different kinds of patent improvements to draw upon.

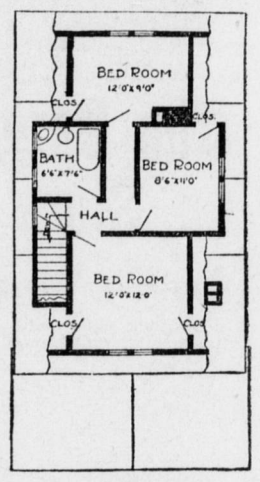
We have now almost an endless variety of house designs, most of which are born of a desire to have something new, which is all right, because new generally means progress and old too often is the outward sign of stagnation. But in house building the newest and best generally is but a renaissance of old architectural ideas frescoed with modern embellishments of the decorator's art. The construction itself, in most cases, was worked out long before the art of building was chronicled by historical writers. I am not advocating the "nothing new under the sun" theory, for there is an endless variety of new things in house building, but they are, for the most part, merely accessories to the old principles of construction.

I don't know anything more interesting than a home with gables well designed. sheltered as these are with a wide projection of roof and partially screened with a climbing vine. It is one thing to build a house but it is quite another thing to give it an artistic, home-like appearance. This is something that an architect or a builder cannot do. An architect may design and a builder construct a house rightly proportioned an in conformity with its surroundings, but the family must then take the building in hand and add the intangible air of refinement and sociability to complete the structure. A great many sources are drawn upon to bring about the desired results, but they all have their roots in education acquired by reading and thinking.

I have seen families live in houses just as they came from the builder's hands, without any attempt at decoration, except to add the necessary furniture. Such houses are not homes in the fullest sense of the word. They are merely shelters and are usually looked upon as temporary. This is one great fault of the American people. We are too ready to move, to sacrifice our home ties, to chase the delusive rainbow that we may fool ourselves trying to find the pot of gold.

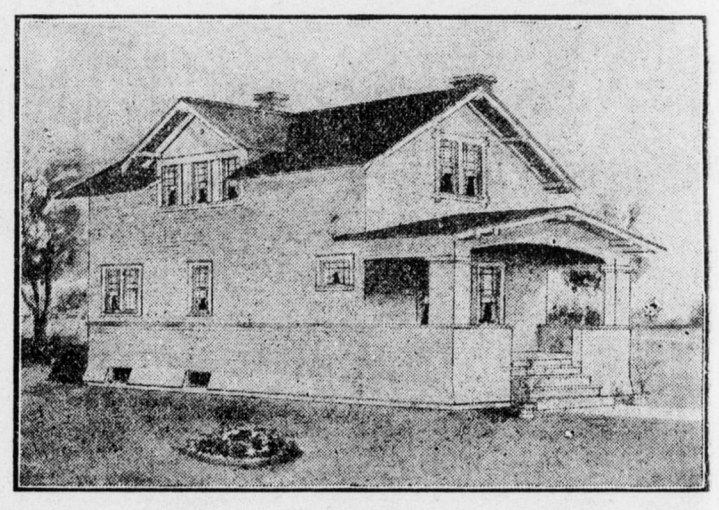
The question is often asked: "Can you make a house attractive when the gable end looks toward the street?"

The design of this house answers the question. To make a gable attractive you must have a window in it

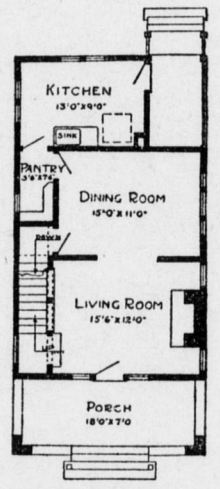


Second Floor Plan.

to fit the size of the pediment or recessed triangular space between the level of the eaves and the peak, and the window must correspond in every respect to the general style of the house. In this case the porch relieves the plain appearance of the end of the house under the roof projection, and you will notice the style of the porch roof corresponds with the main roof on the house. The plan of building the porch around and connecting it directly with the side of the house gives it a distinctive appearance.



When a lot is narrow this style of house may be built to advantage because you get the necessary room from front to back instead of sideways. The building is 20 feet in width by 34 feet in length, but as the roof comes down into the upper rooms the second floor is somewhat narrower, but you get three bedrooms and the bathroom, and the rooms are all fair-sized and well lighted. Houses like this are common in the older towns in the eastern part of the country, where building lots are not so liberal as they are in western cities.



First Floor Plan.

Thought They Were Saints' Days.

The refusal of the British house of commons to adjourn over Derby day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first reform bill, after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make a certain motion whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general bry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this, he explained that he would have to ask the forgiveness of their lordships, but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

Expensive America.

The expensiveness of our hotels keeps many Europeans of moderate means from visiting this continent (America). The other day an English man, who had been traveling for three years in all parts of the world, chiefly playing golf, said: "At home I am in easy circumstances; on the continent (of Europe) I am a prince in America I am a pauper." He meant that we are wasteful.—Canadian Courier.

THE TROUBLES AND ROMANCES OF A WILD ROSE

Did Fate Ever Play Such Pranks with Any Group of Young Women as with Gay Garden of Beauty in This Curiously Famous Stage Piece?

NEW YORK.—The marriage of Edna Goodrich and Nat Goodwin, while still the echoes of Ada Louise Lonsdale's breach of promise suit against Blaine Elkins were reverberating through the theatrical world, recalls in a rather startling way the production of "The Wild Rose" at the Knickerbocker theater in 1902. For it adds one more to the strange blossoms in that garden of romances, tragedies and scandals which has grown up around the men and women of "The Wild Rose" production.

It seems as if some fatality must have hung over that company of actors and actresses, and that it has pursued them inexorably ever since those days when they were first assembled together. True, a few of the romances have the pure tint and the sweet savor of the "wiid rose" from which they sprang, but they are rare bright spots in a wild, rank garden, in which there are few roses that have not a canker-worm in their heart.

A wonderful human rose bush was that production, and blossom after blossom has since borne fruit in dramas of real life. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw—the theater-going world saw her at her prettiest there; May Mackenzie, Ada Louise Lonsdale, Mazie Follette, Edna Goodrich, Hattie Forsythe, Marguerite Clark and Irene Bentley—can you picture fairer blossoms from a living American Beauty rose bush? And gardener of that parterre, the manager of this aggregation of charming women—George W. Lederer—even he fell under the spell which marked "The Wild Rose" as the bush from which grew matrimony, divorce and, sometimes, the trail of sin which in more than one instance led to criminal courts.

Made Trouble for Manager.

Angered by the attentions paid by her husband to the chorus girls of the comic opera, Mrs. Lederer sued him for divorce, naming Evelyn Thaw as one of the co-respondents.

Some nine years previously Adele Rice, a Baltimore beauty of note, had startled Manhattan and southern theatrical circles by marrying the theatrical manager, George W. Lederer, a few hours after his release from former marital fetters. For many years the Lederers safely sailed the domestic seas, steering clear of matrimonial breakers in the form of chorus girls. While Mrs. Lederer managed matrimony, Mr. Lederer managed many a musical show. Chorus girls would come and chorus girls would go, as far as George Lederer was concerned, until he found himself tending this "Wild Rose" bush and was bewitched by the spell of its uncanny beauty. The world at large was not long in learning that the manager of the successful musical comedy had fallen a victim to the strange influence exercised by "The Wild Rose" and through his connection with it had earned only a divorce decree, says the New York World.

Praised by Stanford White.

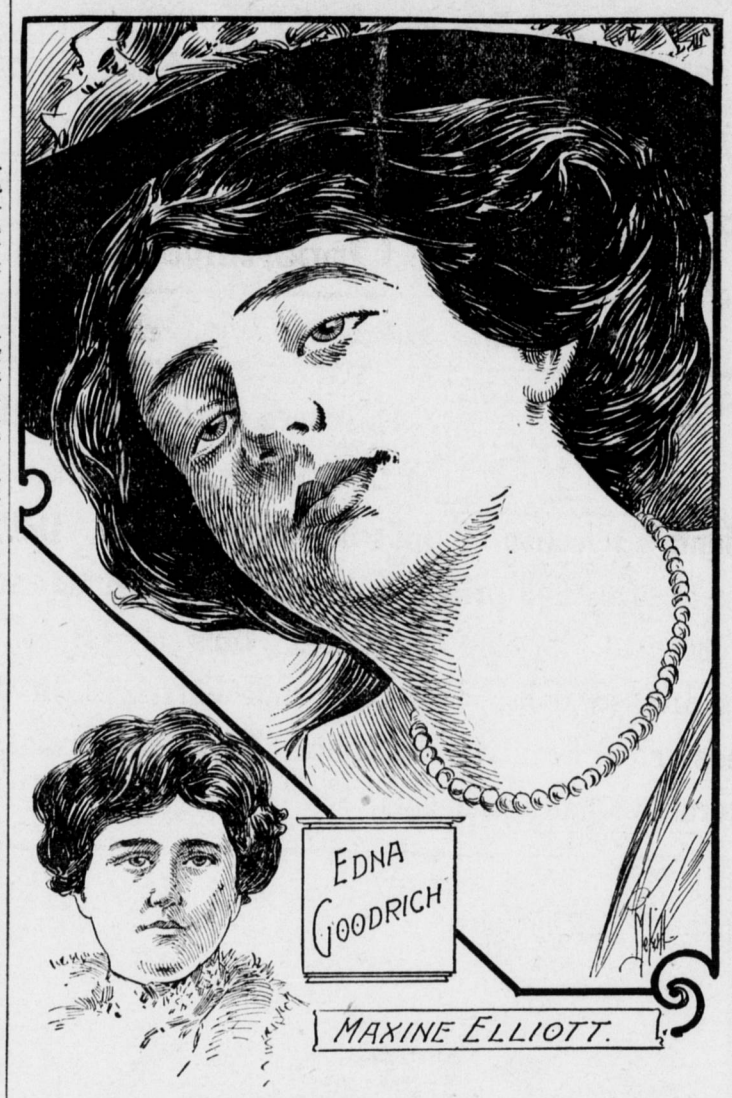
The brunette beauty of Edna Goodrich was one of the richest blossoms of "The Wild Rose," and while in that company she attracted the attention of the famous architect, Stanford White. He was a good judge of roses and he spread the fame of the beauty. From the ranks of show girls Edna Goodrich was soon plucked by Nat Goodwin, who wore her, as it were, in his buttonhole as a leading lady. Those who went to the theater to scoff remained—if not to pray—at least to gasp at the beauty of this leading lady who had tripped the light fantastic in "The Wild Rose."

Not content with becoming a leading lady, Edna Goodrich again stepped into the international spotlight by playing the leading part in a triangular love affair. While buying a trousseau in Paris at the close of the last theatrical season, presumably to become the bride of a millionaire mine owner named McMillan, the ex-chorus girl led Nat Goodwin a love chase from Paris to San Francisco. The world looked, laughed and gasped again when with perfect equanimity the fickle footlight lady broke her engagement to the man of the mines at the same time that the noted comedian was divorced from America's most beautiful actress, Maxine Elliott. Nat Goodwin and Miss Goodrich were married and, presumably, the former show girl is blessing "The Wild Rose" bush from which she bloomed into fame and fortune.

Beautiful Mazie Follette.

The effervescent spirits of Mazie Follette, who now occupies an acknowledged position in the gay world, attracted masculine attention when first she shone in "The Wild Rose" company. By the bouquet of beauties who were destined to win notoriety or fame Mazie Follette was looked upon as a genial, joyous young thing, and her rare good spirits led her into many a daring escapade. Even as an obscure chorus girl she acquired fame, for her nimbleness and grace and inability to make her eyes behave brought her quickly to the front. From being an obscure bud in the chorus of "The Wild Rose," she has blossomed out into the position of danseuse. She came conspicuously into the limelight when at the famous Thaw trial it was reported that she had turned against her erstwhile chum and was threatening to aid the prosecution by telling all she knew. Since then Mazie Follette's hilarious escapades have often entertained bohemia, where it is commonly said that her lively personality was first developed in her "Wild Rose" days.

But the most famous of all the young women who bloomed upon the "Wild Rose" bush is Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. It was not a beautiful flower that grew from her connection with that company. Blood and shame were on its petals, sorrow and dishonor ate out its heart. While posing behind the footlights of the Knickerbocker Evelyn Nesbit acquired the fascinating wiles which since have sent one man to his grave and another to a madhouse, for it was in those days that she formed the acquaintance with Stanford White, which led at last to his shooting by Harry Thaw.



Stood by Evelyn Nesbit.

Standing in the light of reflected notoriety is May Mackenzie, the chorus girl chum of Evelyn Nesbit, who occupied a prominent place at the Thaw trial as the daily companion and stanch friend of the defendant's wife. For the sake of the "Wild Rose" days, when the two shared the same lip pencil and borrowed each other's powder puff, May Mackenzie unconcernedly braved notoriety to lighten the dark hours in the life of her afflicted friend. Her name was on every lip, her jaunty appearance causing almost as much comment as that of the "angel child."

And again this sprightly little person has appropriated the limelight, now being hailed as the possessor of the "wickedest eyes in New York." Not that May Mackenzie really likes to have her orbs thought naughty. Dear me, no! It's dreadfully distressing, because, as she plaintively explains, "I can't just make my eyes behave." But by metropolitan theatergoers it is readily remembered that in the "Wild Rose" days those eyes were not of the unmanageable brand, and it is only since she budded in that garden of scandal that May Mackenzie's optical organs have become the "wickedest in all New York."

A little wisp of a girl, with a tiny face, enormous eyes and a lithe figure incased in a cadet uniform, sang a soldier song in "The Wild Rose" and caught the public's fleeting fancy. She was Marguerite Clark, the dainty comedienne whose child-like charm has endeared her to the hearts of theater-goers. Before her advent in "The Wild Rose" the youthful actress had appeared in several road companies whose tours invariably ended disastrously, but once under the peculiar charm of that rose-garden, fame gave the little girl a helping hand, which she found to hold fortune as well. The small petals of the inconspicuous soubrette have grown into the full bloom of a musical comedy star, and who shall say that "The Wild Rose" was not instrumental in Marguerite Clark's success?

Left the Stage's Glitter.

Success, but of a slightly different kind, has crowned the career of Hattie Forsythe, whose charms have become the toast of Paris, London and New York. Since her appearance as a show girl in "The Wild Rose" Hattie Forsythe's rise has been rapid and radiant and her brilliant beauty has not shone behind the footlights for several years Instead Palm Beach, Paris and the Riviera have gaped at the gowns and jewels of the former show gird, who has won admiring attention of Russian princes, Italian counts and rich Americans. To several persons of high degree Miss Forsythe's engagement has been rumored, and it is reported that her latest assiduous admirer is a young son of the Philadelphia Drexels.

Though Hymen has thus far failed to ensnare Hattie Forsythe, Irene Bentley has been busy changing partners in the matrimonial bouquet. While playing a leading role in "The Wild Rose" company the golden-haired actress met its librettist, Harry B. Smith, whose prolific pen has produced numerous successful musical comedies. He was married and so was she, but the divorce mills obligingly ground out the desired decrees, and wedding bells soon told the world that the mystic "Wild Rose" had united its leading lady and its composer.

Ada Lonsdale and Elkins.

Last but not least comes Ada Louise Lonsdale, who recently startled not only Washington and New York but Italy as well by bringing a $100,000 breach of promise suit against Blaine Elkins, son of the Virginia senator and brother of the reported fiancee of the Duke of the Abruzzi. To "The Wild Rose" must be credited this latest sensation, for it was while playing a minor part in that piece that the young actress, who belonged to a good family of Memphis, Tenn., first became interested in Blaine Elkins, then a college youth. When on January 28 last young Elkins eloped and married the daughter of the late Senator Kenna nothing was heard from his former sweetheart, Ada Louise Lonsdale. However, she chose a psychological moment when the announcement of another international engagement was expected, and startled the world at large by the $100,000 suit. But the suit is said to have been dropped.

When Miss Lonsdale recently disappeared the tongues of the gossips were let loose and they began counting up the sensations that have already bloomed from that "Wild Rose" bush.

OBSEQUIES OF PRINCE DAVID.

How an American Royalty Received a State Funeral.

The recent death of Prince David, heir presumptive of the old line of Hawaiian kings, and the brother of Prince Jonah, the present delegate at Washington, was an event of great interest in Hawaii, says the Youth's Companion.

Never before, surely, was a state funeral accorded by order of the United States to a person of royal blood resident within the national domain.

The native Hawaiians, still deeply attached to the ancient dynasty, found great satisfaction in the honor; and the state funeral of an American subject became in all its details the royal funeral of a Hawaiian sovereign.

The body of Prince David lay in state in Honolulu. At midnight, with no light, the coffin with all the royal regalia was borne to the throneroom. The approaches to the capitol were guarded by the militia, and all day long a continuous procession of all nationalities poured in at one door and out at another.

The room is beautiful and it was filled with wonderous kahilis—the "feather trees," permitted only to royalty, graceful, fountainlike masses of feathers, thousands in each kahili, and in all exquisite and vivid tints of tropic plumage; some all scarlet, some white, some lavender, some yellow and some brown.

Over the bier of the dead prince lay a priceless great feather robe, soft and glowing, of yellow touched with scarlet. By his side stood native Hawaiians, in deep black, with shoulder capes of yellow feathers and black and white kahilis; they were as motionless as bronze statues. Beyond them were more guards, then a line of mourning women of royal blood. At the end of the room were flowers, loved of Hawaiians.

In the deep recess of a window were grouped the chanters, reciting aloud the deeds of the prince's ancestors and wailing for his death—"a sound," says one who was there, "to make the creeps run down one's spine."

DIET AND HEALTH

By DR. J. T. ALLEN
Food Specialist

Author of "Eating for a Purpose," "The New Gospel of Health," Etc.

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SIXTY DAYS ON PEANUTS AND LEMONADE.

On October 18, 1907, I began an exclusive diet of peanuts and lemonade and subsisted on that alone for 60 days.

What did you do it for? Do you still live on peanuts? How should peanuts be taken? Have you changed your mind about their food value? These are some of the questions that I am frequently asked.

Such was the novelty of my experiment, which was undertaken as a scientific demonstration, that the average person refused to consider it seriously. The newspapers treated it largely as a joke—except that many of them reported toward the end of the time that I had died—a result which many were expecting.

For several years I had been testing the relative values of foods by living for a time on one alone and recording the results. Incidentally I had reached the conclusion, for reasons which I shall give in a later article, that cereal starch is the only element of vegetable food improved by cooking and that cereal starch is unnecessary in our diet, and frequently injurious, particularly in the case of infants and children. I had found that cooking injures the most important element of food, albumen, from which the cells of brain and brawn are built, and precipitates, to a large extent, the mineral elements, sulphur, phosphorus, magnesia, potash, etc., so essential to vigorous, healthy life, so that they cannot be absorbed into the blood. I had come to believe also after much investigation that fruit should form a large part of our diet, and I had been prescribing in certain cases a diet of uncooked peanuts and gluten, uncooked, in small quantities with fruits, eaten separately, and had seen remarkable improvement in some cases.

One day it was reported in an Aurora (Ill.) paper (I lived in Aurora) that a girl had died from eating peanuts and at the same time the chairman of the local board of health attributed a case of poisoning to eating peanut candy.

To prevent an undesirable counter suggestion on the minds of those who were eating peanuts by my advice, more than to defend my own theories, I stated my view of these cases, calling attention to the great difference between cooked and uncooked peanuts, and to show the firmness of my belief in the correctness of my conclusions, I said that I would be willing to live for 60 days on uncooked peanuts and have the results carefully recorded daily by the board of health, and give my body for dissection and analysis, if I failed to survive the experiment.

I had lived for several days on peanuts, on apples, on prunes, on starch, on nothing, and I knew that by fasting for a few days, when the indications required it, I should have no difficulty in performing the feat. But my friends begged me to desist, urging that I was losing my professional dignity and many of them accused me of insanity, which I was, they said, deliberately fostering by this strange freak! I had studied on my theories of feeding till I was half gone and now I was going to finish the job!

The outcome, however, fully justified the confidence with which the experiment was undertaken. I lost 17 pounds in weight but continued my usual work throughout the entire period, and in fact did a greatly increased amount of mental labor, necessitated by the increase in my correspondence, interviews, etc., and on the evening of the sixtieth day I gave an address in the G. A. R. hall of Aurora on diet and morality, speaking for three-quarters of an hour, and followed that with a 20-minute talk to an audience at the Coliseum on the relation of diet to strenuous endurance.

Of course the peanut is not a complete diet and to keep in good condition I fasted at intervals throughout the 60 days a total of about eight days. Probably the extension of the experiment to 120 days would not have reduced my weight to the point of physical collapse. My height is 5 feet 11½ inches and my weight when I began was 165 pounds.

* * * *

We live by what we eat; and the character of our living depends upon the kind of food we eat and the way we eat it. "You can make a man good or bad," says Bishop Fallows, "according to the way you feed him." "The building of brain-cell and mind-stuff," says Dr. Alexander Haig, the distinguished English authority on diet, "lies at the root of all the problems of life."

The mind is the measure of the man; what a man thinks he becomes. But the mind manifests through the physical, and the character of the physical determines the character of the mental as certainly as the mental influences the physical. The body is the expression of the mind, much as a building is the expression of the thought of the architect who designed it. And you can no more build a sound, beautiful, enduring body without good food than an architect can build a beautiful temple without steel and marble.

"A crook in the mind makes a crook in the body." You cannot meet a stranger without forming some impression of what he is. You unconsciously recognize in physical form and quality of body the character of the man; and the trained physiognomist, phrenologist and physiologist will undertake to read your character, pretty accurately, from its bodily expression. Now that body is material and the material is food. The Eskimo is built of blubber, the Scot of oatmeal, the Japanese of rice and beans. But the Eskimo could not become a Scot by eating oatmeal and barley meal for a thousand years. Food is only the material; the mind is the measure of the man. The Scot who has given us so much theology, metaphysics and science is the product, primarily of the mental stimulation of "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

So when we say that you are what you eat, we do not ignore the fundamental importance of the mind. It is still true that as a man thinketh so is he—and that as a man eateth so he thinketh. We have heard so much lately of the influence of the mind upon the body, that it is perhaps time that the pendulum of thought should again swing to the other side, the influence of the body upon the mind, and in time we may arrive at the happy medium where truth lies, the knowledge of the inter-relation the essential unity of, body and mind, the menta-physical constitution.

Scientific authorities agree that vitality is a fixed quantity—that each individual is born with a certain store of vital force, and that when the stock is exhausted he dies. Vitality is expended in work, in restoring normal conditions when sickness occurs, in defense against disease, and in carrying on the normal functions of converting food into blood, throwing off waste and poisonous matter. There is no means of estimating the extent of any of these expenditures, but we know that the energy spent in digesting and eliminating food is considerable. We know that it is impossible to do one's best work after a heavy meal.

Now if a large per cent. of the energy ordinarily expended in digestion, including elimination, can be saved without loss of nutrition, a gain in working capacity, in good feeling, in length of life, must result. The practice of a simple diet shows remarkable gains in these respects. The severe mental work done and the mental strain sustained during the period of my one-sided peanut diet, indicates that the average person over-eats and eats too many kinds of food.

The first effect of sickness is loss of appetite. Nature then uses the vitality commonly used for digestion to repair the defect, to restore normal health conditions. Here is indicated the natural cure. We know what elements different foods contain and what the body needs; and upon this knowledge is based a simple, radical cure of the one fundamental disease, defective nutrition of which all "diseases" are but symptoms. This is the cure which the eminent Dr. Haig has said he has been "convinced by experience and experiment has lain all the time at our doors while we have been using drugs as palliatives."

Some important facts were developed in contribution to this science of radical cure by the peanut experiment.

Hundreds of letters were received during the test from people who but for an accidental discovery of the peanut diet, "would have been wearing a wooden overcoat," while others asked "how to eat peanuts to avoid their bad effects"—which suggests the important fact that all foods are, under certain circumstances, poisonous, and the more concentrated, obviously, the more virulent when misused.

With a decrease in the daily food supply comes an increase in strength with loss of weight. The vitality ordinarily expended in converting food into blood and eliminating the waste, often excessive, can be used in extraordinary mental work or in cure, even of deep-seated chronic disease.

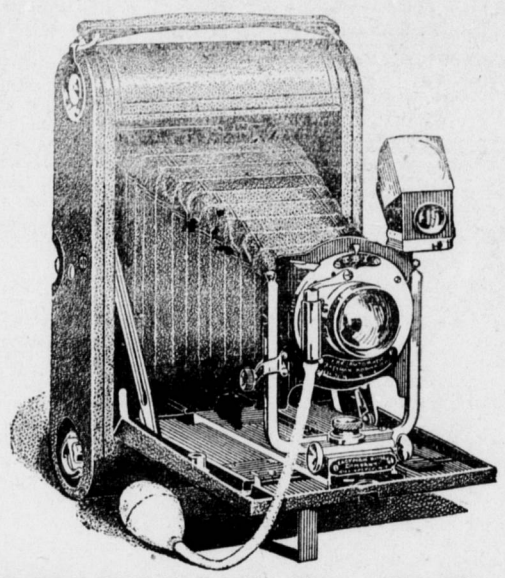
The fact that appetite is always lost immediately on the advent of sickness or mental derangement—violent fear, anger, joy, etc.—indicates that upon the regulation of diet, which implies fasting as well as dieting, must be based the true scientific cure of the one fundamental disease, mal-nutrition, understanding that the term "nutrition" in its widest sense includes normal supply of air, water, sunlight, food, exercise, and right mental conditions.

Oregon Mushroom Breaks Record.

W. B. Steele, who lives at East Forty-first and Ivon streets, near the end of the Richmond car line, brought to the Oregonian recently a mushroom which he declares holds the record for size in this particular variety of fungi. It is 14 inches tall and the cap is a trifle over 9 inches in diameter and 28 inches in circumference. Instead of one night, it required four and an equal number of days for this mushroom to develop. It grew in the garden of the Steele home. Mrs. Steele says he calls it Taft because it is so big and strong and so much superior to all.—Portland Oregonian.

Gas Power Replacing Steam.

Gas engines are rapidly replacing the steam engine in smaller factories. They give twice as much power for the same quantity of fuel.



KODAK Solves the Xmas Problem

So simple that even in the hands of the novice they make good pictures, so perfect in equipment that they fulfill the requiremenhs of the expert—such ars the EASTMAM KODACS.

Kodaks - - - $5.00 to $100
Brownie Cameras $1.00 to $9.00

For Years the Real Home of Santa Claus at

HARRY S. LLOYD'S

(In Masonic Block, Opposite Warner House)

Remarkable Opportunities for Practical Gift Buying

Come and See Our Wonderful Big Busy Toy---Fairyland.

Toys

This store fairly teems with Toy Gifts. To buy your toys at LLOYD'S is both traditional and an economical thing to do. Santa's selection of Dolls here is complete. Dolls dressed and undressed ranging in all sizes and prices, in bodied dolls with natural eyelashes, best value for your money to be found anywhere. Unbreakable dolls and fine selection of handsomely dressed dolls. Go-Carts and Carriages in all styles and sizes. Iron and Wooden Sleds, Flexible Flyers, Bob-Sleds and Schooners, Mechanical Toys, Iron Trains, Stuffed Animals and Toys too numerous to mention. Xmas tree decorations and ornaments.

Cigars

All the leading brands of cigars in boxes; price $1.00 per box.

A fine selection of pipes in mereschaum and briar.

Fancy Goods

On the fancy goods counter is a gift at every turn, among these you may select: Toilet Sets, Mancure Sets, Jewel Cases, Military Sets, Hand Mirrors, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Sets, Candle and Candle-sticks,

Sterling Silver Novelties and Leather Goods,

Handbags, Purses, Pocketbooks, Music Rolls, Cigar Cases, Collar and Cuff Cases, Portofolios, Traveling Cases and many other novelties.

Fancy China for Holiday Gifts

Not often in a life time, can you buy china made especially for Holiday gifts.

Our assortment includes vaces, cups and saucere, bread and butter plates, creamery and sugars, mayonnaise bowls, olive sets, nut sets, bread and milk sets, fancy plates, celery dishes, desert dishes and many new novelties.

Our Little Art Corner

Onr carefully selected stock will help you in selecting a suitable gift.

Framed Pictures

make excellent Xmas Gifts. We have them in all prices from 15c to $7.00.

Edison Phonographs

The Children's Christmas—Christmas means more to the children than to any one else. This Christmas will mean more than any that have passed if an Edison Phonograph is among the gifts. It is something that will give them more real, wholesome pleasure for a long time than anything else you could buy.

Bring the children in to hear the Phonograph and let them decide. A full line of instruments and all the new Records.

BOOKS

Books make welcome Xmas presents. If you are undecided about what to give for Xmas, go to the book counter. Our stock of books offer some of the world's best literature. Books both for children and adults. All the latest copyright books, Books of Poems in burnt leather and padded covers. Fancy gift books in a great variety of binding. Among our books for boys, we have stories by Alger, Henty, Cooper, Reid, Ellis. Optic and Otis. For Girls, by Mead, Carey, Allcot and many other authors. A fine assortment of juvenile books in board covers from 15c to $1.00. Attractive linen books for the babys. A full line of Bibles, Teacher's Edition in all prices. Prayer Books and Key of Heaven in many styles of binding.

STATIONERY

Writing Paper in Fancy Boxes is always acceptable. We are showing a line of Eton & Hurlbut Writing Paper in fancy boxes suitable for Xmas, from 25c to $2.50 per box. Xmas cards for enclosing with gifts, Xmas Post Cards, Fancy Calendars for 1909, Autograph, Photo and Post Card Albums. A full line of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens. 1909 Diaries now on sale.

A Holiday Necessity, Huyler's Unequaled Candies, Fancy Boxes and Baskets in all sizes and at all Prices. We also offer a large variety of Pure Loose Candies. Cop Corn Balls for Xmas Trees.

No Stropping--No Honing--Give Him a Gilette Safety Razor for Xmas. He will use it never fear. And thank you from his heart every time he shaves. Prices from $5.00 to $15.00.

HARRY S. LLOYD.

easy enough to discover the place where Dan had brought down his highness.

The odd thing was that he refused to send for the police, and the more certain it became that the ju-ju was missing the more jubilant grew Prince John's face as he sat in the hall. At last there was nothing for it but the nigger must be set at liberty. Schwartz wanted the Guv'nor to lock him up all night. Of course that could not be done, as Surrey isn't West Africa, and the Old Man had come to the conclusion that there was not much in the dispute between them anyhow.

So Prince John's bonds were untied, and the Guv'nor told him if he showed his black muzzle inside our gateway again he would be locked up. He was very polite and apologetic, especially to the ladies, and the house party went in to dinner very mystified by the whole affair. Schwartz did not say much, and his appetite was spoiled. After dinner he had another hunt in his bedroom and among the shrubs, but finally he gave up the search until daylight and came in and asked for a whisky and soda.

Meanwhile Minkie brought Dan to the stable to see me. She came the back way and climbed to the hayloft with Jim's lantern. Dan began to look around for a rat, but she stopped him.

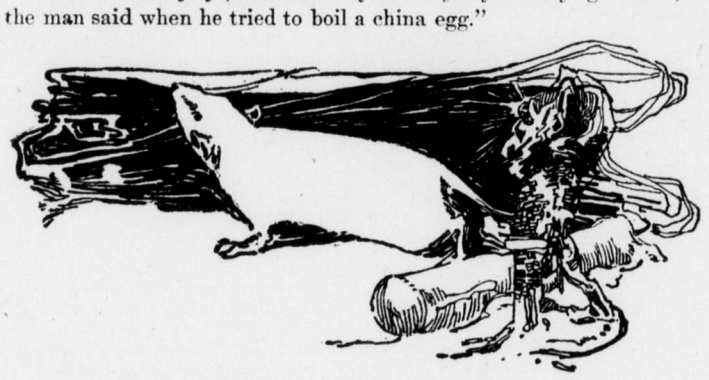
"Are you awake, Bobby?" she asked.

"Awake!" said I. "I should rather think I am, after such goings on in the house."

"Well," said she, pulling a small black bag from among the hay, "if you are a good horse and listen carefully I will now tell you what a ju-ju is. Come here, Dan. If it is alive I may want you to bite it."

Skin me and sell my hide, what do you think it was? Just a small chunk of ivory, carved to represent a man with a monkey's head. It had a little coat of colored beads tied where its waist was meant to be, and its eyes were two shiny green stones. And that was all.

"Well," cried Minkie, "this is a surprise! At first sight I don't think much of a ju-ju, but that may be only my beastly ignorance, as the man said when he tried to boil a china egg."



CHAPTER TWO

Prince John's Strange Ally.

Told by Dandy, the Terrier.

I MADE a mistake once and nipped a tramp's wooden leg. Since then I look before I take hold. But even a poodle could see that this thing was old bone, though its eyes glinted like Tibbie's in the dark, and there was a smell of grease about its beaded kilt.

"Why, it's a baby's toy," said I, seeing that Minkie was rather taken with it.

"Let's have a look," said a voice I hated, and Tibbie walked up Bobby's neck and perched between his ears.

"Have you ever before heard of a ju-ju, Bob?" went on Minkie.

"No," said Bob.

"I think I might tell you something about it," broke in Tibbie, backing down Bob's mane and settling on his withers again.

"Well, go on," said Minkie, bending a bit so as to watch Tibbie's green eyes.

"It's a long time ago since I had the story from a blue Persian."

"Cookie has some liver in the larder." You see, Minkie knew her cat.

"I'll try to remember," she said in a rather thick voice. "It seems that we cats used to be worshiped by the ancient Egyptians. The cat deity was named Elurus, and we were also venerated as a symbol of the moon"—

I couldn't help it. Even Bob coughed and then pretended to be chewing hay. But because I laughed Minkie clouted my ear.

"The Romans always placed a cat at the feet of the Goddess of Liberty. They realized that no animal resists the loss of its freedom so furiously as a cat," continued Tibbie in her best pur. "That is why you never see a cat wearing a collar, the badge of servitude, like a dog."

Wow! I'll give her "servitude" next time I have a chance. "Like a dog!" indeed.

"What has all this got to do with a ju-ju?" asked Minkie.

"I am coming to that. The Egyptians were a very wise people, obviously, and their ways were sure to be copied by the black men who lived near them. They thought so much of cats that whoever killed one, even accidentally, was punished by death. This cat headed god, Elurus, had a human body, and his image brought luck and good fortune to those who carried it about with them. Now, there are no cats where the black men live, but there are plenty of monkeys, so I am just guessing."

"I see," said Minkie, quite seriously.

"Regarding that liver?" cried Tibbie, trying to talk in an offhand way

"I am going to interview Cookie now," was the reply.

"Hold on! Where do I come in?" I simply had to interfere. The thing was an outrage. Fancy getting liver for a blue-moldy yarn like that.

"And me?" snorted Bob.

"You're both too fat already," said Minkie calmly, but she kicked down another lot of hay before she blew the lantern out, and I got a snack of steak while Tibbie was filling up on fish heads and foie de veau. I lapped the best part of her milk, too, when she wasn't looking.

There was a keen frost that night, and the scent of the nigger, not to mention some beery singers who call themselves "the waits," kept me awake for hours. Every man has a different smell, though some folk get mad if you tell them so, but the Upper Niger tang was new to me, and I couldn't help thinking what a place that must be for a hunt if even a well washed black prince left such a bouquet behind him. I suppose you are surprised to hear a fox terrier using French words, but I learned them from mademoiselle, Minkie's governess, who went away last month.

Next morning at breakfast all the talk was of Prince John and the ju-ju. Schwartz had hunted high and low for his doll; but, considering that it was in Minkie's pocket, he was not likely to find it. If only he had a nose like me he would soon have been on its track. I fancied the Guv'nor was not altogether pleased that such a rough and tumble performance should have taken place at Holly Lodge on a Christmas eve, and Schwartz was so put out by the loss of the ju-ju that it cast rather a gloom over the household, excepting Minkie, Tibbie and me, of course. As for that fool of a parrot, he or she—blessed if I can tell one parrot from another, but this one never lays an egg, though every one calls him "Polly"—well, he was nearly delirious with excitement because Christmas time brings nuts into his cage. Once the conversation came pretty close to our little secret.

"By the way, Millicent, that negro had a black bag in his hand when he drove home with us last night, didn't he?" inquired the Old Man, tackling Minkie rather suddenly.

"Oh, yes, father, dear. I saw it quite plainly. Did he take it upstairs, Evangeline?"

"I dunno, miss. He fair flummaxed me, he did, with his bowin' an' scrapin' an' lah-di-dah manners. As I said to Cook"—

"That will do, Evangeline," put in Mam. "Bring some more toast, please."

Minkie had steered the question off smartly, but the Guv'nor stuck to his point.

"There can be no doubt the rascal brought the bag into the house. I remember now seeing him carry it into the hall. Yet it was not in his possession when we caught him in the garden, and it must have been found if it were lying among the shrubs or he had left it in the house. By Jove! Is it possible that he had an accomplice? Really, Schwartz, you ought to have called in the police if the matter is so serious."

"This quarrel is between Prince John and myself," said Schwartz sullenly. "He may have had others to help, though it is difficult to see how that could be under the circumstances. But this is only the second round of a big fight. He and I will meet again, probably on a certain island in the Niger which we both know well. Then we shall settle the ownership of that small god for keeps."

"Oh," cried Dolly, "is it an idol?"

Then Schwartz tried to pull himself together.

"No, Miss Dorothy, not an idol, but a fetich," he said, with his usual grin. "The fact is, I fear I have led you to believe that I attach an exaggerated value to it. It is only a bit of carved ivory which the natives regard as a talisman. But it had a sentimental interest for me, much as a gambler at Monte Carlo might prize a champagne cork or a piece of coal or some equally ridiculous charm which he had carried in his pocket on the night of a big coup."

"Meow!" said Tibbie, looking up at Minkie.

"Yes, darling," said Minkie, "the dish is going out now, and I have told Cook to save you the tidbits. Dan, come back here! Who stole Tibbie's milk last night?"

"Misere de Dieu!" as mademoiselle said when she was turning over the strawberry plants and grabbed a wasp—who split on me? Was it Evangeline? Wait till I catch her sliding down to the front gate tonight when her young man whistles "Annie Rooney." I'll raise the house.

"I suppose you had some lively times occasionally in West Africa, Schwartz?" said the Old Man cheerfully, his idea being to swing the talk away from a topic which his guest seemed to avoid.

"Y-yes, for a few minutes every now and then. But the excitement soon passed. For the rest, it was deadly dull, a sort of slow crescendo up to the boiling point of fever and a gradual diminuendo back to flabby health again. It is no country for a white man unless he wants his relations to collect his life insurance."

"Yet you made money there?"

"Oh, yes. Why else should one go to such a filthy swamp?"

"Do you mean to say that the natives of a fever laden district are physically up to the standard of the fellow we collared last night?"

"No; he comes from the highlands, where the country is altogether different. But the money is made at the ports and trading stations."

"Any sport?"

"Very little. The bush is too dense."

"Then why do the blacks want gas pipe guns and coal dust gunpowder?" asked Minkie, who was making a jam sandwich.

"To shoot the whites," replied Schwartz. "So you see it would be bad for our health if the traders gave them good weapons and ammunition."

"That explains it," said Minkie.

"Explains what, dear?" inquired Mam, and Schwartz squirmed a bit until Minkie said:

"Something I read in a paper, mother. These wicked negroes pay high prices for rifles, and of course it is best to let them believe they are buying the genuine article."

Mam was puzzled, but the Guv'nor laughed.

"Excellent!" he cried. "I am glad to hear that one member of the family has grasped the true principles of commercial success."

"I'm sure I don't know where Millicent gets her ideas from," sighed Mam. "When I was her age I could no more have said such a thing than I could have flown."

"And you certainly were never built for flying, less now than ever," smiled her husband. Of course I paid little heed to all this chaff, because I was bolting half that jam sandwich, which Minkie had dropped. Evangeline saw what happened and said nothing, so it will be "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," tonight. But I woke up to the sounds of battle when Mam wanted to know who was going to church. Everybody said "I," except Schwartz, who had letters to write. You ought to have watched his face when Minkie said quietly:

"In that case you will miss seeing Jack Stanhope, the friend of whom I was telling you yesterday."

"Jack! Is he at home?" Dolly blurted out and then blushed right down her neck.

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"How could I? If it comes to that, how do you know?"

"He sent me a Christmas picture post card last evening, one of the new ones, with the season's wishes and a lot of robins on one side and a ha'penny stamp with the address and a little bit of a letter on the other. Here it is. Shall I read it?"

"Yes," said the Guv'nor, rather grimly. Outside the gang he understood Minkie better than anybody else, and he evidently wondered why she was making such a dead set against Schwartz.

Minkie produced the card from the pocket which held the ju-ju. It was a deep pocket, lengthened by herself. She often needed it to hide a young rabbit when I had induced one to leave his home and friends, because keepers make a beastly fuss about these small matters if they hear of them.

"It has the West Strand postmark, 9 a. m., Dec. 24," said she, "and this is what he writes:

"Dear Minkie—Just arrived from Marseilles, ex-S. S. Persia. It was enough to freeze Dan's tail off crossing the channel, but I am glad to be here early, as I can do a bit of shopping (being in need of decoration) before I run down to Dale End. I shall be strolling past the lodge about 6 o'clock and will be delighted if you are visible. Otherwise we shall meet at church tomorrow and exchange winks if Grampus is there too. Yours ever, JACK.

"P. S.—I have brought you a pet mongoose.

"That is all."

"Quite enough too. May I ask who 'Grampus' is?" said her father.

"His uncle. Jack depends on him for his allowance, so he has to humor him, but he never agreed with him about that shooting squabble, you know."

"I know nothing about his views and care less, and I do not wish you to exchange either post cards or winks with him or any of his name."

"Tom," put in Mam gently, "this is Christmas morning."

"I have not forgotten that, my dear. Nor have I forgotten this day two years ago, when the other Stanhope ignored my proffered hand before a dozen of our mutual acquaintances. You hear, Millicent? I have spoken."

"Yes, father, dear, but it is such a pity about the mongoose. And I had a new word I wanted to surprise Jack with. Christmas picture post card is such a mouthful, so I intended to call it a Chris-card. Don't you think that rather neat?"

"I do, but it is not comparable to the neatness with which you draw a red herring across the scent. Of course if he sends you the mongoose you may keep it and write a civil note of thanks, but we can hardly indulge in a close friendship with the nephew when the uncle cannot find a good word to say for us."

I was that delighted that I scraped Minkie's leg to tell her I was underneath the table. A mongoose coming to join the family! What is a mongoose, anyhow? Has it four legs or two? Can it fight? I must have murmured my thoughts aloud, because the parrot gave a screech that made Schwartz jump.

"Go and hide in the nearest rabbit burrow, little dog," he yelled. "Run away and bury yourself with a bone. When that mongoose turns up he'll chase you into the next parish. Oh, Christopher! Aren't we havin' a beano? Another rum 'ot, please, miss."

I kept my temper. There is no use arguing with a parrot. You can't get at him, and he has an amazing variety of language at command. But I must state one small point in his favor. If you pay no heed to his vulgarity and cut out of his talk the silly bits which seem to please people who wear clothes, he gives one a lot of useful information. He will not say a word in a friendly way, same as I give even Tibbie the nod if there's a mouse in the kitchen. The best plan is to sauce him or sneer at him. Then he flies into a rage and talks like a book.

"So, Polly," said I, "you shouldn't strain your voice in that fashion. It will make your feet ache."

He knew what I meant well enough, because just then he was hanging head downward from his perch. He reached out and took a grip of a steel bar in his beak, pretending he had hold of me by the neck.

"If I were you, I'd whitewash my face in the hope that the mongoose would not recognize me after the first round," he croaked.

"I believe you are afraid of the thing yourself."

"Say not so, whiskers. Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling. A full grown mongoose will make you the sickest dog in the British isles. Whoop at him, Boxer! Back to him, Bendigo!"

"Evangeline," said Mam, "put the green cloth over that bird. He grows worse daily, and I cannot make out where he learns so much cockney slang."

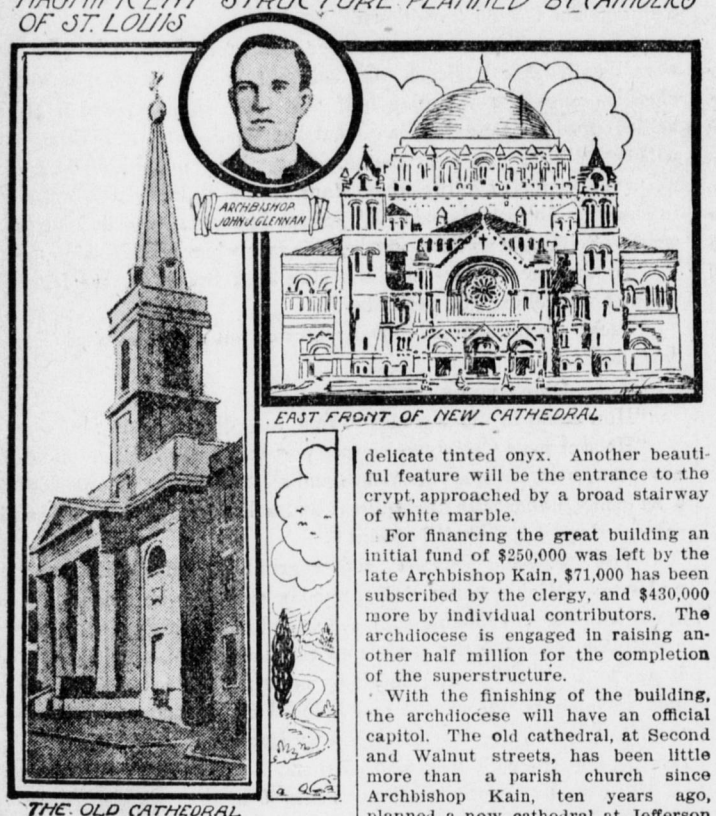
Minkie kicked me under the table. She guessed I had been teasing him. At any rate, the parrot clearly expected to witness a first rate set-to when the mongoose arrived. In his own mind he had already taken a ticket for the front row of the stalls, and I meant to oblige him with a star turn. A mongoose may be able to catch a snake, but he must not put on airs with a dog who killed thirty rats in one minute the last time Farmer Hodson thrashed his barley stack.

I heard Schwartz telling Dolly that he had changed his mind and would go to church, so at half past 10 they walked off to the village. It was quite warm in the sun, but the air was nippy, so I gave Tib a run across the lawn when I found her stalking a sparrow. Then I went round to see Bob. He was busy eating. I suppose a horse has to get through a lot of hay before he fills up.

Anyhow, when I asked Bob what a mongoose was he was rather

AMERICA'S GREATEST CATHEDRAL

MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE PLANNED BY CATHOLICS OF ST. LOUIS



EAST FRONT OF NEW CATHEDRAL

THE OLD CATHEDRAL

St. John's cathedral, being erected by the Episcopalians at New York, has been considered the most magnificent attempt at church architecture in America, but within the next six years the Catholic cathedral, now building at St. Louis, bids fair to rival in grandeur and beauty even that temple. The construction of this new Catholic cathedral is being watched with ever-increasing interest. The laying of the corner-stone a short time ago was the occasion of the most splendid ceremonies in which distinguished visitors from afar, a special representative of the pope, and 40,000 Catholics took part.

According to Archbishop Glennon, the Cathedral will be completed within six years. The cost of the exterior will be $1,500,000, and of the interior, when completed, another million. The cost of the site at Lindell boulevard and Newstead avenue was $300,000.

The structure will be larger than several of the famous old world cathedrals. Modeled after St. Sophia's at Constantinople, it will overtop the latter 50 feet in height, and will be 111 feet longer. It will be two feet higher than Notre Dame at Paris, and 46 feet wider. It will surpass in both height and width Westminster abbey in London.

The St. Louis cathedral will be 350 feet in length, 216 feet in width and 225 feet in altitude at the dome. Its seating capacity will be 4,500, of whom 2,300 can sit in unobstructed view of the altar and 3,000 in full view of the officiating priest. The floors of the auditorium, aisles and perambulatories will be paved with marble mosaic in harmony with the general color scheme of the interior.

There will be four separate chapels, each as large as the ordinary church in St. Louis, and costing $100,000 each. A perambulatory, supported by great columns, will surround the entire auditorium.

The Byzantine style of architecture was adopted because of its superior economy over the ornate and elaborate Gothic. It is declared that Gothic buildings cost three times as much as those in the Byzantine style.

This Byzantine warmth and variety of color will mark the interior of the St. Louis cathedral, with its countless columns in rare and beautifully colored marble, its spandrels, band courses, architraves and balustrades of rich mosaic, and its splendid mural decorations on canvas. Indeed, it is the purpose of the designers to make the interior a veritable palace of religious art. The historian in his comments on St. Sophia goes on to say that "the memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with wise resolution that no wood, except for doors, be admitted to the edifice." The structure was of brick, faced with marble, and the finishings of the interior were of marble, tile and mosaic. The St. Louis cathedral will be even more nearly fireproof, bronze taking the place of wood for the doors and solid stone for the walls, with massive foundations of concrete. The splendid dome will be covered with green mission tile and the heating, ventilation and artificial cooling of the sanctuary and chapels during the summer will be in accordance with the most modern methods. Everything for beauty, comfort and safety has been provided, making the building perfect in all its details. The marbles for the interior are to be of old convent Sienna, Alps green, rose Numidian and Pavannazzo, and the mosaics and mural decorations will be wrought by the best craftsmen and artists in the country. As far as possible the work will be of American, preferably St. Louis origin.

One of the loveliest features of the great central body of the church will be the altar, of exquisite white marble, overhung by a baldachin, not of silk or tapestry, of which this canopy is usually made, but of solid silver filagree, supported on four pillars of delicate tinted onyx. Another beautiful feature will be the entrance to the crypt, approached by a broad stairway of white marble.

For financing the great building an initial fund of $250,000 was left by the late Archbishop Kain, $71,000 has been subscribed by the clergy, and $430,000 more by individual contributors. The archdiocese is engaged in raising another half million for the completion of the superstructure.

With the finishing of the building, the archdiocese will have an official capitol. The old cathedral, at Second and Walnut streets, has been little more than a parish church since Archbishop Kain, ten years ago, planned a new cathedral at Jefferson avenue and Locust street, a site which he afterwards abandoned. The old cathedral was dedicated 74 years ago, and was regarded for decades as a notable structure.

The ceremony incident to the laying of the corner-stone for the old cathedral, for which Bishop Rosati toiled so long and against so many discouragements, was the greatest thing of its nature that the young St. Louis had experienced. It took place on the 1st of August, 1831, and in less than three years the church was completed and almost paid for. Even in its present grimy condition, lost among the time-eaten buildings of the river section of the city, it is still a wonderful structure, with its stately doric columns and its air of quiet grandeur. Long ago it was abondoned by the archbishop, for whom the small chapel at Newstead and Maryland avenues was erected, on the corner of the spacious lot purchased for the grand new cathedral; but the part it played in the early religious life of the city will never be forgotten, cannot be underestimated.

Long before even this early church was called into being there was a great Catholic church in St. Louis, great because of its importance in the community. It was the little structure built of upright posts which occupied the middle of the block between Main and Second streets and surrounded by the best of the early French families that settled St. Louis. Here Father Bernard de Limpoch, following the work of Father Valentin, began the struggle for the erection of a church compatible with the wealth and population of St. Louis. The result was the little wooden building that was dedicated in 1776 and remained standing until 1820. That same struggle was taken up by Bishop Rosati when the city had outgrown all its churches, and again by his grace Archbishop Glennon, when he realized that St. Louis ought to be the seat of a really magnificent cathedral. That the city will ever outgrow this superb building that is about to come into being it is difficult to believe. For centuries to come it will more than likely remain a unique and wonderful example of eccelsiastical architecture, of which any city might well be proud.

WATER SUPPLY AND POWER.

Great Hydro-Electric Project Near Torreon in Mexico.

Following the report of government engineers who have been making surveys and estimates of a projected dam across the Nazas river near Torreon, the federal government of Mexico has agreed to give financial support to the proposition, and the contract for its construction has been awarded. According to the estimates of the engineers the dam will cost about $6,000,000, and will form one of the largest water storage reservoirs on the continent, affording a water supply to the whole Nazas river cotton-growing district for a period of three years without replenishing.

In connection with this dam, it is also planned to install a hydro-electric plant to supply all of the towns within a radius of 150 miles. There are many large industrial plants in the Nazas valley which will be provided with cheap power from the proposed plant, and it is expected that the establishment of manufacturing enterprises will be greatly stimulated.

The principal cotton-growing region of Mexico lies in this valley, but owing to the uncertainty of rains in the mountains the river cannot be depended upon to give an adequate water supply for irrigation purposes when most needed. By storing the water this difficulty will be overcome. The site of the proposed dam is in the San Fernandez canyon.

There Isn't Any.

Misery loves company, but who ever heard of any company that liked misery?—Detroit Free Press.

STARTED WITH PUP

AND COLORED WOMAN HAD ACQUIRED COMPETENCE.

Showing What Industry and an Eye to Business Can Do — Booker Washington's Comments and Advice on the Subject.

Some years ago there was a negro conference at Tuskegee, Ala., the site of Booker T. Washington's famous institute, and one of the most prominent speakers was Mrs. Lucy Nelson of Dadeville, Ala. This woman was an extremely black African, but she was neatly dressed—had passed, indeed, the "sunbonnet stage," as Mr. Washington calls those of his people just budding into a more ambitious and broader existence. Under the cross-examination of Mr. Washington the woman related a most interesting experience—an experience that should be an inspiration to the whole colored race.

"Do the people in your community own homes, Mrs. Nelson?" asked Booker T. Washington.

"I thinks they's fixin' to own 'em, sah."

"But do they own them?"

"A heap of times you can't just tell, sah. But they's holdin' 'em down."

"Do you own your home?"

"Yes, sah, I do," proudly. "And I can tell you jest how I got it. I swapped a puppy dog for it."

"Huh?" said Mr. Washington, expressively.

"Yes, sah," the woman persisted. "I mean jest what I says."

"Tell us about it."

"Well, it was this way. When I started, I didn't have nothing at all but jest a little yaller puppy dog. I took the dog over to my brother-in-law's He had eight little bits of pigs, oh, jest so little; an' I swapped the puppy with him for one of the pigs. It was such a little pig that it didn't look like it would live, but I nursed it good, and I prayed to the Lord to make that little pig come for'ard to do me good, and the pig lived and grew. The first year I turned her out, and when she came back in the fall she brought me seven little pigs with her. That was my start. I've never had to buy any meat since. This winter I've killed three hogs, and I've got another at home now ready to kill. I've got 40 acres of land now, all paid for, and a house, and it all come from that one little puppy."

"Do you hear that?" exclaimed Mr. Washington, "you men? Some of you'd better go back home and swap your dogs for pigs!"—New York Times.

The Gentle Sex Again.

The patient conductor had been waiting for their fares for fully a minute. Each insisted upon paying.

"It's my turn," said the one in blue, "and I am going to pay just as soon as I can find that dime."

"No, I insist," spoke up the one in brown. "Here it is, conductor."

"I shall never forgive you. I was just about to—"

"Oh, I made a mistake. That was a penny. Give it back and—"

"Gracious! I am so glad. Here are the two fares, conductor."

The one in blue paid. When she reached home she said to her husband:

"The stingy thing! She just picked up that penny as a bluff! I'll never go shopping with her again!"

While the one in brown said to her better half:

"Close! I never saw such a close woman in my life. Why, she actually forced me to pay both fares! Isn't it queer how stingy some people can be?"

Conscientious Workman.

At the Union league of Philadelphia a few days ago the veteran shipbuilder, Charles H. Cramp, related a curious incident of a skilled caulker named Brown, who, after many years of service at the Cramp shipyards, obtained a more important position at the navy yard. This man came of a family which had been employed at Cramps' for three generations, since the early part of the last century, and was extremely conscientious. So keen a sense of duty did Brown possess that, although he had been placed on the regular salary list at the navy yard, nothing could induce him to draw his pay for the days he did not work. He had not been accustomed, he said, to get paid except for working days, and he was not going to "rob the government" when work was slack.

Why the Kettle Sings.

Do you know why a kettle "sings" when the water is boiling?

It's like this: When the water begins to get hot, little bubbles form at the bottom of the kettle and rise toward the top until they burst.

At first they burst only a little way from the bottom, but as the water gets hotter and hotter they rise higher and higher.

At last, when the water is boiling, they burst right on the surface—hundreds of them one right after another—and it is the noise of their continuous bursting which makes the sound we call "singing."

Quite So.

"Tenacity is all right enough, but there are times when it is well to admit that you have made a mistake, and do it quickly."

"For instance?"

"Well, when you put the lighted end of a cigar into your mouth.'—Exchange.

EMERSON'S MEMORY AT FAULT.

Had at Times Almost Entire Lack of Remembrance.

Emerson was a notable sufferer from the vagaries of memory. His biographer relates that he met him one day in Boston, apparently at a loss for something, and asked him where he was going. "To dine," said Emerson, "with a very old and dear friend. I know where she lives, but I hope she won't ask me her name," and then he proceeded to describe her as "the mother of the wife of the young man—the tall man—who speaks so well," and so on, until his interlocutor guessed to whom he was referring.

Even the names of common objects often failed him completely. On one occasion, when he wanted an umbrella, he said: "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away."

This failing of Emerson led to a pathetic scene when he attended Longfellow's funeral, and remarked as he gazed at the coffin: "He was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I have entirely forgotten his name."

GREAT MEN LAY SIDE BY SIDE.

Proof of Philosopher's Words That "Fame Is a Bubble."

Before engaging our carriage for a drive in Richmond we especially emphasized our desire for a well-informed driver, as we were strangers in the city. We soon discovered the utter ignorance of the one assigned us, but the climax came at the entrance to Hollywood cemetery.

"You, of course, know where the graves of the presidents are and will drive directly to them?" I mildly suggested.

"Presidents!" he echoed. "What presidents? I didn't know any were buried here."

Testily reminded to learn at once, he stopped a man driving on a load of dirt.

"The presidents!" he smilingly answered. "Sure. Monroe lies in that direction, Tyler to the left, Jefferson Davis on the right-hand corner, and H——, the president of the cigarette factory—"

But we hastily drove on.—Bohemian Magazine.

"Yes," and "No."

It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say "no," but it certainly is the essence of amiability to prefer to say "yes" where it is possible. There is something wrong in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say "no." And there was a great deal wanting in this born dissenter. He was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses; he had not enough of them to be truly polar with humanity; whether you called him a demigod or a demi-man, he was at least not altogether one of us, for he was not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The world's heroes have room for all positive qualities, even those which are disreputable, in the capacious theater of their dispositions. Such can live many lives; while a Thoreau can live but one, and that only with perpetual foresight.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

For Good Speaking Voice.

Don't contract the throat when speaking. Try to keep it free, the cords flexible and easy to manage. Don't forget that it is worth practicing in the privavy of one's room to learn the natural register, the tones in which the voice works best. By these exercises there is not the slightest danger of becoming declamatory. A declamatory style of conversation is a horror, but much will be gained if one tries the experiment of making a tone reach the next room without raising the pitch of the voice. This means deep breathing, chest expansion and head held erect. Without these three it is impossible to have a good speaking voice—a fact worth remembering.

All He Asked.

The father of the girl looked at his caller.

"You are much older than my daughter," he said, "but you are a millionaire, and she seems to want you—so I suppose it's all right."

"Thank you," murmured the caller.

"But there's one thing I want you to promise me," the gray-haired father went on.

"And what is that?"

The old man's tone grew more serious.

"I want you to promise me that if I ever run for office you will carefully refrain from announcing that you intend to vote for me."

The Dress of a Good Wife.

Her clothes are comely rather than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing of it. She is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in variety of suits every day new—as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once; but our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she does not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—Thomas Fuller.

Home Help.

Small Daughter—It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography.

Cultured Mother—Well, tell me what the lesson is about and I'll write out the answer for you to learn.

Small Daughter—The lakes of Africa.

Cultured Mother—Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it.—New York Weekly.

Three Useful Coats

THE first is a smart little coat, in dark green cashmere; the epaulettes are sewn on under a stitched material strap; they are also used as trimming with a velvet-covered button in each point. The collar is of velvet, with revers of material; a strap edges the sleeves at the wrist. Hat of dark green beaver felt, trimmed with white feathrs.

Materials required: 2½ yards 46 inches wide, 19 buttons, 4 yards coat lining.

Red serge is used for the second design; it has a piece of red silk braid taken over each shoulder, ending in an ornament at the top of an inverted plait both back and front; red silk is used for the collar and cuffs, with edgings of material. Tam-o'-Shanter of red serge, trimmed with a silk rosette and two quills.

Materials required: 3½ yards 50 inches wide, ¼ yard silk, 2 yards braid, 10 small and 3 large buttons.

For a useful coat like the third, thick blue serge or cloth would be the best material; it is quite a plain sacque shape, with either silk or velvet collar and cuffs. Soft felt hat, trimmed with ribbon.

Materials required: 3½ yards 50 inches wide, ½ yard silk or velvet, 8 buttons, 4½ yards coat lining.

NOVELTY IN DECORATION LINE.

China Flower Most Effective on the Center Table.

The latest novelty in decorations for center table is the china flower. Baskets of natural flowers are to be relegated to the conservatory, since their place can be adequately filled by this new, warranted-not-to-fade vegetation which is being imported from England.

A potted rose bush standing a foot and a half high is one of the most attractive as well as the most expensive of the models. The bush is in full bloom, bearing deep pink flowers and buds, and with every detail of the foliage accurately reproduced from nature, even to the moss surrounding the root of the bush.

Another beautiful example of this new ware is a fuchsia plant. The purple blossoms hang so gracefully from their stems that it is difficult to believe that they are artificial.

Less conspicuous designs may be found, suited to the thinner purse, for some of these plants are only four inches tall, including the pot. A great variety of flowering plants are represented in the china, such as geraniums, dahlias, primroses, tulips, hyacinths and pansies, so that your choice is practically as unlimited as though you were in a florist's shop.—Harper's Weekly.

TWO-INCH PANEL ON SLEEVE.

About the Most Popular of Trimmings Just Now Affected.

No sooner had a line of buttons made its appearance down the back of the sleeve from shoulder to wrist than all manner of trimming along this line put in its appearance.

Rosettes, flat bows, embroideries and several rows of buttons sprang into fashion as a trimming from shoulder to wrist.

The most popular of these now is the two-inch panel. It is made of net on cloth sleeves, of embroidered net on transparent sleeves, of tucked satin on silk and woolen fabrics.

The cloth sleeve, tight fitting from shoulder to wrist, is very much enlivened by a two-inch panel of tucked filet net either of cream or in the color of the cloth. It must show the arm of course; women have given up all idea of swathing this part of the body this season.

Transparent sleeves are the rule, and in comparison with them the panel of net is harmless.

Honey Cream.

Half ounce myrrh, two ounces honey, one ounce white wax, one and a half ounces of rosewater, one and a half ounces almond oil. Put the wax, rose-water, oil, and honey together in a jar, place this in a saucepan half full of boiling water, put it on the fire, and stir till melted; then add the myrrh, mix well, and let it cool. This is an excellent emollient for harsh skin.

Muffs Flat and Large.

Muffs are quite the flattest and the largest ever carried—laid over the knees they are like a laprobe. Neck ruffs are enchanting bits of fur, satin, ribbon and plaited lace or mull frills, fastening as preferred, but usually at one side under a huge bow dripping long wide-fringed ends.

DESIGNED FOR HOME WEAR.

Girl's Dress of Woolen Material, Preferably Old-Rose Cashmere.

Here is a dress suitable for any fine woolen material. Old-rose cashmere is chosen for our model, with velvet trimmings of a deeper shade. The front and back is cut all in one from neck to hem, but the sides are joined under a waistband. Two tucks are taken from the shoulder and sewn down to about six inches from the hem; a strap of velvet joins the tucks at the end. The openings at neck and the armholes are edged with velvet, which is also used for the waistband. White silk with a ring spot embroidered in old rose is used for the underslip; it is quite plain, with lace insertion sleeve bands and collar.

Materials required: Five and a half yards cashmere 48 inches wide, one yard velvet, two yards silk.

Blue Taking the Lead.

Blue is proclaimed in many quarters as likely to take the lead in color schemes. We are to be provided with all manner of fresh aspects of Japan. Nattier, gentian, moonlight, etc., together with a host of more ordinary, serviceable tones, not even excepting our old friend, navy, which is already soaring steadily ahead in a coarse-ribbed serge. An evening combination that has by no means exhausted itself as yet is blue and black, a rather deep shade of moonlight blue for preference, frequently thrown up over a foundation of silver tissue. With this it is possible to introduce the most delightfully barbaric touches of embroideries.

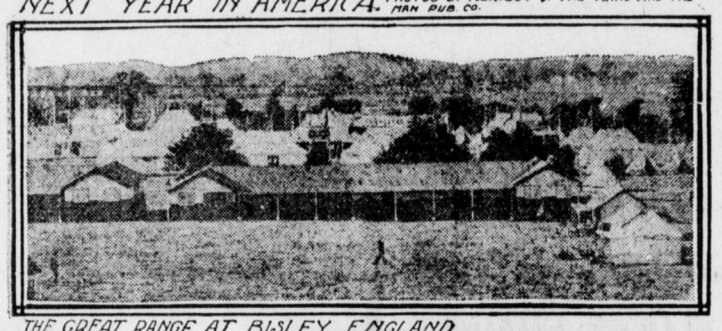
Floral Decorations Are Artistic.

More than ever this year will choice blooms be the vogue. Quality and not barbarous quantity is best and the arrangement artistic; studied carelessness rather than stiff formality.—Vogue.

CRACK SHOTS OF WORLD COMING

GREAT INTERNATIONAL MEET OF RIFLEMEN NEXT YEAR IN AMERICA.

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE ARMS AND THE MAN PUB. CO.



THE GREAT RANGE AT BISLEY, ENGLAND

J.W. HESSIAN, DELAWARE, '06

COL. WA. TEWES, NEW JERSEY

Next September will witness the greatest gathering of international riflemen ever seen in this country. The state department has been intrusted with formal invitations from the National Rifle association, of which Gen. James A. Drain is president, to be forwarded to the ambassadors and ministers from 19 countries interested in rifle shooting, formally inviting those countries to be represented by rifle teams at the coming international tournament.

More elaborate plans are being made for this series of matches than ever before. In addition to the Palma match for the military long range championship of the world, which was won in 1907 by the American team at Ottawa, Canada, there will be an individual competition at 1,000 yards; a team match at 300 meters; an individual competition at 300 meters and a revolver team competition at 50 yards.

The group picture shown herewith is that of the American Palma Trophy team, which includes the crack shots of America and the world. Capt. Casey of the Delaware National Guard is properly termed the "best long range shot in the world." The same might be said of Lieut. Mumma. Dr. Hudson is considered the most scientific rifle shot in the country and is an authority on rifle shooting and an expert in explosives. Col. Tewes is considered the crack shot of New Jersey, and J. W. Hessian, whose picture is shown above, was in the money in about fifteen matches during the Olympic games this year.

The Palma trophy contest of 1907 was held on the Canadian range at Rockcliffe, Canada, with Canada, England and Australia competing with the United States. This match was won by the United States and will be a leading feature of the international contests to be held in this country next year.

The conditions for the Palma Team Trophy match provide for teams of eight, using the national military arm of their country, two targets will be allotted to each team, the distances being 800, 900 and 1,000 yards The targets will be rectangular, 12x6 feet, with a 36-inch bulls-eye, an inner circle 54 inches in diameter, a "Magpie square 72 inches and the remainder of the target constituting the outer. The value of the count will be: Bulls-eye, 5; inner, 4; "Magpie," 3; outers, 2. There will be 15 shots per man at each distance, without artificial rest, with two sighting shots additional.

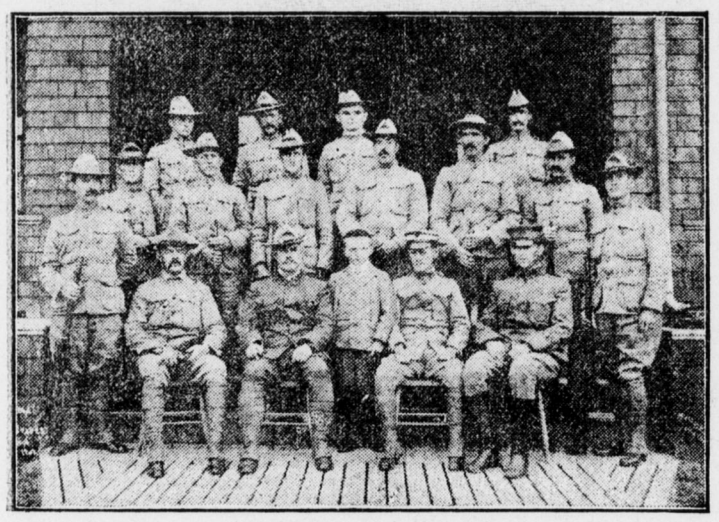
Telescopic and magnifying sights are barred. There are also minor technical conditions such as are prescribed from year to year by the country holding the trophy. Each member of the winning team will receive a medal and other prizes in this match will be determined later.

The individual match at 1,000 yards will attract great attention, as America, by reason of its records and its victories in the Olympic games and elsewhere, claims the distinction of having the finest long-range marksmen in the world. In this match any rifle, with any sights, including telescopic, and any ammunition may be used, thus throwing the match open to the entire world. The distances, targets, count and dimensions, are the same as in the Palma match. The winner of this match will be hailed as the long-range champion of the world and will be given an international championship cup, which will become his property. Other prizes will be arranged for in the program.

Each competing nation will designate one delegate to a committee whose duty it will be to settle definitely and without recourse, any question which may arise not covered by the rules of the match. The members of this committee will be nominated by the team captains, and the committee will elect its own chairman, who shall have a casting vote in addition to his vote as a member. Visiting teams will be furnished with tents, cots, mattresses, blankets and camp equipage free, together with free use of targets for four days preceding the match.

The invitations will be forwarded by the state department to the diplomatic representatives of the different countries in Washington, to their military attaches here and through the American ambassadors and ministers abroad. The 19 countries and colonies invited are: England, Canada, Australia, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Germany, Austria, Greece, Mexico, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Spain, Belgium and Japan.

Some of these will also receive invitations from the National Rifle association of America direct through their National Rifle associations, such as England, Canada, Australia, France, Switzerland, Italy and the Argentine Republic. It is probably too much to expect that all these countries will be represented, but it is believed there will be more teams representing different nations than ever before shot on American soil.



American Palma Trophy Team.

First row—Military right, standing, Sergt. George Doyle, Seventy-first New York; seated, Capt. A. E. Wells, Seventy-first New York, coach; Lieut. Col. N. B. Thurston, I. S. A. P., N. Y. N. G., team captain; Master Fred Wells, mascot; Capt. F. E. Evans, U. S. Marine corps, adjutant; Lieut. M. C. Murma, U. S. cavalry, quartermaster; standing, Capt. George Cerwin, Seventy-first New York.

Second row—Lieut. Chisholm, Ohio National Guard; Sergt. Orr, Ohio National Guard; Capt. Casey, Delaware National Guard; Sergt. George Bryant, Twenty-third New York; Maj. Winder, Ohio National Guard; Capt. Seman, Ohio National Guard.

Third row—Sergt. Eastman, Ohio National Guard; Capt. Benedict, Ohio National Guard; Dr. W. G. Hudson, New York; Col. W. A. Tewes, New York.

Opportunities and shrewd politicians wear rubber shoes.

STRUCK BY EMPEROR

COINS MINTED DURING MAXIMILIAN'S BRIEF REIGN.

Many of Them Now Command a Premium—Legend Says Cracked Die Foretold Fate of the Adventurer—The Facts.

The sale a few days ago for $27 each of two specimens of the gold 20-peso pieces coined for the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico and dated 1866 brings attention to an interesting series of coins which made their appearance in the brief period of the attempt to establish a European monarch upon the throne of the Montezumas.

Of course, one of the first acts of Maximilian upon his accession to the throne was the striking of coins bearing his portrait and title. The silver coins were of 5, 10 and 50 centavos and 1 peso.

The copper coinage of Maximilian consisted of a single denomination, the one-centavo piece. The story was generally circulated at one time that only 90 pieces of the 20-pesos denominations were originally struck. This statement has not been confirmed, but it is a fact that the coin is scarce.

The first of the issues of Maximilian attracted notice because of the statement that the engravers of the peices which show the emperor's bust have executed the design in such a manner that by reversing the coin a likeness of a donkey was produced. It requires a great deal of imagination, it may be said, to work out such a resemblance.

There has been an impression that all the coins of Maximilian are scarce, but this is not so. Great numbers of them were struck, and as the Mexican dollar had for many years been a favorite form of currency in the orient, millions of such pieces found their way to the eastern countries during the reign of Maximilian. The idea that the one-peso piece was held at a high premium may be accounted for by the rumor in general circulation about 1868 that the American government was buying up all the Maximilian dollars at five dollars each.

There is said to be one extremely rare variety of the one peso which was struck at the Mexican City mint in 1866. According to one story, the first dies broke after 35 pieces had been coined, and this number represented the age of Maximilian when he was shot. It was said also that one ball pierced his forehead at the exact spot where a flaw appears in the die.

As a matter of fact, says an expert numismatist, a die did go to pieces after a few coins had been struck, and the subsequent dies were of far inferior workmanship. The coins of the first set are identified by the letters on the inscription of the obverse, which are shorter than those on the usual issues, and there is a depression in the temple of the emperor's portrait.

High Prices in India.

Increase in the price of grain and foodstuff throughout India has become a serious matter on account of the poverty of the masses and the low wages paid for labor, according to a report made by Consul General William B. Michael to the bureau of manufactures. He says that foodstuffs have advanced 40 per cent. during the last two years in India, while rents have advanced from 50 to 60 per cent.

The cause of this advance is ascribed by some, he says, to the export of too much grain and other food commodities from the country, thus limiting the supply and enabling a certain class of speculators to raise the price of foodstuffs.

There is discontent among all classes, except the very wealthy, because it is almost impossible to live becomingly on present salaries and daily wages.

Society at Caracas.

The ladies of the government were the most gorgeous of tropical butterflies. They wore all the colors at the same time and jewels in profusion, but you seldom looked farther than the paint and powder. I had seen a darky girl in Porto Rico powdered until she looked like a rusk, but she was at rest! These gaudy Spanish, Spanish-Indian, Spanish-Negro creatures were pinked, and scarleted, and whited on face, throat and neck until the original color appeared only on the upper arms; and after they had danced for an hour one thought of the delta of the Mississippi in the old green geography! And so we all danced, painted and unpainted alike, and only the unbelievable florescent description in the next morning's paper can give an adequate conception of what the Caraquenians thought of it.—The Atlantic.

Not a Reassuring Phase.

"An official of the government should regard himself as a servant of the people."

"I don't know about that," answered Miss Cayenne. "Have you ever observed how haughty and dictatorial some servants become?"

Had None.

Miss Tersleep—No, I shan't marry Mr. Stoplate.

Miss Rubber—What are his shortcomings?

Miss Tersleep—His long goings.

Perfectly Impartial.

"I want a kiss, darling," he murmured.

"What cheek!" she declared

"Either will do," he answered.—Baltimore American

FOOD THAT MADE MEN GREAT.

Deserved Tribute to the Worth of "Coffee and Sinkers."

It is printed among the distinctions of the old Putnam house, now vanished before the advancing skyscraper, that it "made popular what afterward became nationally known as 'coffee and sinkers.'" This is speaking too much good of the dead. No landlord and no hotel made the popularity of the sinker with its coffee accompaniment. Coffee and sinkers are as old as New York, and presumably enabled the Dutch to conquer a wilderness. The Dutch succumbed to the English, but the sinkers went forward to new conquests.

On a diet of coffee and sinkers reporters have grown into managing editors, lawyers have developed into supreme court justices, budding politicians have blossomed into congressmen. Even the presidents of the United States knew them on their native heath.

They who have become great have not forgotten the days of their youth. So the sinkers become the levelers of ranks, the badge of democracy, the visible sign of encouragement to struggling ambition. The Putnam house obituarian meant well, but was carried away by his theme. Sinkers compelled popularity; it was not made for them.—New York World.

BOUND THEY SHOULD HEAR IT.

Minister's Humorous Rebuke to Inattentive Congregation.

Dr. Smith Jelliffe, the alienist, was once talking about campaign oratory.

"Blank," he said of a certain senator, "is such a thorough-going, painstaking, and withal tedious, campaign orator that, whenever I hear him, I am reminded of an old-fashioned minister of my boyhood.

"This minister, one Sunday morning, spread before him on the reading desk a very thick packet of notes, and launched into a long, dry, heavy sermon.

"The reading of the sermon absorbed him. He did not once lift his eyes. On toward the end, however, happening to glance up, he perceived almost the entire congregation to be sound asleep.

"The minister frowned and paused. He struck the desk a resounding blow that awakened his parishioners. Then he said:

"'My good friends, this sermon cost me a great deal of labor, and I do not think you have given it the attention it deserves. I shall, therefore, repeat it from the beginning.'"

Vulgarity of Quarreling.

There must be a satisfaction in torturing human beings, for it is done so often. Nobody blames a wife for upholding her self-respect and resenting insult, but there is little sympathy for one who deliberately drives a man to deeds of rudeness and violence. Nagging and indulgence in bad temper leave indelible marks on the face of a woman, on her voice and on her character. They shrivel up whatever sweetness nature has put into her disposition and make her unlovely, even in the eyes of those who feel in duty bound to give her affection. It is often hard to maintain silence under provocation, but there is always the open door of escape, you know. A quarrel does not thrive when fed from one side only, and what should be important to every woman with pretenses to refinement is the undisputed vulgarity of bickering. Education and refinement are supposed to lift us so far above vulgarity that even the hems of our skirts are unstained.—Exchange.

Drudgery in the Kitchen.

The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should scrub and cook and darn and dust than there is why these things should be done by men. The development of improved machinery and the growth of labor saving devices of all kinds will finally obviate the necessity of doing these things each day in each home through the land. Co-operation, which we are slowly learning to greet as a friend, will overcome the drudgery and make the life of a woman as enjoyable and eventful as that of the man.—Nearing and Watson in "Economics."

In Beautiful Sepulcher.

The last resting place of the great Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg, is one of the most beautiful in its natural surroundings that could be imagined. By the side of a lake, at the extremity of a fiord, close to the composer's native town of Bergen, there is a natural grotto formed in the solid rock, which rises precipitously from the water's edge. Here the bones of the famous musician are buried, and, as the grotto is only accessible from the lake, the funeral cortege will have to make the journey by water.

Fresh Air for Complexion.

Tell a young woman that fresh air is good for her health and she may not take the trouble to try to have as much of it as possible, but tell her that it is good for her complexion and she will sleep on the roof rather than forego the pleasure of it. And that is just what it is good for as much as anything else, for the complexion is the outward sign of good running order of things within.

Ahead of the Game.

Byker—I attended a successful sleight-of-hand performance last night

Pyker—So?

Hyker—Yes. I lent the conjurer a counterfeit dollar and he gave me back a good one.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A SCIENTIFIC FAMILY.

Three Becquerels Achieve Distinction in Physical Science.

The recent death of Antoine Henri Becquerel, the French physicist, at the age of 56, recalls the interesting fact that he is the third of his name in direct succession to achieve eminence in physical science, and that he leaves a son who is also a physicist. Still more interesting is the fact that in certain lines each one of the family has continued and extended the work of those before him. Especially is this the case with the obscure subjects of phosphorescence and fluorescence, which Henri Becquerel cleared up so greatly by his discovery of the phenomena now generally classed together under the name of radioactivity, and which led directly to the sensational discovery of radium by Prof. and Mme. Curie. In La Nature (Paris) appears a sketch of this remarkable family, and especially of its latest member, by L. de Launay. Says this writer:

HENRI BECQUEREL

HENRI BECQUEREL.

The Third of a Brilliant Line of French Physicists, He Leaves a Son Who "Seems Ready to Continue This Fine Tradition."

"For three generations son has followed father as a member of the Institute (Antoine-Cesar, 1788-1878; Edmond, who died in 1891, and Henri), and a fourth seems ready to continue this fine tradition. . . . Long ago the first of the Becquerels, Antoine, to whom we owe the beginnings of electrochemisty, the electric thermometer, the electromagnetic balance, etc., hit incidentally upon one of those complicated subjects voluntarily neglected by the too methodical and precise investigators who wish to proceed surely and arrive on a fixed day—problems whose very obscurity promises, sooner or later, when their phenomena shall have reached maturity, sensational and suggestive discoveries. He attacked the question of phosphorescence, which he explained from the outset electrically. In this dynasty of scientists investigations have been handed down from father to son, who have used the same substances, preserved in the same laboratory. Later his son Edmond Becquerel, who, we may recall by the way, discovered the first method of color-photography, continued the study of the phosphorogenic rays, and thought that he had been able to show their identity with light-rays. At the same time with Niepce de St.-Victor, he . . . began the examination of the whole series of substances, such as the alkaline-earthy sulfates, the diamond, fluorin, and aragonite, that become luminous under the action of the solar rays; and studying fluorescence in the same connection he considered it as produced by the ultraviolet radiations. In 1883 Henri Becquerel took up this question of phosphorescence and studied the absorption of light by the components of uranium.

The work of Becquerel, Curie, etc., has made us acquainted with new forms of substance that transform part of the energy that they receive into chemical reactions. . . . We enter here into the vast field of the unknown, which is so attractive, and the name of Henri Becquerel will remain connected with one of the chief steps accomplished in the nineteenth century toward the acquisition of this domain.

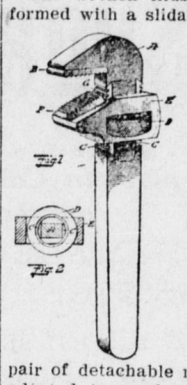
Remains of a Mammoth.

The remains of a prehistoric elephant of mammoth proportions were unearthed recently in the bed of a small creek in Puddingstone canyon, half a mile north of San Dimas, by Prof. A. J. Cook, head of the department of biology of Pomona college, Cal., and Edward P. Terry, a student. The bone frame, which is in a fair state of preservation, measures 26 feet in length, and 16 feet in height, and what remains of each of the enormous tusks is ten feet long. The parts of the huge skeleton that could be safely handled, were removed carefully to Claremont, and are to be placed in the museum of Pomona college. The discovery was accidental. The skeleton lay diagonally across the stream with only six inches of ground over it

IMPROVED PIPE WRENCH.

With It Firm Grip Can Be Secured on Round Surfaces.

The wrench illustrated herewith is formed with a slidable jaw which enables it to grip round surfaces. No retaining pins or other detachable retaining devices are used and an efficient pipe wrench is thus provided with few loose parts. Formed on the main body A of the wrench is a fixed jaw B. Dovetailed into opposite sides of the body are a pair of detachable racks C, which are adapted to mesh with the thread of the nut D. This nut is fitted in a frame E, which in turn is mounted to slide along the body or shank of the wrench. The frame E is extended at one side, and in the inclined upper face of this extension an undercut guideway is formed adapted to receive the slidable jaw F. A spring-pressed pin in the jaw bears against the shank A, and holds the jaw in its outermost position. In use the nut D is adjusted to close the jaws onto the work, and then when the wrench is operated, the sliding jaw moves inward, jamming the work against the upper jaw. Mr. Harvey N. Rothweiler of Seattle, Wash., says the Scientific American, is the inventor of this improved wrench pipe.



HUGE LENS ON MOUNTAIN TOP.

Most Powerful Telescope in the World Ready for Service in December.

The huge 2,000-pound lens for the Carnegie Solar observatory is at last on top of Mount Wilson after one of the most tedious and nerve-racking tasks of the kind ever undertaken.

The first stage of the undertaking, which was the feat of transporting the immense casting from a little village near Paris, to Pasadena, was concluded three years ago when the cast was turned over to an expert optician to be ground and polished into a state of perfection.

After three years of incessant grinding and polishing, which ended in August, the finished lens was turned over to the chief astronomer of the observatory, and the third and final stage of the undertaking was entered into.

This was to lift the dead weight of a ton, which the touch of a hand might mar, to the height of a mile up a steep, rough mountain side. Mingled with the anticipation which scientific men felt at the outset of the triumphant ascension was a feeling of anxiety lest the ponderous yet delicate problem should fail. There were innumerable chances that disaster would overtake the expedition. If the lens had been broken or cracked, or had the slightest accident caused a flaw to appear upon its surface, though microscopically minute, the undertaking would have been a failure. Such a failure would not have been measured in dollars alone; indeed, the money cost would be classed as trivial compared with the all-important element of time, as five years of incessant labor would be required to replace it.

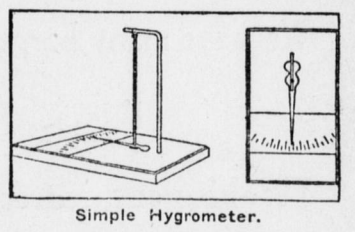
The old trail up Mount Wilson was out of the question. For several miles it is only three feet wide. It was necessary, therefore, to construct a new trail, and a large force of men were put to work on a route which seemed to promise the surest means of transportation. The trail was completed at a great cost, the lens was securely buried in soft packing material, and after an entire day of most tedious work was at last deposited in the observatory.

The finished lens is 60 inches across, 8 inches thick at the point of its extreme fullness, and weighs an even 2,000 pounds. It is so much more powerful than any other lens that it is claimed it will make visible 200,000,000 more stars than can be seen with the most efficient instrument now in place. The atmosphere at the mountain top is particularly suited to astronomical observations and the instrument will have the further advantages of the most complete and modern supplemental equipment.

HOW TO MAKE A HYGROMETER.

Little Instrument Will Tell You the Amount of Moisture in Atmosphere.

Mount a wire on a board, which is used for a base and which should be three-eighths by four by eight inches, as shown in the sketch. A piece of catgut—a string used on a violin will do—is suspended from the bent end of the wire. A hand or pointer is cut from a piece of tin and secured to the catgut string about one-half inch from the base. A small piece of wood and some glue will fasten the pointer to the string. The scale is marked on a piece of cardboard, which is fastened to the base and protected with a piece of glass.



Simple Hygrometer.

Fish packed in a Danish vegetable paper were in much better condition after 16 days than those packed in ice

The Sugar Bowl

OPPOSITE HEILMAN'S HARDWARE STORE, EMPORIUM, PA.

The Best place in Cameron County to purchase

HOME-MADE CANDIES,
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, Etc.

Fruits of all kinds for Christmas.
Bananas, Navel Oranges,
Florida Oranges, Lemons,
Malaga Grapes,
Tangerines, Grape Fruit.

New Dates 3 lbs for 25c
New Figs, 15c a lb

Special Sale Until New Year's Day Only

Commencing Dec. 19.

NOTE THE PRICES—Best Peanut Brittle, Coco Brittle, all varities of Taffy, 3 lbs for 25c; Fresh Xmas Candies fresh and pure daily. We have a fine line of nuts of every variety.

New Mixed Nuts, Walnuts per lb 15c and 20c

Fresh Roasted and Saited Peannts 8c lb

LOOSE HOLLY; HOLLY WREATHS

We deliver goods to any part of town
Phone 61K.

The Sugar Bowl

Did the Best He Knew.

Geordie Horn was a character well known among the country folk of the Scotch highlands twenty-five years ago. He belonged to a class rather hard to classify, for he was neither a tramp nor a farm hand, although frequently following the habits of both. Wandering from farm to farm, the greater part of the time he was kindly treated and hospitably entertained generally. While he was a man of unusual strength, he was mentally weak and exceedingly lady.

"He's a gie cute chiel, though slow in the uptack" (understanding), was the way a good many described h

One day he arrived at his friend the doctor's and complained of a severe pain in his breast. The doctor handed him a plaster, with instructions to put it on his chest without delay. Geordie gave him one of his knowing looks and took his departure. The doctor met him a few days later and inquired how he was feeling now. Geordie replied, "Nae better." "Did you do as I told you with the plaster?" the doctor went on.

"Weel, no, not exactly. I done the best I could. I didn't have a chest, sae I stuck it on my bandbox" (hat box).

An Expensive Dollar.

Not long ago in this town a kind friend of the family gave one of the kids a dollar. Of course it was too much to let the kid get out and spend for candy and gum, so it was religiously put up on the sideboard or some other safe place to be kept—just for what the deponent saith not. In about a week the juvenile owner of the big round coin remarked at the breakfast table, "Papa, mamma spent my dollar yesterday." The head of the house took the hint and fished up another dollar, which, like its predecessor, was placed in a good safe place to keep.

During the next month by a carefully tabulated record which he kept on his cuff he repaid this elusive dollar just thirteen times. So at the end of the month you will not be surprised to learn that our friend sent the donor of the original dollar this curt note:

Dear Sir—Inclosed you will find a check for $1. It's the dollar you gave our youngster. I return it simply to avoid bankruptcy. Already it has cost me somewhere between fifteen and twenty.

—Lamah (Mo.) Democrat.

Dollar Fish.

"Have you any dollar fish here?" a woman asked of one of the attendants at the aquarium.

While the question may seem curious, it was really very simple, for the dollar fish is only a young moonfish.

The moonfish is a curious but beautiful creature, almost round in shape and extremely thin and having the loveliest of pearly sides. It swims on edge, so that it always presents its sides of pearl to view. It takes its name from its shape and because, further, in color it suggests the silvery moon.

Young moonfish of the size of a standard silver dollar—and they are scarcely any thicker—are called dollar fishes because of their resemblance to that coin in size and shape and color, and the woman making the inquiry about dollar fishes was duly informed that there was none in the tanks at the present time, but that they did have them occasionally.—New York Sun.

Three Sabbaths Each Week In Tangier.

Morocco is a country of many Sabbaths. The first three days I spent in Tangier were all Sabbaths. Arriving on a Thursday night, the next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, which was followed by the Jewish Sabbath—the Hebrew element in Tangier is considerable and strict in religious observance—and that in turn by the Christian Sunday. Subsequent comparison, however, revealed little difference between any days of the week. On the Mohammedan Sabbath a black flag is hoisted on the minarets at the prayer of dawn, instead of the white flag that announces the time of devotions on other days. It remains up until the middle of the forenoon, by which time everybody is supposed to have found out what day it is.—New York Post.

The Word "Charlatan."

"Charlatan," says a writer in the London Chronicle, "is companion to 'quack' in our vocabulary, and of this word the origin is certainly Italian. It is 'ciarlatano,' merely a chatterer, and describes the traveling doctor in his cart who used to offer in an overwhelming torrent of talk his pills to villagers in the market place. He was a dentist as well as a physician and wrenched out the tooth in public. The genus is not yet entirely extinct."

Out to Work.

"What society needs is a clearing house."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish I didn't have to go to the Van Squawks' ball next week. The Van Squawks wish they didn't have to ask me. Why can't we exchange certificates and call the thing even?"—Kansas City Journal.

Why He Barked.

A witness in an Irish court talked so loud that Charles Philips, who was counsel on the other side, said, "Fellow, why do you bark so furiously?"

"Because," said the man, looking hard at Philips, "I think I see a thief!"

A Complete New Stock

At R. H. HIRSCH'S Jewelry Store.

We have recently returned from the city where we purchased a complete new line of goods for nor store, consisting of

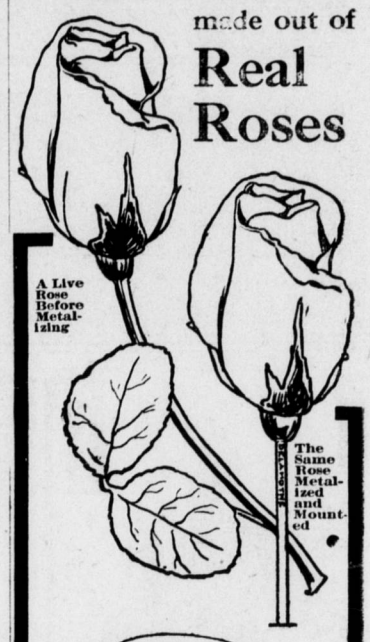
SILVERWARE, JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHAINS, LOCKETS.

AND MANY USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We Have the Goods and Defy Competition.

Our Lady Customers are especially invited to examine the most beautiful and popular HAT PINS made out of Real Roses. Come in and see them at the same time see what bargains we are offering.

Hat Pins made out of Real Roses



Delamothe METALLIZED

Real Rose Hat Pins

It does not seem possible, yet it is true, that these Hat Pins are made out of real live roses, changed entirely into metal by a secret process, preserving every detail of the rose from which each pin is made. They can not break, and will last forever. This discovery is without doubt one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. They are the most beautiful of all Hat Pins. No two are alike. Finished in five colors, to conform to the prevailing fashions in millinery. Made in six sizes, from the smallest rose bud to the full blown flower. These pins are made by the genuine "DELAMOTHE" secret process, the only process by which an open rose can be perfectly metalized. Don't buy an inferior imitation. All genuine "DELAMOTHE Metalized Real Rose Hat Pins" have the name stamped on the pin.

We have the exclusive sale of "DELAMOTHE" products for this city. See the exhibit in our window of this wonderful discovery.

R. H. Hirsch,

Chestnut St., EMPORIUM, PA.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.,

EMPORIUM, PA.

We Aim to Please our Patrons

TO THE PUBLIC

WE desire to announce to the general public that while we have not made any special preparations for Christmas, we can furnish you anything in the GENERAL MERCHANDISE LINE, conscientiously marked down to a close margin and would be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock

Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

The Great Store will Serve you Right

We have many bargains in every department that will meet the demands of all classes, as well as the capacity of their pocket books

Come in and look around and see what excellent values we are offering.

Thanking our patrons for their very liberal patronage during the past year and soliciting a continuance of the same, we wish all a

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY.